

Collier's

FEBRUARY 1, 1947

TEN CENTS



Beginning a modern romance

THE DARK DEVICE

By HANNAH LEES

A story of deliverance from terror

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Actual color photograph of 1947 Studebaker Commander Regal De Luxe Coupe for 5 passengers

All alone in really original postwar styling... the thrillingly different new 1947 Studebaker



The extra quality of Studebaker craftsmanship costs you nothing extra!—You get real transportation insurance when you invest in a Studebaker, thanks to the painstaking care of great automotive craftsmen. Two members of one of Studebaker's many father-and-son teams are pictured here—C. B. Altie and his son C. B. junior.

DRIVING a new 1947 Studebaker Champion or Commander is an experience any motorist long remembers. You scarcely park this postwar dream car, before admirers gather 'round.

That's just a beginning. You feel the same tingling thrill of pride over and over again, every time you drive this Studebaker beauty. And you enjoy a deep-down and lasting new kind of motoring comfort and peace of mind.

This far-advanced postwar Studebaker doesn't jounce or jolt you or your passengers. It doesn't pitch when it's clicking off the miles. There's scarcely any sway when it's rounding turns.

Rugged and powerful, it's light as a feather in your hands. Exclusive self-adjusting brakes stop it smoothly,

swiftly, dependably. Unique variable ratio steering allows you to edge into or out of tight parking spots with ease.

Low, long, beautifully proportioned, it's an amazingly roomy car. Great expanses of windshield and window glass give it exceptional visibility.

Don't settle for anything less than this Studebaker as your next new automobile. Its chassis is new. Its body is new. Its performance is new. It's thoroughly postwar—it's a real 1947 car.

STUDEBAKER

*First by far with a
postwar car*

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TYPICAL EXAMPLE: THE B. F. GOODRICH TIRE THAT OUTWEARS PREWAR TIRES

NOBODY even knows just how far a tire can go without being worn out. It depends on too many things. Shown above is one of the new B. F. Goodrich tires—the tires that outwear prewar tires. It had been shifted from wheel to wheel; and the wheels were *balanced*.

When this tire was first put on a car owned by Howard E. Reeder, general manager of Funk Bros. Seed Co., Bloomington, Ill., the speedometer read 33,001 miles. When the photo was taken it read 93,802. The tire had traveled 60,801 miles and still wasn't quite smooth.

"As scarce as tires have been," said Mr. Reeder,

"we would probably have been driving on bare rims if it had not been for such exceptionally good service from B. F. Goodrich tires."

A full report on this tire and the *other* B. F. Goodrich tires on Mr. Reeder's car was made, along with these pictures, by photographer Kenneth H. Berglund of Bloomington, Ill. A copy will be sent on request to any reader of this magazine. Just address Advertising Department C, The B. F. Goodrich Company, Akron, Ohio.

Wheel balance is one of the things that keeps tires wearing *evenly*. Any B. F. Goodrich dealer can tell you about it.

Most people who need tires can now get this tire that outwears prewar tires! Some sizes are still scarce, of course, but some dealers have a fair variety right in stock. Talk to your B. F. Goodrich dealer. You may not have to wait at all. If you do, the chances are he'll find some way to keep you rolling until the new tires come in. *The B. F. Goodrich Company, Akron, Ohio.*

B.F. Goodrich
FIRST IN RUBBER

February 1, 1947

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starring

PAULETTE GODDARD

and

FRED MACMURRAY

with

Macdonald Carey • Arleen Whelan

A MITCHELL LEISEN PRODUCTION

Produced by Claude Binyon • Directed by Mitchell Leisen

A Paramount Picture

Paulette pronounces it roMANce!

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

WHERE'S CLEM?

DEAR SIR: As a sequel to your recent Who's Kilroy? (Dec. 28th) I'm sure that men who served in the European Theater of Operations would enjoy seeing a similar article entitled Who's Clem?

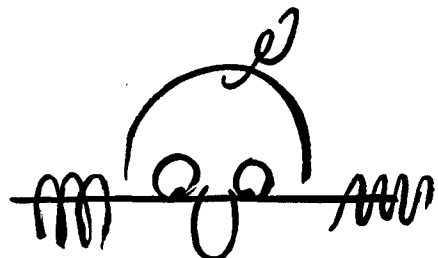
During the war when I was broadcasting the news from London, Kilroy was practically unknown in England, but Clem was familiar to everyone. On lampposts, on advertising posters, on bulletin boards and, of course, on latrine walls, the words "Clem is watching you" were everywhere.

One master sergeant whose word I never had any reason to doubt told me about the time he got sealed orders from his captain. When he broke the seal and unfolded the confidential message, across it in bold red letters was scrawled, "This order has been approved by Clem."

I've seen jeeps chalked "Clem's Taxicab Company." On a visit to an airplane factory, I saw a Spitfire come off the assembly line with a Swastika scratched into the shiny new paint, with the explanation, "Clem shot this one."

England was richer by one teetotaler after a certain corporal drained his mug of warm beer and saw, crayoned on the bottom of the tankard, "Clem likes his beer iced." He swore off the stuff immediately.

Up until the time I went out to the Pacific, I had heard little or nothing about



Clem

Kilroy, but I knew all about Clem, the little long-nosed fellow whose round eyes, peering over a fence, followed everyone.

Maybe his full name is Clem Kilroy, and we in the ETO knew him by his first name!

ROBERT TROUT, New York, N. Y.

FUR-LINED OSTENTATION

DEAR EDITOR: I find your Fun With Furs (Dec. 21st) very sickening. No wonder there are strikes when the workers hear how the new rich spend their money. In a world of hunger and cold and not enough houses, such ostentation is bad taste if not decadent.

MRS. M. K. DAVIS,
Mount Shasta, Cal.

(Continued on page 63)

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"Who said I was a reckless driver?"

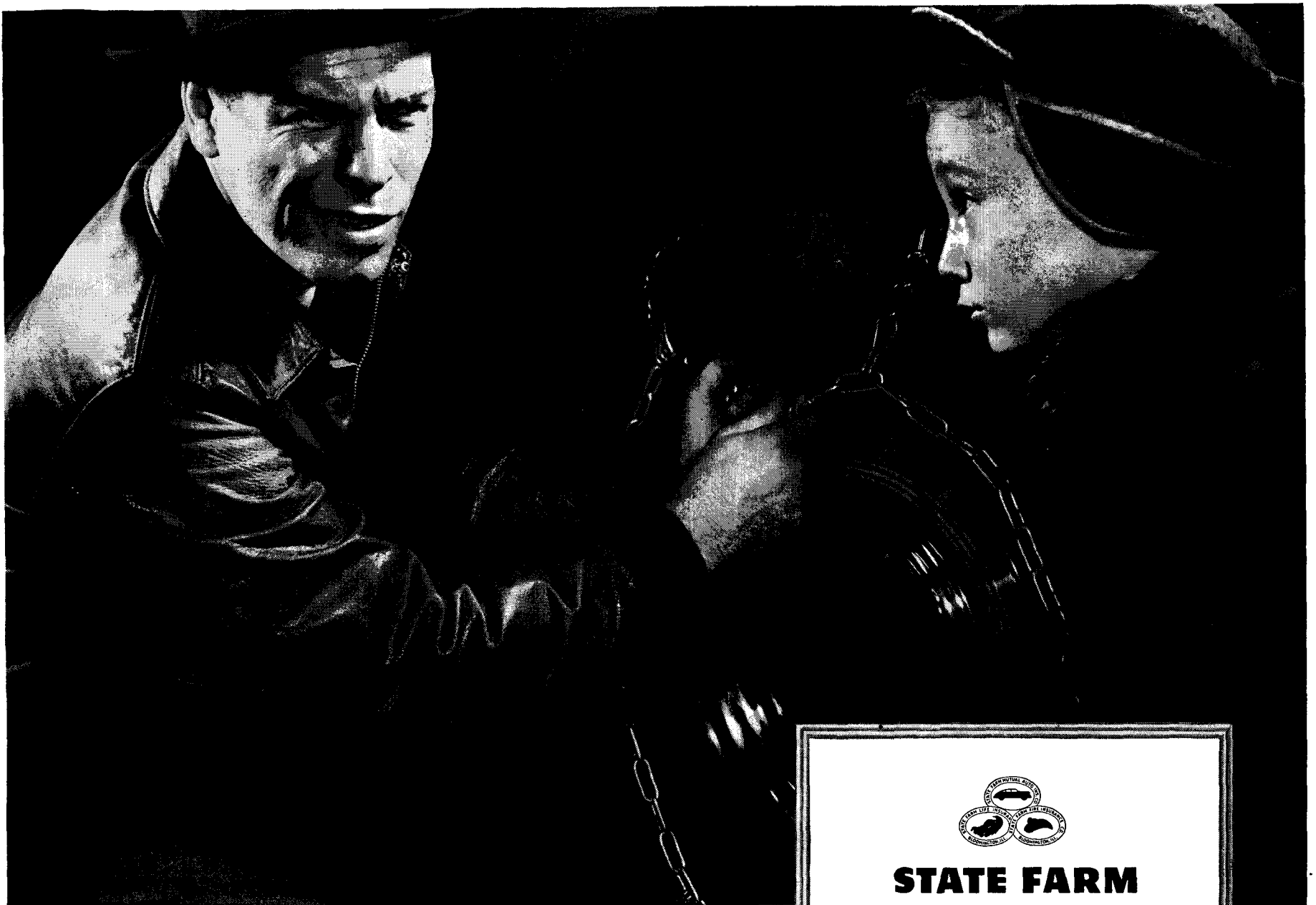
"Bobby Ryan's daddy . . . I heard him say you're reckless 'cause you don't carry auto insurance," replied Ralph Boone's son.

Ralph had always prided himself on being extra careful. Now he'd learned, with a shock, that his neighbors were calling him a reckless driver. Thoughtfully, he fastened the last link of his tire chain. "Maybe they're right," he muttered, "and I had better do something about it."

Right as rain, snow or sleet! Even the most careful drivers have accidents! Every car owner takes a reckless chance with his family's security when he drives without auto insurance. Court judgments resulting from auto accidents have cost many men their homes and left them in debt for years to come.

And to get *more* protection for your automobile insurance dollar, the man to see is your friendly State Farm Agent. He'll gladly tell you about State Farm Mutual's broad-coverage, low-cost policies. They're "tailor-made" to meet today's hazardous driving conditions, which have terrifically increased repair and claim costs. State Farm offers you: Double-the-usual public liability and property damage insurance . . . 80% collision, bail bond and emergency road service coverage . . . liberal medical payments . . . many other features to protect *you* against loss, or damage to your car.

When you drive on today's accident-ridden highways, leave your financial worries behind . . . on the big, broad shoulders of State Farm Mutual, *world's largest automobile insurance company.*



WHAT'S YOUR CHANCE TO AVOID AN ACCIDENT?

One of every three "average" drivers will have an accident this year. How long will it be before tragedy strikes *you* . . . or a member of your family? Your best chance to avoid an accident is to avoid taking even a **SINGLE** chance with accident or death. And remember—driving with extra care also helps keep auto insurance rates at the lowest possible level.

See your State Farm agent before you finance your new car!
He can help you to save money



STATE FARM INSURANCE COMPANIES

BLOOMINGTON, ILLINOIS

Pacific Coast Office:
Berkeley, Calif.



Canadian Office:
Toronto, Ontario

oh-oh, Dry Scalp!



"... WHAT A SHAME that his appearance isn't as good as his playing! His hair is so stringy and dull ... it never looks combed, and ... oh, oh ... loose dandruff, too! A plain case of Dry Scalp. Guess it's up to me to tell him about 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic!"

*Hair looks better...
scalp feels better...
when you check Dry Scalp*



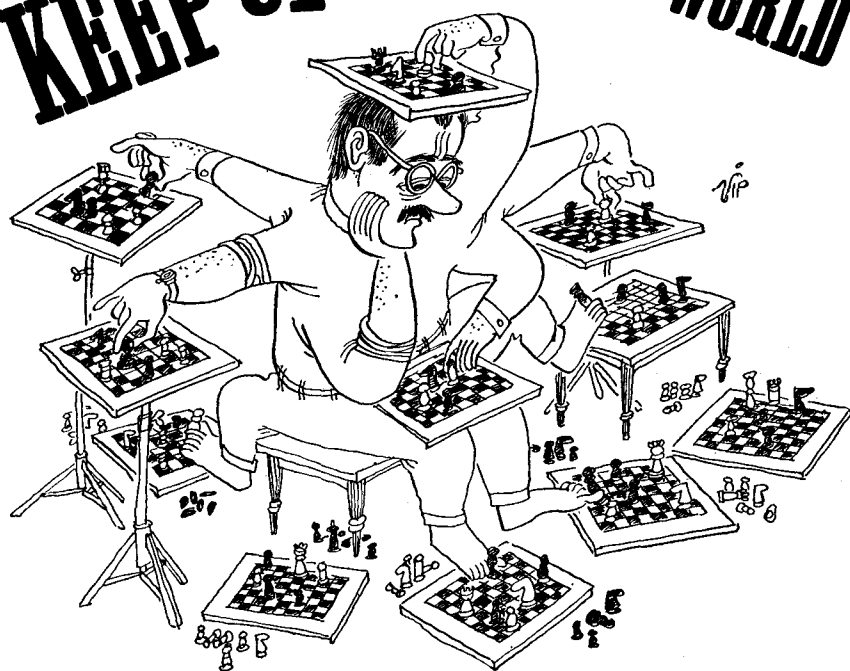
WHAT A DIFFERENCE there is in his appearance now, thanks to 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic! Try it yourself, and see what a world of difference a few drops a day make. Loose dandruff is checked. Your hair looks better... your scalp feels better. 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients. Try it also with massage before every shampoo. It's double care ... both scalp and hair ... and more economical than other hair tonics, too.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Used by more men today than any other hair tonic

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD



BY FRELING FOSTER

Chess is played today through the mail by some 10,000 Americans ranging in age from ten to eighty-five, few of whom ever meet their opponents in person. While these individuals seldom play over a dozen games simultaneously, one man in Auburn, Calif., usually carries on 500 at a time.

The best-selling print, or reproduction of an oil painting, in the United States today is *The Blue Door* by Raymond Wintz, which shows part of a room through the open door of which is seen a body of water and a point of land. Since 1934, more than 100,000 copies of it have been sold here, a sale 40 times larger than that attained by the average popular print.

In some places in the ocean, the mixing of currents produces a certain density known as a "dead spot" because it cannot be penetrated by the echoes reflected from a submerged object when struck by the electric impulses of sonar, the underwater twin of radar. Therefore, a submarine may hide in such waters without fear of detection by either enemy submarines or surface vessels.

Greyhound races in which live rabbits are used—a practice permitted in several states—are held twice a year in Abilene, Kansas. At these national meets, about 500 dogs are entered and 250 jack rabbits serve as lures; and the races consist of two greyhounds chasing one rabbit over a straight course of 1,400 feet. For the protection of the rabbit, he is not only given a head start of 300 feet, but is trained for two weeks before the meet to lose no time in getting to and through one of the many escape slots at the end of the course.—By C. M. Harger, Abilene, Kansas.

In the 30-odd states that require premarital blood tests for syphilis, persons with positive reactions are prohibited from marrying only while the disease is passing through its early communicable stages. Yet many companies still refuse to employ a seropositive individual even when he has been noninfectious for years.

Aircraft carriers of the U.S. Navy are maneuvered today in small areas by the propeller force of their own planes when tugs are not available. For instance, if ten planes are lined up facing starboard on one end of the flight deck and ten are lined up facing port on the other end, all securely lashed, the propellers of each group, pulling in opposite directions, will turn the carrier completely around.

The belief in immortality was once so strong among some primitive peoples, such as the Celts of Europe, that they frequently lent money on the promise that it would be repaid in the next world.

Probably the most mystifying trick of magic now being performed in this country is Harry Blackstone's Floating Electric Light. From a table lamp, he unscrews the lighted bulb which not only continues to glow but floats in the air. He then has the bulb float beside him as he walks up and down the aisles and passes his hands around it to convince the audience that it is neither supported nor lighted by hidden wires.

The library of rare books and manuscripts left by Sir Thomas Phillips of England upon his death in 1872 was so large that, although its sale has been going on for 60 years, auctioneers estimate that 40 more years will be required to sell the rest of its contents.

The only personal air-pressure chamber known is that built for Winston Churchill in 1944 to enable him to take plane trips at high altitudes where he had been forbidden to fly by his physicians. Made of heavy cast iron, the chamber is shaped like an artificial Easter egg, is ten feet long, weighs two tons and its upper half is raised and lowered by a motor. The fittings include a couch, cupboard, book shelf and a number of ash trays.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up With the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted, and no items may be reproduced without permission.

Collier's for February 1, 1947

Like a tiny white miss, the happy
snowflake drifts to touch her
cheek and to love. And soon a diamond on
her finger will bring with such a special
declaration of love among all gems
of earth must be selected just for her.

It need not be of many carats, for
color, clarity and cut are as important
as actual weight. You are wise to
seek the advice of a trusted jeweler.

De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd.,
and Associated Companies.

One-quarter Carat \$110 to \$225

One-half Carat \$275 to \$525

One carat \$665 to \$1250

Two Carats from \$2000

The prices above for unmounted quality stones were averaged from a great many stores in July, 1946. Add 20% for Federal Tax.

N. W. AYER & SON

Actually cleans out dirty, sluggish engines . . . and keeps them clean. Restores lost power and pep because power wasted by sticky valves and piston rings goes back to work.

Actually assures instant lubrication the year 'round. Flows fast at all operating temperatures. Gives quicker cold weather starts . . . saves your battery. Gives you a cooler engine in summer. Cuts repair bills.

Actually increases gas mileage in old cars—maintains new car gas economy thousands of miles longer. Makes any car cost less to run.

Proved in millions of miles of driving. Ask for it at your favorite dealer's. If he does not have it, he can easily get it for you.

It's the Patented
Alemite Ingredient
that does it!

1 U.S. LIQUID QUART
ALEMITE
TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Triple Safe

MOTOR OIL

SEALS, COOLS AND CLEANS



A PREMIUM-TYPE MOTOR OIL CREATED BY ALEMITE
World's Leading Specialist in Lubrication

THE WEEK'S WORK

MORRIS ENGEL

John and Hank Abrashkin inspire Howard Sparber, cartoonist (right), who dreads day they begin to read



HOWARD SPARBER, who draws Timmy, the progressive school hellion starring in our new cartoon panel (p. 36), tried for a long time to get down to a child's level in his work. Then he consulted a child psychologist—who told him that his problem was getting up to a child's level. From that point on, Mr. Sparber admits, his life was a constant uphill fight. Now, at twenty-five, Sparber feels he has arrived. "The only question," he asks, "is: Where?" Sparber became a native New Yorker in the conventional way. His first paying job was in the Army. On discharge he went to work for a New York tabloid, where he was permitted to draw anything he pleased provided the editor could understand it. Thus limited, Sparber found himself with lots of free time.

As did a writer named Ray Abrashkin, in the same predicament on the same paper. Together they began to dream up gag cartoons, Sparber doing the drawing. It was hard work—and the boys were beginning to wonder if the \$7 a minute they were making was really worth the strain—especially if they worked only a minute a week.

So they hit upon the Webster Psycho-Semantic System of Gag Writing, of which they are the originators and sole practitioners. This system involves two studio couches and an alphabetical list of English words (commonly called a dictionary). Taking a couch apiece, the two lie down. Abrashkin goes into a mild state of hypnosis—Sparber is already in one. Abrashkin calls out a word from the Webster. Free association takes over—and the rest is just waiting for the checks to roll in. Should this foregoing be unclear, an example may confound the confusion:

Abrashkin (yawning, as he leafs through the A's): Adventure.

Sparber: Pirates!

A.: Buried treasure!

S.: Nope. Not treasure. Too corny!

A.: I got it! They're burying a ballot box on a desert island.

S.: That's good stuff!

A. (dozing off): Certainly it's stuffed.

S.: Hey, what would a taxidermist be doing on a desert island?

A.: Who said anything about a desert island? This is on Third Avenue.

The gag that finally came out of this session showed a typical ward healer sneaking into a taxidermist's shop with a ballot box under his arm. Collier's rejected it.

Sparber and Abrashkin neverthe-

less stayed with the system, finally arriving at the Ch's in the dictionary. One day they came on the word *children*—and Timmy was born.

However, since Timmy and his little brother, Hanky, are really the Abrashkin offspring—the free association method is no longer necessary. It has been supplanted by the Watch-'Em-and-Draw-'Em.

SHOULD the reader embarking on the new serial *The Dark Device* (p. 11) wonder if Hannah Lees has had any psychoanalytic background, we are advised to tell him or her, "Yes—extensive, expensive, and worth every penny of it." As for the story itself, Miss Lees prophesies that anything that seems fantastic and farfetched is actually based on sound psychoanalytical experience, while anything that seems really plausible is a flight of pure creative fancy. She refuses to enter into any correspondence as to which is which.

"The story grew not out of any desire to spread the gospel of Freud the Master," says Miss Lees, "but out of the fascinating and rather frightening question of whether a person being psychiatrically treated for a homicidal impulse would carry that thing known as transference to the point of trying to murder her analyst. When I asked one of our better-known analysts about this, he shuddered slightly and said 'H'mmm!'"

"So, when a week later I heard of another analyst who deliberately put a carving knife in a patient's hand and a roast of beef between them one bleak night, and sat till morning waiting for her to decide she'd rather carve the roast after all, I decided my subconscious could dream true, and went ahead and wrote the story.

"P.S. My own analyst did not fall in love with me, I did not try to murder him, and any battle with the subconscious takes much longer normally than can be covered in five installments."

Hope you have an abnormally good time with *The Dark Device*.

This week's cover: Describing the covers in the past, we've called a brig a frigate and tagged an Army nurse a Wac. This time, we know what we're talking about (we hope). Photographed by the color fiend David Peskin, the cover depicts a New York Ranger disputing the puck with a Montreal Canadien during a Madison Square Garden slugfest. All right, wisecracks, contradict us. . . .

TED SHANE

Collier's for February 1, 1947

What's it Like?



Br-rr-r—it's blowing zero out there!

But, from where you're sitting, it's a wonderful day. You're in a 1947 Nash "600," and Spring is burstin' out all over.

It's the Nash Conditioned Air System at work—keeping you warm as toast, and the air as fresh as a daisy, moisture-free, dust-free—heated automatically.

And that's just one of the wonderful Nash

features that set the pattern for tomorrow.

You don't stop every 200 miles or so to fill the gas tank—not in a Nash "600"! For here's 25 to 30 miles a gallon, at moderate highway speed—in a *big six-passenger car*.

You don't have the rattles and squeaks of the old-type body. An all-welded unitized body and frame eliminates them, and hundreds of pounds of useless weight to boot.

No worry about lodgings, when you can have a Convertible Bed in the back seat.

And *jolts*? Wait till you feel the *immediate* difference in Nash four-wheel coil-springing!

It's a brand new feel to an automobile, that's all. A swifter, easier, more enjoyable way to go. Get acquainted with the 1947 Nash "600," and its running-mate, the Nash Ambassador. Discover what travel tomorrow will be like.

You'll be Ahead with Nash

NASH MOTORS DIVISION, NASH-KELVINATOR CORPORATION, DETROIT

"We're on a real rush job"

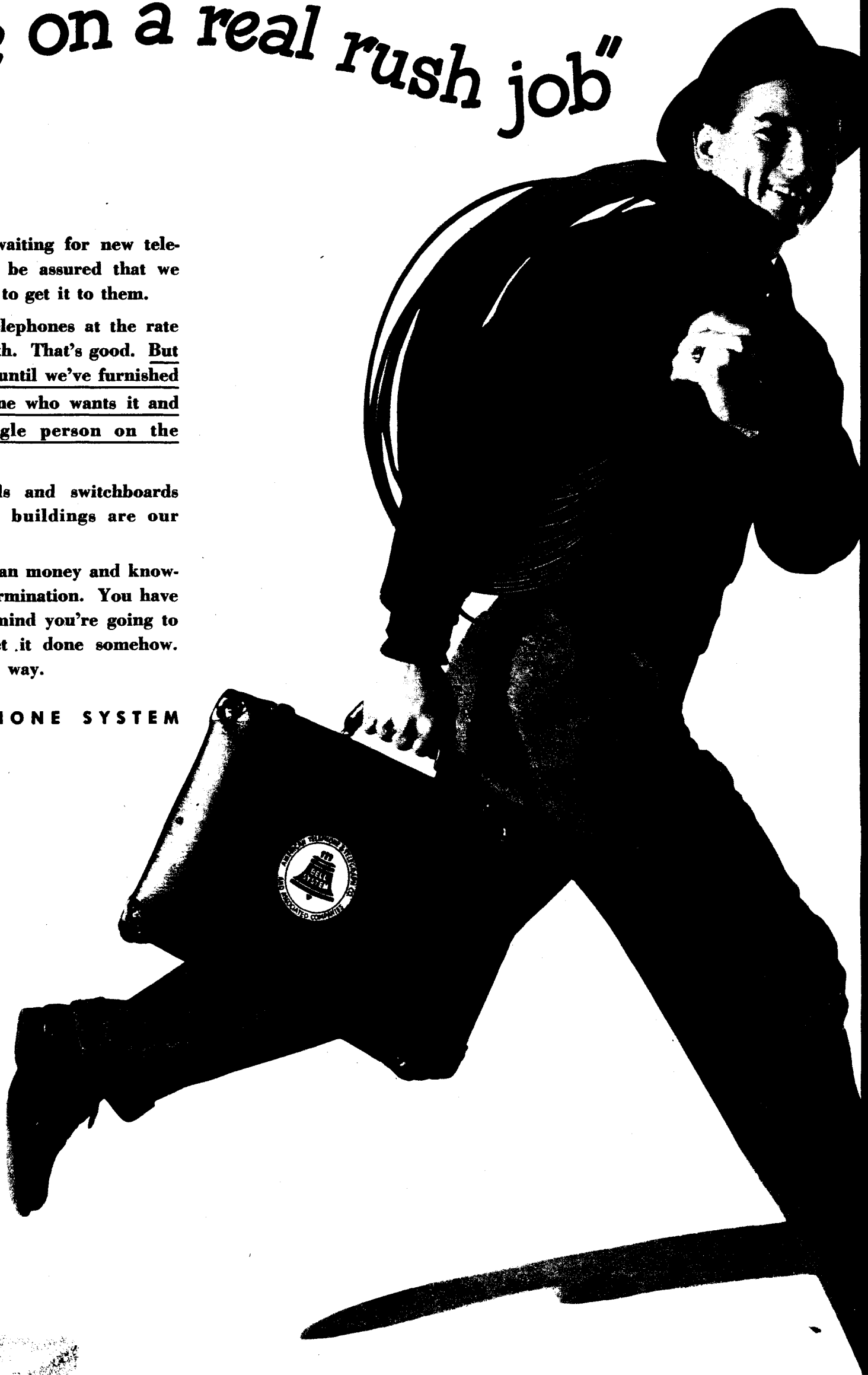
THOSE who are waiting for new telephone service can be assured that we are doing our best to get it to them.

We're adding telephones at the rate of 300,000 a month. That's good. But the job isn't done until we've furnished service to every one who wants it and there isn't a single person on the waiting list.

Getting materials and switchboards and erecting new buildings are our toughest jobs.

It takes more than money and know-how. It takes determination. You have to make up your mind you're going to do it and then get it done somehow. We're doing it that way.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM





THE DARK DEVICE

BY HANNAH LEES

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERICK SIEBEL

Beginning the story of a girl whose life was threatened by two dangers: One was the desire for revenge hidden in her subconscious; the other was the man she loved and trusted

THAT was pretty fancy coordination back there on the ice, Miss Linger. Any statement for the press as to how you happened to change the act tonight? Frankly it scared the hell out of me. Your father must be a man of iron nerves."

Tina turned around at the sound of the soft staccato voice and found herself looking into two shining eyes set deeply in a round shining face. He looks a little like Burl Ives, she thought dreamily, and quite a lot like Buddha. I wonder who he is.

"I'm from the Reflector," he said. "Anything you'd care to say about that jump—"

She didn't hear him, any more than she'd heard his first question. What's he doing here? she thought, and then: What am I doing here? A thin, transparent curtain seemed to fold itself around her but through it she could see that she was in the hall leading from the Fire and Ice Room to the elevators. "I've still got my skates on," she said, childishly, and laughed. "How silly!"

"I guess you forgot to put on your guards." The little square man bent over, took the pieces of grooved rubber from her hands and quietly picked up first one foot, then the other, and slipped them over her shining blades.

Passively she let him. She couldn't

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think why she was there. She never came out in the hall in her skates. And where were the others? She moved toward the elevator, balancing easily on the rubber guards. "I'm going up to my room," she confided, again like a child.

"You're not feeling so well, are you?" he asked. When she didn't answer, he fell back a little but continued behind her. She smiled vaguely at the elevator man. There was something, something she didn't know—she didn't want. There was this thick soft curtain around her, but she could hear the voice of the little man who had followed her.

"Night-club reporter for the Reflector. Out of the Army last month, been trying to get a chance to talk to you—"

Funny—she heard the words, all right, but they didn't seem to make sense.

"Professionally, of course, you're always news, Miss Linger. That jump tonight will be red-hot news. But I've got a double reason."

The elevator stopped at the twenty-first floor and she got out and moved, still with the same easy precision, toward her door. And then she realized she didn't have the key. She was still in her white suede skating costume, without even her coat. This was all queer, all wrong, somehow.

THE little man was still beside her. "Forget your key? I'll go rustle up the maid. As I was saying, I've a double reason for wanting to talk to you. Knew your brother, Larsen, in Germany. Knew him well. He asked me to help you if there was any way I could."

Queer he should mention Larsen, she thought, and with that funny urgency in his voice. There was something else about Larsen. Something. Her mind shied away again. She leaned against the door.

"I really don't need any help," she said, only half aware of his absence when he disappeared down the hall. Her head throbbed and two little cushions of pain lay at the base of her braids. She was so tired and something—something which had nothing to do with the little man—was pushing in on her. She closed her eyes. This soft, still aloneness was good. If she could only make it last. . . .

"Here we are. Wench was asleep. Imagine being asleep at quarter to one. Some people keep awful early hours." The little man was back and with him an anxious and fluttering maid.

"You look ill, Miss Linger, and you're usually not back so early. Can I do anything for you?"

Why were people acting this way? She couldn't understand. She smiled vaguely. "Oh, no, thank you, Sally. I'm just going to bed. This young man—"

"Dooner, Dillingham Dooner of the Reflector, remember?"

"He seems worried about me, too." She smiled again. "But I'm all right. I'm just sleepy."

"Before you go," the man touched her arm lightly, "won't you say something to the reporter in me about that jump tonight? It was pretty sensational."

"The jump?" She looked at him blankly. "The act we call The Flight? We've been doing it all winter."

He snorted. "I know. But not like that. Did you plan it that way or did you slip? You must have fanned your father's ear when you landed."

(Continued on page 28)

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NO SUBSTITUTE FOR

FREEDOM

BY ROBERT A. TAFT

U.S. SENATOR FROM OHIO

AS TOLD TO JAMES C. DERIEUX

One of the most powerful leaders of the Republican Party outlines his idea of a program for the Congress his party controls

AS SOON as the wars in Europe and in the Pacific were ended, a titanic political struggle broke to the surface here in America and exploded day after day in the halls of Congress. For years the necessities of war had suppressed what now is the irrepressible conflict between the advocates of planned and controlled economy and the advocates of freedom. That was the underlying issue in nearly all the controversial legislation of 1946. It will be the underlying issue in much legislation proposed in 1947 and for years to come.

The issue is out in the open now, and we of America must determine within the next few years whether we are going to move forward under the creed which has made this country the strongest, the most prosperous, the most productive on earth, with the highest standard of living ever known; or whether we are to turn our destiny over to federal bureaucracy. American freedom cannot live on halfhearted support, or on fuzzy compromises by which we move toward state control of everything. Freedom needs more than words of praise.

I believe in government assistance and services, better services than you are getting now in more fields. But I want government regulation of you and your activities held to the minimum.

Totalitarianism is a threat because too many people accept the theory that more government is the solution for every problem. This destroys local self-reliance, and plays directly into the hands of those who consciously plan a complete concentration of power in the federal government.

It would be the greatest tragedy in the world's history if after winning a war to secure our liberty against foreign domination, we lost it to foreign ideologies which deny American fundamentals.

In deploring the relative condition of the least fortunate 20 per cent of our population, we should not forget the healthy condition of the other four fifths, and the opportunities for improvement our system offers to all. We must try to eliminate the poverty, ignorance, illness and hardships of the 20 per cent, and brighten their opportunities, but there is no sense in trying to solve their distressing problems by pulling down the living level of the normal four fifths. It's stupid to level the majority downward in order to narrow the gap between it and the minority. Let's lift the minority.

Imagine a dairy farmer with one hundred cows, all but twenty of which are producing satisfactorily. What kind of fool would he be if, in his desire to do something for the poorer twenty, he took most of their food away from the good producers?

The productive powers of our country are almost unlimited. Only a fool believes that we have gone as far as we can go, and must henceforth rely on government control of our economic machine.

Now and then you hear someone say that machine has failed. Failed to do what? Perhaps he points to some temporary situation, such as the current shortage of houses and cites that, against all the rest of our great story, in an effort to bolster his point. But can he cite any other system that has done more than ours? We'll be crazy if we condition our thinking or our actions on exceptions to the high normal level of achievement and of living in America.

Our policy should be to maintain a minimum standard floor under subsistence, education, medical care, and housing. Our productive ability is so



JERRY COOKE

great that we can give to all a minimum standard of decent living, and to all children a fair opportunity to get a start in life.

It is true that in providing this floor under essential needs we should see that it is not too high to destroy incentive; that it does not bear so heavily on those who have to pay the bill that they lose incentive to work, and therefore capacity to pay; and that it is administered locally by independent local agencies, with federal aid, if necessary.

Practically every measure presented by the New Dealers in the field of social welfare was based not on law laid down by Congress, but on power given to a federal bureau to deal with states, local governments, and individuals, according to regulations made in the discretion of some bureau chief and changeable at any moment by his arbitrary will. The prestige, responsibility and usefulness of local governments decline as power of the national government increases; and your freedom suffers corresponding loss. Government must remain close to the people if it is to serve them. A government that becomes remote and mighty is likely to make the people serve it.

Generally, those who work for a controlled economy call themselves liberals, but to me that's plain fraud. Certainly one who advocates a totalitarian state, or a course that leads inevitably to that kind of state, is not a liberal. As I understand the word, it means something that would render people more free, not less. A liberal, if I am right, is a man who believes in freedom of thought and the maximum practicable freedom of action. A liberal is a man

who keeps his mind open to new ideas and new proposals. He does not resent the right of another man to disagree with him, and does not go about smearing those who disagree.

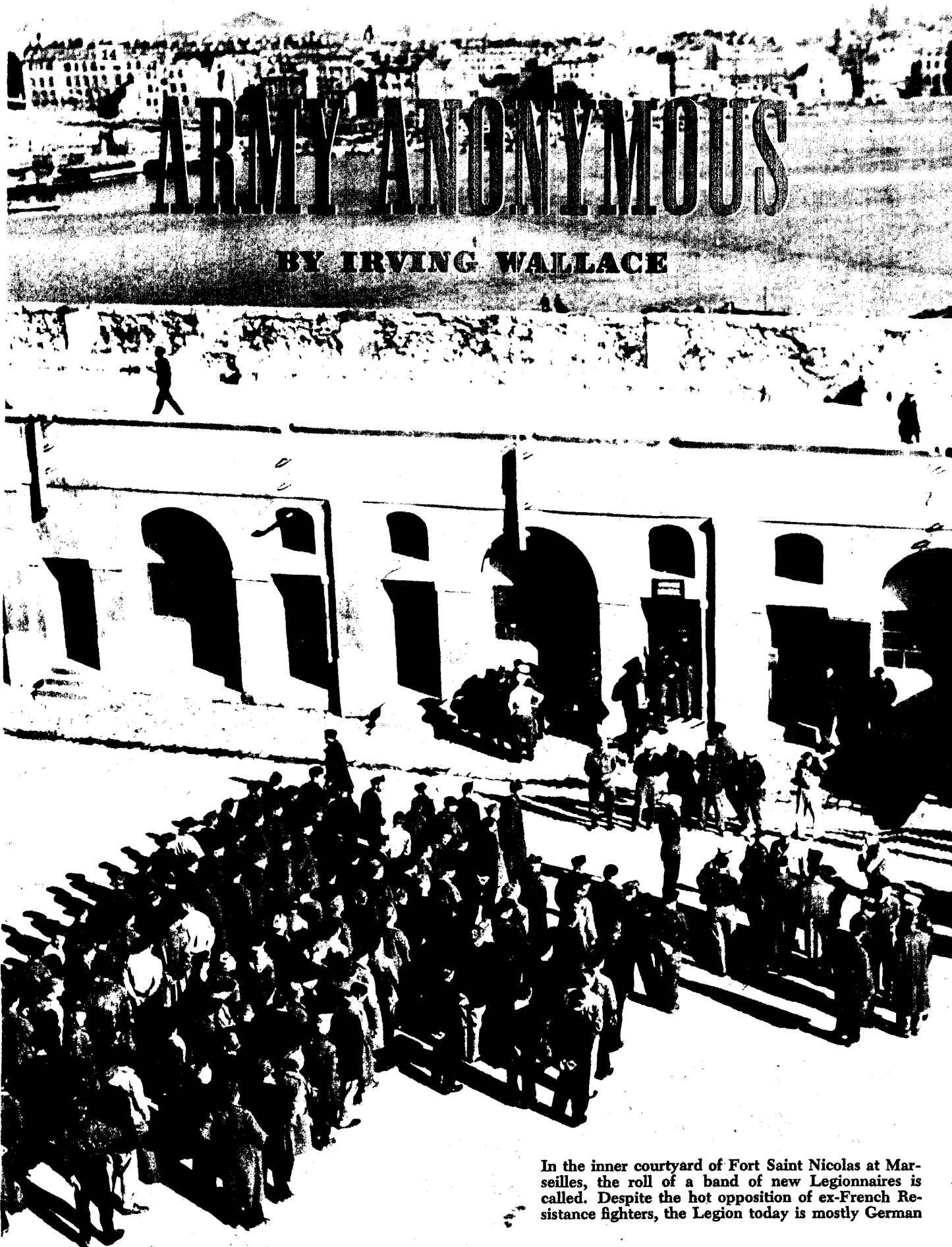
Any man must have an underlying philosophy if he is to work effectively and find satisfaction in his work. The proper philosophy for dealing with American problems is the same as that which brought about the creation of the American Republic—maintenance of a basic freedom for the individual, for his voluntary organizations and for his local governments. This nation would never have been founded if our forefathers had not considered freedom ahead of security, ahead of wealth, ahead of peace itself.

The present situation is alarming, because in the name of progress we are unconsciously losing all that intense love of liberty. The dynamic thinking in recent years has been done by those who consciously or unconsciously lean toward the totalitarian state, and the trend is strong away from freedom even among those who, in theory, denounce all-powerful government. The result is that liberal thought is fighting for its life instead of providing the aggressive philosophy which alone can resist the juggernaut of totalitarian thought.

In general I have not been opposed to the extension of government activity as such. I do not see, for example, that extension of government activity in the field of social welfare, if properly limited and administered, can interfere with freedom. In many cases it is necessary to assure freedom and opportunity to families who do not otherwise have it. I have, therefore, sponsored a general housing bill to provide low-rent housing, and a bill to extend federal aid to education in those states which do not have sufficient funds to provide a decent standard of education. I have introduced, with Senators Ball and Smith, a bill to extend federal aid so that hospital and medical care may be available to all. I don't like the Murray-Wagner-Dingell health bill because I think it gives the federal government power to employ and direct the entire medical profession of the United States. I believe that medical care will be better under our plan, which does not require the loss of local, individual and professional freedom.

The bill I support is based on federal aid, but leaves state and local governments complete control over their own health affairs. The Murray-Wagner-Dingell bill is based on compulsory sickness insurance, whereas ours is based on the development of voluntary plans. Under the Murray-Wagner-Dingell bill every man and woman in the country would have to pay sickness insurance in the form of pay-roll taxes or otherwise, amounting to perhaps 4 per cent of his wages. A huge sum, from three to five billion dollars, would pour into Washington. The federal government would then have to set up a vast administrative organization of thousands of personnel, probably many more than there are doctors, to supervise and pay all the doctors in the United States.

Our bill calls for federal aid to help states fill present gaps in medical service. Our plan is based on aid to those unable to pay. We do not undertake to provide government assistance to those who can pay for medical service. But we do encourage, by permitting federal money to be used, the setting up of voluntary (Continued on page 58)



ARMY ANONYMOUS

BY IRVING WALLACE

In the inner courtyard of Fort Saint Nicolas at Marseilles, the roll of a band of new Legionnaires is called. Despite the hot opposition of ex-French Resistance fighters, the Legion today is mostly German

FOR countless Moroccans, Algerians, Tunisians, who lined the streets of Fez and Sidi-bel-Abbès to watch the uniformed men go snapping past on parade, the scene was at once confusing and terrifying. It was exactly as if Marshal Erwin Rommel's Afrika Korps, smart and hard, had rolled back again, out of the recent past.

These men who marched through Africa, short weeks ago, were like the men who swept across all North Africa, in June of 1942, to within 60 miles of Alexandria. Some, in fact, were the very same men. Their faces were lean, tanned Teutonic faces. Their step resembled, too familiarly,

the goose step. Their burly sergeants barked commands in gutter *Deutsch*. And when the men fell into route step, they lustily sang, in purest German, *Mein Kamerad* and *Lili Marlene*.

It was the *Wehrmacht*, all over again, with one difference—these troops wore the uniform of the French Foreign Legion.

Today, throughout restive, turbulent Mohammedan North Africa, on the fringes of embattled Indo-China, even in the streets of France, the startling scene of young German war veterans on the march is being repeated. For, once again, as it has constantly in the last 116 years, France is permitting Germans to join,

in wholesale numbers, its colorful *Légion Etrangère*.

There is violent dissent from other Frenchmen, mainly graduates of the *Résistance*, who still recall bitter war against "the bloody Boche." They resent the fact that their military is not only permitting Nazi veterans to don the distinctive white cap of the Legion, but actually encouraging their enlistment, and in some special cases, drafting them.

Despite this dissent, almost one out of every three Legionnaires is a German. Thousands of Germans have poured into Strasbourg, on the Rhine, and have been shipped to modern Sidi-bel-Abbès, world headquarters

The French Foreign Legion, toughest and most colorful fighting force in history, rides again. But this modernized Legion rides in tanks, planes and parachutes. And, like it or not, one of every three Legionnaires is a German

for the Legion. Major Boulanger, spokesman for the Foreign Legion in Paris, told this author that the largest group of foreign expatriates were Germans.

As a result of this cold-blooded enlistment of the enemy, the Foreign Legion, veteran of the Crimean War, the Tonkin Rebellion of 1883 in China, the Somme and Verdun in 1916-17 and the battle for Germany in 1944, is now fully prepared to spearhead France's looming fight to retain its far-flung colonies and thereby its precarious role as a world power.

At the end of World War II, the French Foreign Legion was a shambles. Almost seven years ago the swift fall of France shattered the Legion's table of organization, isolating units in the Orient, Africa, Scandinavia and in France itself. Nevertheless, the Legion, though split in allegiance by Pétain and De Gaulle, though handcuffed by lack of communications and supply, threw its regiments into the teeth of the Nazi blitz as a first-line army and kept them there to the very end.

In the long haul from Norway to Germany, its regiments were ripped. The *Régiment Marche*, cited by President Truman last year, sent 2,000 into action in Austria and 224 survived intact. Its companies were decimated; 2d Company, 1st Regiment, lost every officer, every noncom, all but 14 enlisted men in one Tunisian tussle.

Yet, today the French Foreign Legion, reorganized and regrouped, packs seven powerful regiments containing 15,000 first-class fighting men. There will be 20,000 in all, by spring. "It stands, today," says Major Boulanger, "the best disciplined, best fighting unit in the French army, in fact, the best in the entire world."

The Legion is still nicknamed "The Great Anonymous," a refuge for all men from family, law, society itself. New enlistees may still give false names and phony nationalities. In most cases, they are safe from the prying of police. There is still no punishment for minor offenses, brutal punishment for major offenses. There are 35 days in the guardhouse for talking politics. There is no strict class line between officers and men. There is no basic training, as American G.I.s know it. There is still night life in Algerian cafés, attractive Arabian girls, and month-long patrols on the blazing desert in search of raiders.

The Foreign Legion is ready for anything—and, it appears, not too soon. France's colonies, long rumbling with quaint notions of freedom and liberty, exploded into revolution late last year. That revolt is still taking place, and may spread.

Everywhere, the Legion is prepared. In Indo-China, with 25,000,000 people, the uprising began quickly. With the Japanese surrender, the Tonkinese overran Annam, swept into Cochinchina, and battled remnants of the Foreign Legion in Saigon. Since then, the Tonkinese declared their inde-

Collier's for February 1, 1947

pendence of France, renamed their country the Republic of Viet Nam, elected Ho Chi-minh, an English-speaking revolutionary (with eight aliases) who studied in Moscow, as their president.

Their success would have kicked the props from under France's empire, inflamed the Annamese and Cambodians, had not the Legion been resurrected in the nick of time. Currently, three fresh infantry regiments of the Foreign Legion, plus the 13th Half Brigade have successfully throttled acrobatic native nationalists.

Elsewhere, France has faced the same unrest and has brandished the new Legion as a police club. In North Africa, the Arab League, with its dream of a vast Arab federation along the Mediterranean has been busy with the more immediate battlefield of Palestine, but has promised soon to turn to French Morocco, Algeria and Tunisia. In these lands, the 16,000,000 Arabs, suffering economically from poor grain harvests, inspired to fanatical pitch by religious organizers, have become more and more restless. But already the Foreign Legion has its 4th Regiment in Morocco, its 1st Regiment in Algeria, and its 5th Cavalry in Tunisia. Several of these regiments sport gleaming mechanized units, and plan to train desert paratroopers and air-borne Legionnaires.

This miraculous recovery of an almost extinct army was made possible, the Legion's leaders point out, because they were not hindered by false morality or emotionalism. They saw 5,000,000 German soldiers unemployed and they needed recruits. They would have preferred Frenchmen to Germans, they admit, but most Frenchmen were tired of war and army. Many were recovering from wounds, some were emaciated wrecks too recently rescued from Hitler's labor camps. Others were Communists who didn't give a damn about the colonies anyway. Despite a circus of posters and goodies (such as a 300-franc monthly allowance for every dependent), the French stayed away in droves.

So in 1945, with the colonies in full revolt, and the Legion regiments lacking fighting personnel to do something about it, the hardheaded brain trust at Sidi-bel-Abbès decided it could depend no longer on its own nationals. Closing its eyes to Dachau and Belsen the Legion opened its arms to the Hitler Youth.

"We had to do it, because we were so desperate for men," one Foreign Legion colonel told this author. "In fact, we would have enlisted the Devil, no questions asked, if he would have signed up for five years and shown us he didn't have the SS brand under his arm."

The Foreign Legion points out that Germans have always fought in its ranks, and have often, in recent years, dominated its membership. As long ago as 1835, when the Legion was on loan out to Spain, a German company drummer, Schmidt, became a great hero. Wounded in his left arm, he refused to leave his charging comrades, continued drumming with his one good arm until felled by a shot.

Other Germans crowd the regimental honor rolls. Legionnaire Streibler, at Tuyen-quang, in 1885, spotting a Chinese taking aim at his captain, leaped in front of the officer to receive the bullet and die; Legionnaire Haberthur, at Moul-el-Bacha, in 1910, abandoning his cooking utensils to rush to the front, collapsed from



A Foreign Legion recruit is given a physical examination by a medical assistant before being accepted for a 5-year enlistment

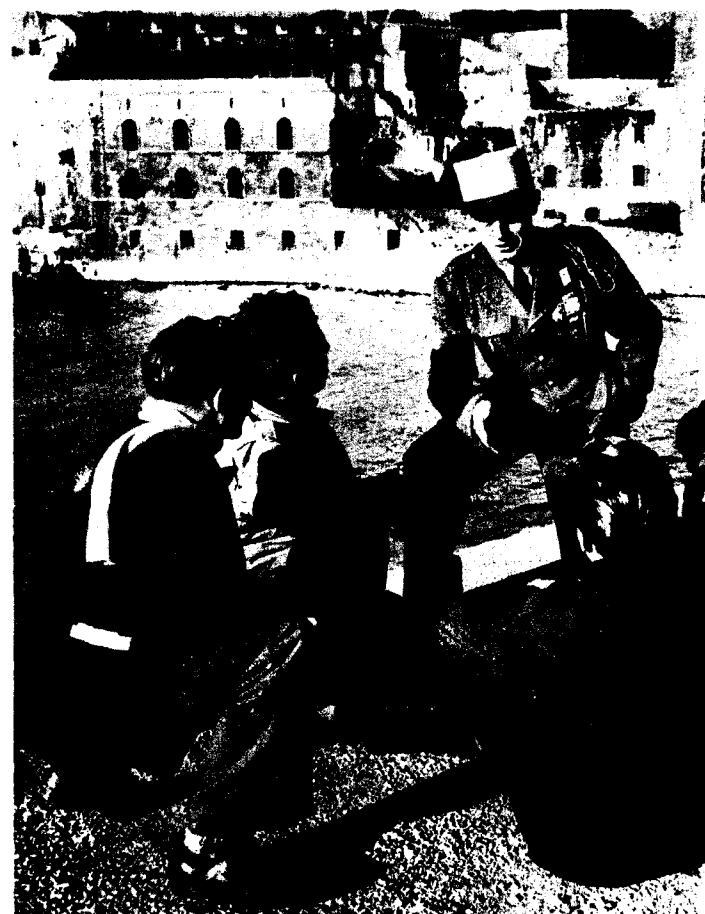


Legionnaires must work as well as fight. These men are helping build a road the hard way in North Africa

As the hour of departure approaches, a Legionnaire prepares to bid farewell to his wife and child at an embarkation point



A group of admiring rookies listen to the adventures of a veteran Legionnaire who has served nine years



gunshot in the face and became blinded for life. He received the *Chevalier de la Légion d'Honneur*.

"Now, like their fathers before them, the Germans are still coming to enlist, and we are glad to have them," insists Major Boulanger. "They are good soldiers. And remember, all Germans were not Nazis. Many were obliged to say they were, to join the party, in order to survive while Hitler was in power. Today these men are coming to us for anonymity, discipline, for the only employment they know."

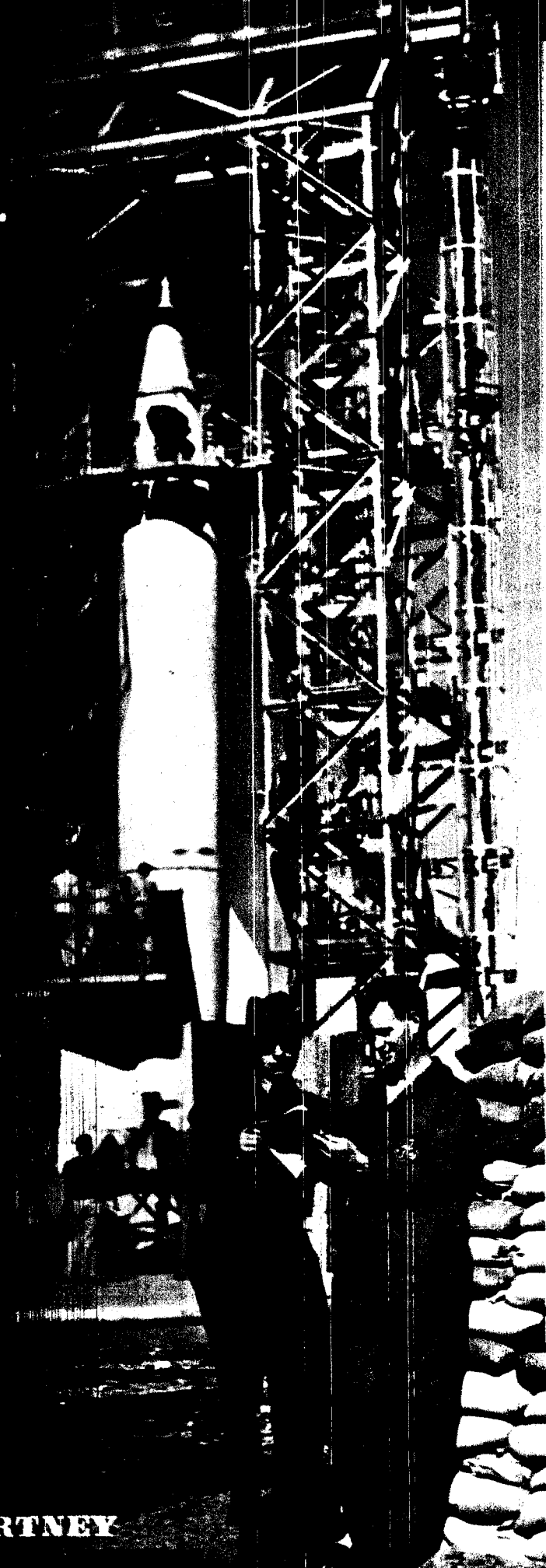
But the outspoken critics of this policy think it is shocking. These critics refuse to regard yesterday's war

as a soccer match and recently hated enemies as mere Saturday's rivals. They also say the German Legionnaire is disloyal to the Legion in time of crisis. They point to the German desertions of 1925 when the Legion was sent to war against Abd-el-Krim, who was trying to free the Riffs from French and Spanish rule.

In those hectic days the Foreign Legion put on a poor show. Its ranks were depleted by Germans who threw away their guns and went over the hill. Other Germans, who remained behind, refused to fight well.

The most spectacular desertion of that period was the one staged by Joseph Klems, a Dusseldorf adven-

turer, who had an unhappy love affair and joined the Legion to forget. One day in Fez, Sergeant Klems became involved in a wild argument with a Legion officer, slugged his superior, and to avoid punishment, deserted. He went into the desert, changed his name to El-Hadj Aleman, and led raiding parties against the French. He fought against his former comrades of the Foreign Legion, was captured and court-martialed. The Legion sentenced him to death. A news story, filed about him at the time by Vincent Sheean, inspired the Broadway operetta, *The Desert Song*, and the President of France was moved to
(Continued on page 38)



BY W. B. COURTNEY

WILL RUSSIA RULE THE AIR?

Here are the standings, as of today, in the crucial race for control of the world's air. Our once-commanding lead has been thrown away. How, and why, is a matter for every American to consider gravely

Conclusion

FOR a while, Germany led in the race to control the Ocean of the Air. By early 1945 she was 5 to 15 years ahead of us in at least *nineteen* fundamental problems, including supersonic speed, pilotless guided air weapons, rocket motors and fuels, and programs of research. Germans developed and flew equipment like the ram jet, while we were earnestly discussing whether such things would really fly at all. Restrictions on time and resources, not brains, defeated Germany.

This is neither admiration nor a plea for the police state method of unlimited financing of research by a government without leave of its taxpayers. It is realistic admission that we can't fight totalitarian fire by fanning in all directions—without direction.

Germany, the nation, isn't running any more. But the bulk of German scientists, armed with the head start the Nazis gave them, are still working for a state not accountable to its people for what it does with their money or lives.

Of our present competitors for leadership in the new Air Age, Great Britain is the oldest, wisest and—in commercial and diplomatic respects—the most formidable. She knows she must transfer her command from the old to the new, lest it be no longer a truism that "the sun never sets on British soil."

Meanwhile—alone of the racers—if necessary she can fly around the earth without permission of anyone because her Empire bases already girdle it at strategic positions.

Two strides formed England into a hard-welded team for the Race: nationalization, and unification of armed services under a single Ministry of Defense. Nationalization works out, in foreign affairs, simply as another term for national unity; a weapon against both totalitarianism and capitalism. The idea of nationalizing aviation did not originate with the Labor government, but with Viscount Swinton, Churchill's Minister of Civil Aviation. Now, airlines and airports are public corporations; and the aviation industry builds according to a national over-all plan. The government then apportions its output for export or domestic use; the latter between the R.A.F. and the three main national airlines—one to Europe, one to South America, one to North America and the Empire.

Likewise, the unification of army, R.A.F. and navy under a "super war lord" was not a Labor idea. Churchill has plugged for it since World War I. In both wars he wrought a form of unification, on the ministerial level, which lapsed with peace. His Labor successors make genuine, permanent unification the law. Among its features is an orderly apportionment of expenditures, priorities and resources among the armed services; and co-ordinated plans for mobilization of resources, for meshing with industrial production, and for a general program of scientific research and development.

To pursue this organized research, England is constructing at Bedford a \$100,000,000 National Aeronautical Establishment, with latest devices and wind tunnels emphasizing supersonic speed experiments, and a five-mile runway on the adjoining test field. Near by, costing additional millions, will be the National Gas Turbine Establishment, for development of turbojets and propeller-turbine engines; and the National College for Aeronautics, training officers and leaders for both the R.A.F. and the aviation industry.

England's aircraft industry is big and busy. Before the war, compared with ours it was fractional, moving leisurely on handwork practices. This made for superb quality—and quantity didn't (Continued on page 67)

At White Sands, N. M., Army Ordnance experts prepare a German V-2 rocket for a test-shot launching

ONE SHOE OFF

Los: one gold slipper for the left foot, size 4A. Found: one brute, the kind of man that would beat a lady with her own shoe

AT THREE-THIRTY on the morning of May sixteenth, love, as it must to all men, came to Fitzjohn Pettibone. To say that he was indifferent to it would be an understatement. To be frank, he was unaware of it. To be more frank, he was just plain unconscious.

It came about this way. Fitzjohn Pettibone, the hero of many a hard-fought football field, and more recently of several sticky encounters with the *Luft-waffe*, was nursing his sorrows at the corner of his favorite bar and had just said to Dan, bartender, friend and confidant, "I think that that will be all for the evening."

Rising from his stool somewhat precariously, Fitzjohn thrust his right hand deep into his trousers pocket, with the obvious intent of settling the not inconsiderable score accumulated during his stay. This simple movement was just sufficient to upset his equilibrium and, rolling slightly, he buried his face as deep in the floor as two hundred pounds could drive it.

Now Fitzjohn had failed to observe a couple who were just rounding the bar on their way out. As a result, he nearly bore Miss Ninette Dublois, originally Mary Anne Dolan, to the floor with him. A person of nimbleness and grace, Miss Dublois, who had been celebrating the signing of her first New York contract, *Sophisticated Songs at the Piano* by the Belgian Thrush, avoided being crushed by throwing herself backward onto the bosom of her manager, Mr. Alfred Lewis.

"What's that?" said Miss Dublois, regarding the mound of dinner clothes on the floor.

Mr. Lewis peered over her shoulder.

"A man's fallen down," he announced politely.

"Well, move him out of the way."

"He'll get up in a minute, dear," said the timorous Lewis, and then he turned to appeal to Dan.

"A gentleman has fallen and is blocking our way. Would you be good enough to come around here and assist him to rise?"

Dan, a glass in one hand and a polishing cloth in the other, leaned his elbows on the bar and regarded the pile on the floor dispassionately.

"Not me. He's a mean man, if you wake him up too quick."

"Who's 'he'?" Miss Dublois demanded.

Dan was shocked.

"Why that's 'Fitz' Pettibone! The greatest line-man that ever lived. He was All-American for three straight years and I don't know what he didn't do in the Air Corps!"

"I do," said Miss Dublois. "He drank."

"Oh, no!" Dan protested. "That's only come on him lately. Something's troubling him now, but I can remember when he was always in training and the sports writers used to say he was a whole line in himself."

"That jerk couldn't plug a hole in a doughnut," Miss Dublois announced disdainfully. She pulled up the skirt of her flowing evening gown, exposing a large amount of very shapely legs and more than a suspicion of frothy lace. "And what's more, I'm going to kick a goal with him right now."

"Darling," Mr. Lewis (Continued on page 53)

BY ALBERT
POPE HINCKLEY

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL OLIVER HURST



"That jerk couldn't plug a hole in a doughnut," Miss Dublois announced. "And I'm going to kick a goal with him right now."

FOUR CINDERELLAS

BY AMY PORTER



Janet Leigh wears her \$15 good luck dress, the one she wore the day the man said, "How'd you like to be in the movies?" She rehearses with Van Johnson

The current crop of Hollywood hopefuls includes four young women whose stories are straight out of Hans Christian Andersen and the brothers Grimm—with a touch of Dale Carnegie

IF THE original Cinderella were around today, she would probably fix it up with her fairy godmother to skip the prince and palace deal in favor of a career in the movies.

Because, as you very well know if you read the papers, Hollywood is the place where all good little present-day Cinderellas go. Hollywood has room for several—one to every studio, plus a spare, a sort of Number Two girl, lurking in the background ready to take over in case Cinderella Number One stubs the toe of her glass slipper and falls flat on her face.

Out of the current crop of Cinderellas, I talked with four who seem good bets for stardom. Here is how it is with them.

Two were as surprised as could be when that man tapped them on the shoulder and said, "Little girl, how would you like to be in the movies?" They were so surprised they could

scarcely control their trembling long enough to sign on the dotted line. But they did control it. The other two, loath to trust everything to a fairy godmother, did a little finagling on their own to make sure their shoulders were handy when the man came around to do the tapping.

The surprised ones are Janet Leigh and Barbara Hale. The less surprised are Dorothy Hart and Vanessa Brown. You should be seeing all of them soon in big parts in big pictures.

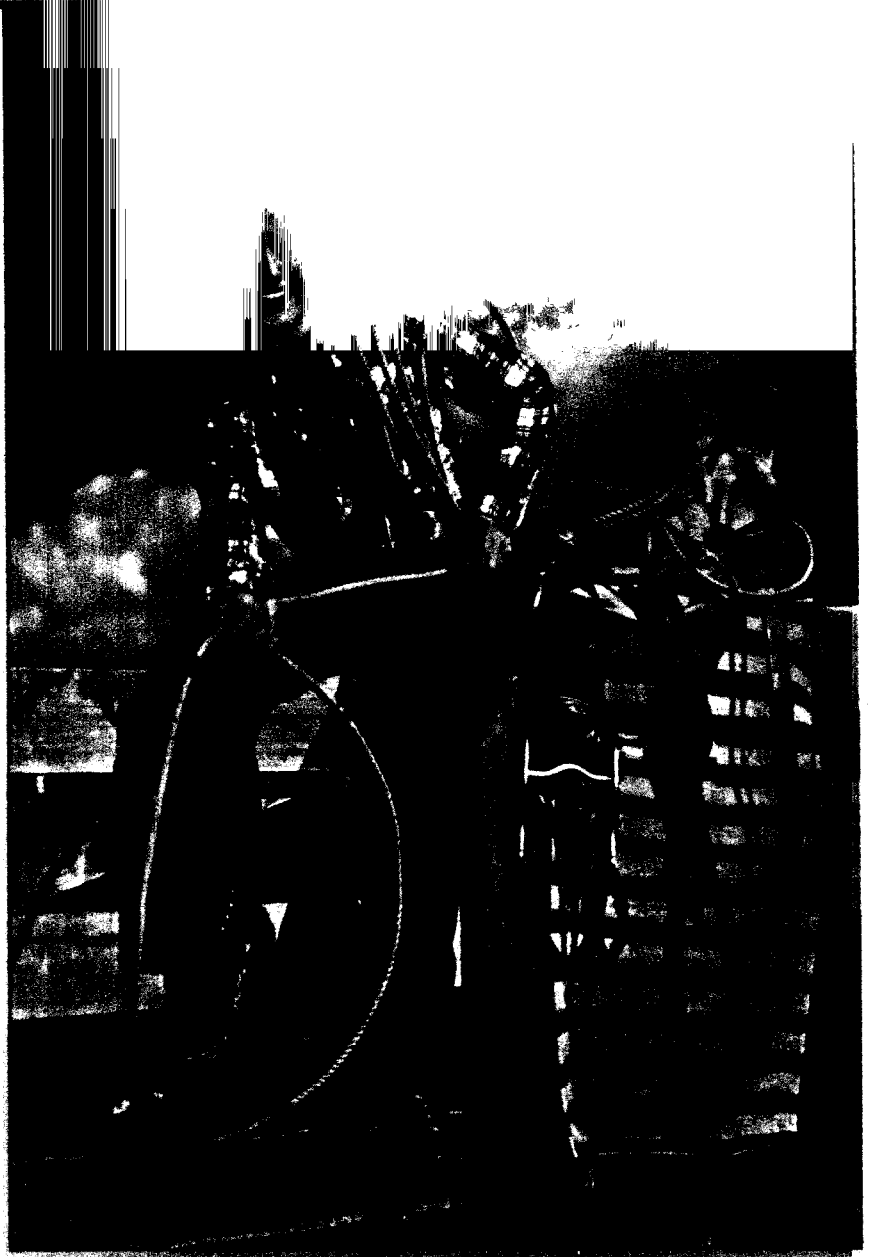
The most Cinderella-ish of them all is Janet Leigh. Just five weeks after the magic wand touched her, she was playing leading lady to Van Johnson in a picture called *Clouds on the Sun*. Barbara Hale was just standing there on a Chicago street all unsuspecting, when the movies reached out and grabbed her. Barbara's last was *A Likely Story*, with her husband, Bill Williams. Dorothy Hart, like Janet Leigh, made the difficult leap from nowhere into the lead of her first picture, *The Gunfighters*. Vanessa Brown came up by the child-prodigy route, is an ex-Quiz Kid, and after good parts in

Vanessa Brown works overtime all the time, attending classes at UCLA and making movies simultaneously

Collier's for February 1, 1947



No mink coat for Barbie Hale. She and her husband are saving what they make—because they can't believe that the fabulous movie bonanza will last



This Cinderella turned down a mink coat because she can't believe that the fabulous movie bonanza will last

three forthcoming movies (The Late George Apley, Chicken Every Sunday and The Ghost of Mrs. Muir) is promised a lead of her own, possibly in Captain from Castile.

Janet Leigh's story is so unlikely that when she tells it, people smile and say, "Well, it's a nice story and you stick to it if you want to . . ."

Janet was a tenderly pretty 18-year-old bride (light brown hair, gray-green eyes, and such full young curves that you might almost call her plump).

She had quit college and was doing all the cooking and housework for her ex-Navy husband and their three roomers. Her husband, Stan Reams, was a student at the College of the Pacific, Stockton, California, getting \$90 a month from the government. This money, plus \$100 from the boarders, plus occasional windfalls from Stan's newly organized dance band, made them a nice hopeful living, and they were very happy.

One day they decided to spend a short holiday with Janet's parents, both of whom were working at a winter resort, Sugar Bowl Ski Lodge, near Truckee, California. Neither Janet nor Stan knew how to ski (her parents had been at the Lodge only a short time), but they tried it. Janet must have looked nice in her ski clothes because the Lodge photographer took her picture for the resort album.

After Stan and Janet returned to Stockton, Norma Shearer happened to take a vacation at Sugar Bowl

Lodge. Flipping through the pages of the Lodge album, she chanced upon Janet's picture.

Miss Shearer tore out the picture—"I thought the girl's face was interesting"—put it in her handbag, and one day at lunch back in Hollywood showed it to a producer. The producer said, "Yes, pretty, but you know—there are so many." The picture was left on the table as the Shearer party started to leave. That should have been that, but another producer, from another studio (M-G-M), happened to pass the table on his way out. He retrieved the picture, caught up to Miss Shearer and said, "Did you leave this? Pretty girl. Who is it?" She told him, and he passed the word and the picture along to the M-G-M casting department, just casually.

It turned out to be pretty difficult to locate Janet. Her husband had quit school and come to Los Angeles to build up his band, with Janet as business manager and occasional soloist. Somehow neither telegrams nor phone calls got through to her. Eventually a forwarded letter reached her: "Dear Mrs. Reams . . . Miss Norma Shearer spoke to someone in our office about you . . . When would it be convenient for you to call? . . ."

"Stan and I didn't believe it," Janet said, "but Stan said I'd better go down to the agent's office and investigate."

"Then Stan said something that almost made me not go. He looked at my hands, and he said, 'Maybe you

shouldn't wear your wedding ring. Maybe they'd like it better if they thought you were single.'"

She wore the ring.

Just 47 minutes after Janet passed through the M-G-M portals, she had her contract, without even a test. Just five weeks after that, they told her she would play opposite Van Johnson. "Be ready to leave Saturday for Santa Cruz," producer Jack Cummings told her.

"Do you suppose they'll pay my fare?" she worried to Stan. They did.

What Every Girl Wants to Know

While the company was on location, Janet's former sorority sisters from the College of the Pacific sometimes visited her at the Santa Cruz Hotel. "How does it feel to play love scenes with Van Johnson?" they asked her.

"Well, kids, it isn't like what you think, really it isn't," Janet told them. "He is a wonderful man, but, well, I'd love to have him for a brother."

Johnson gave her her movie name, the first part of it being an adaptation of her own name, Jeanette, and the second part, invention.

The only serious worry in this girl's Cinderella life concerns the possible effect her sudden success may have on her married happiness. Fortunately, Stan's band is coming along, with two movie companies (not M-G-M) considering signing it. "If I ever think this movie business is bothering Stan,"

says Janet, "I'll chuck the whole thing." Meantime she and Stan are keeping their makeshift living quarters in the back of the garage of a relative. Janet's salary is \$100 a week, double what she made a few weeks ago.

Dorothy Hart, 23, is a knowing kind of Cinderella—tallish, red-haired, green-eyed. With her you feel that that fairy godmother had better come across or else.

Her father, a Cleveland insurance agent, thinks that his company lost a great salesman in Dorothy. He remembers how her high-school talk on "The advantages of the ordinary life policy," brought him several new customers. And a business friend thinks she would have been a great promoter.

But Dorothy from an early age planned to get into the movies, approaching her goal by precise and careful stages. She took part in dramatic activities at Western Reserve University, and one summer worked with a little theater, the Cleveland Playhouse. Her next move, she thought, should be to New York, and that would take money. She sold jewelry in a department store, part time. Then, when she went to a dentist to have two wisdom teeth extracted, she noticed that there was no assistant in sight. Could she help, she asked?

She helped the dentist that afternoon, taking care of appointments, (Continued on page 51)

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY DAVID PESKIN

INCIDENT AT WEHRDELBERG

BY FREDERICK HAZLITT BRENNAN

THE Herr Doktor Professor Lennart (Ph.D., Kenyon College, '40) was conducting an advanced seminar which the Military Government, American Zone of Occupation had authorized under the title: Democracy: Its Meaning and Achievement. Professor Lennart sat at the head of a scarred oaken table in what had once been a faculty conference chamber. The room was large, badly lighted, and cold with the eternal chill of Gothic stone walls.

Lennart, an ex-captain in the Army Air Forces, had been classified by the handful of American teachers at the University of Wehrdelberg as a naïve romanticist. To use the Air Force words for it, he was still eager.

Nineteen young Germans, men and girls, were gathered about the table on chairs that ranged in type from beer-cellar stools to G.I. mess collapsibles. But the students neither sprawled nor lounged; all of them sat bolt upright with hands in laps or forearms resting on the table's edge. The seminar had met daily and was in its fifth week but there had been no relaxation on the part of the students and no real acceptance of Lennart's frequent bids for informality.

Although he had been disturbed and worried about this at first, Lennart had finally rationalized his students' behavior. They were in the medical school and thus had post-graduate status, he reminded himself; it was absurd to expect American sophomore gaiety and rowdiness from them. Moreover, it was a delight to find a group so desperately sincere and earnest. Lennart had served most of the war giving orientation lectures on Why We Fight to bored members of combat air crews. It had been a futile and heartbreaking assignment, clarifying in half an hour the muddled thinking of twenty years, but Lennart had kept at it doggedly.

Now, facing a task even more difficult, Herr Professor Lennart still possessed an eager faith in education. Perhaps part of his eagerness was due to a small emotional entanglement which he had not yet admitted to himself. Girl students are taboo. In America, a teacher falls in love with a girl student at his peril; campus mores are offended and Deans and Mrs. Deans react with quick firmness. In Germany an American teacher who—

"Well, Fräulein Sondemann," said Lennart, "shall we all warm up with some tea?"

Kathi Sondemann, a dark-haired girl with intense, tragic eyes, nodded

demurely. "As the professor suggests, of course," she answered in careful English. "Heinrich! The tea is to be served!"

Old Heinrich started from the shadows by the fireplace, making excuses in German that tea had never been served so soon, that he must wash his hands and put on a clean apron.

"Never mind, Heinrich," Lennart said. "You fetch some more coal for the fire. Fräulein Sondemann will pour tea and we'll just pass things around."

"As you command, Herr Doktor Professor!" Heinrich bowed and rubbed his hands on a tattered leather apron.

Kathi busied herself with the tea tray. Down the table, another girl was watching her.

"Fräulein Roeder," said Lennart, "will you please lend a hand with the food?"

"The—the food, Herr Professor?"

"Yes, a little surprise. We—ah—we've finished with the Industrial Revolution and I thought we should celebrate."

There was polite laughter but, even as he spoke, Lennart realized he had made a mistake in calling upon Fräulein Roeder. This girl, a handsome blonde, tall and leggy, was not popular. Between her and the rest of the students existed a mysterious enmity. Fräulein Roeder had been markedly aloof from seminar discussions; when asked a direct question her reply was brief, and she never attempted to argue or defend a point of view.

"Gladly, Herr Professor," she said now, her voice flat and mechanical.

LENNART had scrounged sandwiches and tins of biscuits from the Army mess. When Fräulein Roeder passed the food along the table several of the men students made heavy German jokes and a few girls giggled. The atmosphere became more relaxed and friendly. A saucer of cigarettes which topped off Lennart's surprise even brought smiles. But the students avoided even so much as a glance at Fräulein Roeder.

Watching all this, Lennart noticed that the Roeder girl took neither tea nor food. As soon as her chore was finished she pretended complete absorption in a textbook.

Kathi spoke to her, "Would you not nibble just one biscuit, Paula?"

"I want to talk to you," Professor Lennart said to Paula. They walked in silence toward a coffee shop



"Thank you, no. I am not hungry."

Hugo Broesch, a leader of the group, scowled at Paula. "She eats well at home," he said. "Perhaps she eats too much, ja?"

"That's right," another student said, "and it is not hard to guess why she is never hungry—now."

"Shhhh . . . enough, Manfred!" Kathi warned.

Lennart plunged in to divert attention from Paula. He asked Kurt Mungenstern to start the day's discussion with a brief review of the right of franchise and the secret ballot.

Herr Mungenstern, a somber Bavarian who had lost an arm in the war, quoted chapter and verse from a textbook which had been approved by the Civilian Academic Advisory Board. "The first great principle of democracy," he said, "is the right of all citizens to vote for their political leaders without fear of punishment or reprisal. Under a democratic system the majority rules, but the minority is protected in its right of free speech. The minority may openly protest and petition and seek by all lawful means to become the majority at the next election. Thus it is guaranteed . . ."

As Herr Mungenstern's voice rumbled on, Lennart caught himself watching Kathi Sondemann. The girl gave her complete attention to the speaker, encouraging him with quick little nods. Kathi had been Lennart's star pupil from the first day of the seminar. It was she, more than any of the others, who gave Lennart hope and determination. In the beginning he had felt grateful for her quick, energetic sympathy. Perhaps, he warned himself, the feeling he held for her was still merely gratitude—that plus a sense of pity. Fräulein Sondemann was thin and poorly clothed; her brown eyes were dominant in a face otherwise not strikingly beautiful. Lennart found in Kathi's eyes the remembrance of privation, defeat and sorrow, but also the bright flame of courage . . .

"Herr Professor Lennart?" Herr Mungenstern said.

"Eh . . . oh . . . very good, Herr Mungenstern. Is there any comment?"

There was a moment of silence, then the smoldering animosity which had surrounded Fräulein Roeder came to an abrupt focus. Kathi's voice, gentle, sad and deadly, began it. "I do not think Fräulein Roeder agrees with us," she said. "I should like to have her opinion."

"Yes, speak up, Paula," said Hans Yäger.

Lennart glanced at the girl. She sat staring at her hands clenched together on the table. "Have you any comment, Fräulein Roeder?" he asked.

Paula started to speak, caught her breath, then looked directly at Lennart. Her blue eyes were sullen, and angry red blotches colored her cheeks.

"Majority rule is not good, in my opinion," she said. "It always tyrannizes the minority. A bad leader can deceive more than half the people on any question. If he does not deceive them, he bribes them with bread and circuses. You do not have a democracy in the United States, Herr Professor."

Lennart laughed. "Well, that's telling me."

But Paula's fellow students were outraged. There was an immediate hubbub of: "That's stupid! . . . You insult our intelligence! . . . You know nothing about it . . . What's your authority? . . . Who wrote that? . . . How dare you make such an asinine remark?"

Then Kathi jumped to her feet. "I apologize for her. I think you should excuse her from the seminar!"

"No, expel her!"

"She must resign!"

"You've caused enough trouble for us, Paula. Get out of here!"

"Throw her out!"

"She's doing it on purpose—she wants them to close the university!"

Nettled, Lennart rapped for silence.

DURING the tirade Fräulein Roeder had risen and she stood now facing Lennart, as a prisoner awaiting sentence.

"I am expelled then, Herr Professor?"

"No, you are not," Lennart said, trying to keep his tone casual. "Every student at Wehrdelberg has the right to speak his mind freely on any subject."

"Thank you, Herr Professor," Paula said.

"However," Lennart went on, "I also have the right to put up an argument. And I say you reject democracy on the false premise that a bad leader can deceive or bribe the majority. For brief periods men have done that, but the people soon find them out. It is cynical and perverted of any critic to say that the masses can be bribed and bamboozled indefinitely. Men who try that are hounded from office or hanged or shot."

Applause and cries of, "Hear, hear!" interrupted the professor. And then came the anticlimax of the period bell. The seminar was ended.

Fräulein Roeder, with an odd little smile, nodded to Lennart and walked from the room. The other students followed, after a clicking of heels from the men and a "Thank you. Good day, Herr Professor Lennart."

Lennart stood at the table fumbling with a cigarette. He was a little surprised that an unregenerate Nazi like the Roeder girl had slipped through M.G.'s careful screening. Every student admitted to Wehrdelberg had been checked by the constabulary, Counterintelligence or the C.I.D. Membership in the Nazi Party, the Hitler Youth organization and most categories of the Nazi army or navy was an absolute bar to enrollment at Wehrdelberg.

Again he found himself rationalizing the scene just ended. There had been only one black sheep. The other students had suspected Fräulein Roeder from the start, had ostracized her and had quickly resented her criticism of democracy. It was a good test, Lennart told himself.

"You should report her, you know?"

"Oh, hello, Kathi. I thought you had gone."

Kathi approached from the doorway, and Lennart saw that she was dressed for the street. She wore a British coat with a frazzled sheepskin collar which pushed her dark hair into a mop behind her ears. The coat

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GEORGE LEAVENS

Dr. Walter Orr Roberts of the Harvard High Altitude Observatory examines the coronagraph film on which the pictures on the opposite page were recorded



Without the coronagraph, the sun's atmosphere can be seen only during eclipses. This photo was made by Collier's in 1945, from a picture taken by the coronagraph at the Harvard High Altitude Observatory.

ECLIPSES WHILE YOU WAIT

BY G. EDWARD PENDRAY

OUT at Fremont Pass, Colorado, near the old mining town of Leadville, there is at work a brand-new type of astronomical instrument. It's called the coronagraph, and its job is to help scientists discover what goes on in the biggest atomic-power plant in our region of the universe, the sun, and to find out, if possible, what makes it operate to our benefit.

For though this power plant, the sun, is seen by everybody practically every day, it's rather startling how little is actually known about it—especially when you consider that everything we are or hope to be depends on the light, heat and other radiation that comes down to us from the atomic fires blazing there.

The outer envelope or atmosphere of the sun, which the astronomers po-

etically call the corona, is the gateway through which all the sun's energy must pass on its way into space, and consequently it may be an important part of the safety-valve mechanism that keeps the sun's energy consumption on an even keel. This is one of the reasons why the coronagraph studies now going on in Colorado are so important. But in addition, this new instrument also disclosed day-by-day information of such practical importance that during the war it was a military secret of the top-drawer variety.

Coronagraphs do their work by the simple expedient of producing an artificial eclipse, for only when the brilliant main body of the sun is blotted out can the delicate incandescence of the solar atmosphere be detected and photographed. Until the development

of the instrument, the corona was never seen except at times of natural total eclipses, and pictures of this phenomenon were among the most valued prizes brought back from the sometimes long, costly, highly organized "eclipse expeditions" sent out by observatories before the war.

Two Universities Co-operate

The Fremont Pass coronagraph is operated by the Harvard College Observatory, and so far is the only one in the Western Hemisphere. Harvard Observatory and the University of Colorado have just concluded an agreement to construct another, even bigger, to be operated jointly at a new high-altitude observatory about three miles from the present site.

There are three other coronagraphs

in existence at present, all in Europe. One of them, like our own, was a closely held war secret until V-E Day, and it was the property of the Nazis.

The coronagraph, for all its surprising capabilities, appears both simple and unspectacular. Imagine a slender tube, about eight inches in diameter and fourteen feet in length. At the forward end is an adjustable diaphragm, like that in a good camera, arranged so that the size of the aperture can be increased or decreased. Just behind that is a lens similar to the one in the forward end of a reflecting telescope. Farther back in the tube is a small black disk.

The image of the sun cast by the lens is made to fall exactly on this disk, and that produces the artificial eclipse. Only the light coming from around the image is permitted to continue

Collier's for February 1, 1947

The sun's deepest secrets, locked in its flaming corona, are yielding to a remarkable new instrument that can produce a total eclipse at any time

down the tube. This light passes through a second lens, which focuses it on the photographic plate, motion-picture film, or spectrograph, as the astronomer desires. The result is a clear picture of the brilliant, vivid, intensely hot solar atmosphere.

At Fremont Pass Station, which is at an altitude of 11,500 feet above sea level, the corona can be observed all day long on every clear day in the year. One day's observation of eight hours there is equivalent to about 100 years of observing the corona during total eclipses. Thus Dr. Walter Orr Roberts, astronomer-in-charge at this unique laboratory, has now seen more of the sun's corona in five or six years of observing than would have been possible by the natural eclipse method in all the time since human beings first appeared on the globe.

The basic idea of the coronagraph seems so simple it is difficult for folks who aren't astronomers to understand why it should have taken until now to develop it. The trouble is that coronagraphs are among the most sensitive and cantankerous in the whole gallery of astronomical instruments. Everything must be in perfect adjustment. The instrument must contain, in addition to the simple lenses and blackened disk, a method for reflecting the sun's heat out of the barrel; also numerous light traps and absorptive areas to capture and suppress any stray light or "ghost image" that may get into the device.

The first successful coronagraph was produced back in 1930, by a French astronomer, Dr. Bernard Lyot, of the Meudon Observatory. Lyot's instrument ended more than a century of research, and so tough was the problem of the coronagraph that when Lyot first announced he had licked it, astronomers hardly believed the report. In fact, only the year before, a learned paper on astronomical matters had declared it "completely impossible to try to photograph the corona, except during eclipse."

It wasn't until eight years later, when Lyot showed up at a meeting of the International Astronomical Union at Stockholm with some motion pictures of the sun's prominences and direct photographs of the corona, made with his large new coronagraph, that astronomers were really convinced. Lyot's exhibit at that 1938 meeting took astronomers by storm.

Among the 92 American astronomers present was Dr. Donald H. Menzel, of Harvard College Observatory, already well known for his studies of the stars and the sun. Dr. Menzel is the kind of man who acts on his enthusiasms, and before long he had interested Dr. Harlow Shapley, director of the Harvard Observatory, in a project to construct a Lyot type coronagraph in this country. Dr. Menzel designed the instrument, obtained the assistance of the Perkin-Elmer Corporation of Glenbrook, Connecticut, in constructing it, and enlisted the interest of the Climax Molybdenum Company in providing a location and other facilities near its Colorado mine site for the new solar observatory.

Dr. Menzel, himself originally a Coloradan, made a study of the place while the instrument was being completed, and designed the observatory.

The significance of the coronagraph lies in the fact that the sun is such a fine, big, hot, near-by atomic power plant. We get all our light, heat and other forms of energy from it—including possibly some kinds of energy we haven't yet learned to detect or appreciate.

Our sun is what the astronomers call a "main sequence" star. Bodies of this type get their energy by transforming hydrogen into helium, through a complex cycle of changes involving the use of carbon and nitrogen. This hydrogen-helium transformation can take place only at temperatures of about 20,000,000 degrees, which may give you an idea why it's sometimes so warm on a mid-summer day, even though the source of the heat is more than 90,000,000 miles away.

Farewell to the Sun

According to the best calculations, the sun is about three billion years old. In that time it has burned up about ten per cent of its available hydrogen. If it were to continue to burn at its present rate, it would stay hot for about thirty billion years. But, unfortunately, the rate of burning will probably increase as more hydrogen is turned into helium, so it is expected that the sun will burn itself out in only about ten billion years instead.

In the meantime—at least according to some theories—it will get hotter and hotter. Toward the end of the sun's life it may be a lot too warm for comfort over here on the earth. The oceans will probably boil. Mercury, the inmost planet, will be reduced to vapor. Venus, our nearest neighbor on the sunward side, may be an incandescent cinder afloat in space.

That is what will happen if we are lucky. There's always a chance, though, that something will go wrong with the sun's regulating mechanism—and the sun itself go off like that business at Hiroshima—only a billion times more so. If that should happen, all human problems on the earth will be immediately solved.

A rather small increase in the sun's energy output, corresponding to an added brightness of only about one and a half magnitudes, would probably mean the end of life on earth. This small increase would raise the temperature here about 200 degrees: more than enough to parboil us.

If the sun were consistent about its performances, everything would be just dandy. But for reasons that aren't yet very clear, it sends out its radiation in huffs and puffs. The radiation

(Continued on page 65)

The most spectacular solar eruption ever recorded occurred on June 4, 1946. The blazing prominence, seen through the red light of the coronagraph, arches across a fifth of the sun's surface. It consists of gases erupting at explosive speed, and reaches a height of 200,000 miles in the 24 minutes elapsing between the first and second pictures. Photographs like these are invaluable to astronomers in studying the still mysterious atmosphere of the sun



Cle-Muk came upon a young pine overthrown by the winter winds. In its black roots he noticed a piece of rock that was different from any he had ever seen

INDIAN GIVER

Greed is a passion and cunning is its implement. But cunning can be powerless before man's primitive, sometimes ironic, sense of justice

CLE-MUK pushed his way through the undergrowth. He had been walking thus, silently and observantly, for hours, while he made the rounds of his traps. Like a brown ghost he came, guided by signs so faint as to be imperceptible save to the eye of an aborigine. It was midafternoon when he reached a ridge where most of the rock was bare and the trees pushed up close on each side. Close to the ridge was a stream on whose banks the snow still lay a few inches deep. Beside the stream glinted a small steel trap. In the trap was a mink with russet-brown fur.

Cle-Muk grunted complacently, opened the trap, dropped his quarry into a sack where it nestled softly against an otter and a stone marten, then made his way silently along the ridge. He did not hurry. The day was fine and he was at home wherever the sunset might overtake him.

A half-mile farther on lay a young Norway pine overthrown by the winter winds. Its black roots were lifted grotesquely into the air and they carried patches of earth and moss. In

one of these tangles Cle-Muk noticed a piece of rock that was different from any he had ever seen. It was strongly gripped, as though in a man's hand, and the level rays of the sun seemed to pass through it. He looked at it curiously. To the ordinary observer it would have resembled a piece of semitransparent stone inclosing a twist of gilded lace. To a mining man it would have been a sample of high-grade, free-milling gold ore. But to Cle-Muk it was just something different. Just for that reason he knocked it free, examined it closely with unwinking black eyes and dropped it into the sack beside the mink.

He tramped on, slept that night five miles away, continued his silent pilgrimage another twenty miles, and reached his winter camp at sundown. Here he thawed out his take, pulled the precious skins from the slim red bodies, threw the bodies into a pot and stretched the furs over wooden racks. He thought no more of the piece of rock until his oldest grandchild, rummaging in the sack, pulled it out. Cle-Muk took it, held it ques-

tioningly toward his daughter, and when she shook her head tossed the fragment carelessly back.

Storms raged and ceased, snow fell and melted, and the sun grew stronger. The wilderness seemed to yawn luxuriously in the growing warmth after months of rigid slumber. There was a slackening of the bones of the earth, the whiteness of rabbit fur became patched with dirty brown, from the skies drifted the calling of geese and ducks on the long trek to the Arctic, and a thousand streams burst their manacles of ice and went singing through the woods. It was at this time that Cle-Muk gathered together his winter's catch.

Then he lifted his canoe from where it had lain covered with spruce boughs since the previous fall and sewed up its gaping seams with fine strips of gut and sealed them with cloth dipped in hot resin.

Early the following morning Cle-Muk left for the nearest Hudson's Bay post, a hundred miles away, as quietly as a dry leaf moves before a puff of wind.

The Hudson's Bay factor is a taciturn man, clothed generally in nondescript garments and always with a great authority. His word goes forth as the law of the Northern wilderness because it has never been broken. To Ojibway and Iroquois, to Yellow-knife and Cree, to Piegan and Blackfoot, that word is the same. When it comes to a matter of trade the bargain is hard and the terms are stiff, but

the faith is absolute. So it happens that in the spring of the year the hunters turn from the smoke of a thousand campfires and push their canoes over leagues of water, by lake and rapid and cataract, to do business as their fathers did.

(Continued on page 42)

**BY
MATT
ROBERTS**

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MYERS

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26

EVERYTHING HAPPENS TO RALPH

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

BY W. F. SAWYER

Dear Chuck:

Thanx for your good letter of the 12th. It was nice to hear how you're doing--long time no see. It must be six years since you went to the big city. Well, I guess they have found out you are there, by now. Your own business and everything. Now, about Ralph King. You say he was into see you about a job and what about him? Well, I will tell you. Ralph is all right with me, and an okay guy for a freind. I have never heard a word against him. But, Chuck, I think I ought to tell you, is, if you should take Ralph in with you, And that's might be the hard way.

Something seems to have come over Ralph since the days we use to run around together, you and him and me. Ralph, hears lately, has a way of running into the damndest experiences and meeting the weirdest characters. I don't know how does it. He says he doesn't understand it himself. But when the peoples doubt his stories--which they do if they don't know him well--he just tells them to follow him around for a day or two and see for themselves.

Well, Chuck, it's things like this. A lone Bandit terrorized the town last winter--Ralph was his first victim. When ever a bank is robbed or a stone is thrown through a store window it always happens jist when he is passing. So far as I know, only once has an eight-hundred pound safe fallen from an eighteenth story window, and that one crushed through the sidewalk practically at Ralph's toes. If a meteorite falls in the city to-nite ten-to-one it will land smack in the middle of his front yard. Every other day he meets people who blow smoke through their ears or wear brass rings in there nose. An elderly ant he takes out to dinner occas ionally would not feel properly dressed without a tiny coral snake daintily coiled on the left wrist, Ralph says. One of his neighbors has four thumbs. Another starts chasing dogs and biting them whenever the family turn him out for a stroll.

Something of a sitkoler for veracity my self, I have always been a bit skeptical of these tall stories--until one day last week. Ralph and I take the same train into town and sat together. In the opposite seat, facing us, a couple of pasengers seemed deeply absorbed in a newspaper. Al we could see over the tope of thier paper was that one wore a funny green derby, the othr was bald and hatless. The one with the derby obviously was reading something amusing because he chuckled ashe read. Baldy seemd intersted in a more serious item in another column of the same page. Ralph nudged me, then said "Ahem."! The startled readers lowered their paper and I discovered--not too men, but a man with two heads. Ralph turned to me with a puzzled air. "See what I mean?" he said.

Cordially,

Bill

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES ADDAMS



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THE DARK DEVICE

Continued from page 12

"His ear?" For a moment she stood still, and then shuddered violently. Her face turned white as she looked at him. "I don't know. I almost killed him, didn't I?" Then she looked away and, moving as if in a dream, opened the door and went inside, letting it close behind her.

The thick soft curtain disappeared with a sharp suddenness and she could hear the clash of both her skates on the ice and the hysterical burst of applause. She could see Berg's face, usually bright-eyed and smiling, staring up at her, stiff and frozen with fear.

She shuddered again and dropped onto the velvet-cushioned stool before the big mirror of her dressing table, her body shaking, her face twisted in pain. She had almost killed her father.

HOW had it happened? She tried to relive the act. She could go back one step and hear the breathless silence just before she landed, and one step beyond that and hear the long fast roll of the drums that was the signal for her to jump. But then her mind went blank. All she could feel was that pressure from outside and something inside her that wanted to reach out and meet it. She had to sit quite still and hold off both those pressures. A minute ago they had not been strong. She had felt softly, almost comfortably enveloped, but now—

She took her hands from her face and stared at the angular oval of her face in the mirror. Her eyes, ordinarily wide and blue and young, looked back at her dark and empty. She fumbled at the fastening of her costume and then, unable to loosen it, smoothed the white suède absently. It was a pretty costume, she thought, reaching for that earlier feeling of insulation. Fitted close to her slender, small-bosomed body, and flaring out around her thighs, it looked like a fresh fall of snow, as the publicity man from the Fire and Ice Room had once written. As she touched the suède she could see her picture posted in the lobby, with the suède billowing out about her and her rose-laden braids flying behind her—the one of her taking the jump.

The jump. The insulation was gone again. Always when she made that jump before, there was a foot or two to spare. It had been measured over and over again. And over and over, while she was practicing, Berg had reassured her, "There is no danger, Tina, no danger at all, little Sea Gull. You can jump twice as far. Would I let you try if you couldn't?"

He was right. She could jump twice as far and land on one skate. Why had she failed tonight? What had happened? She couldn't remember.

Possibly, she thought without any particular emotion, she was losing her mind. Berg, she thought, had always been a little afraid of that though he would never admit it. Darling Berg, her throat contracted as her mind formed the words, dear, wonderful, wise Berg. He had lavished so much love and protection on her, more than on any of the other children. She had tried hard to be a good daughter to repay his kindness. And now tonight.

She tried to bring her mind back to the everyday surface. Perhaps she was just tired. She hadn't been sleeping well the last month, since she had been worried about not hearing from Larsen, and the hotel doctor had given her those pink capsules. He had said the strain of playing such different roles every night, being a comic one hour and a dream maiden the next, was enough to make anyone lose sleep. Perhaps that was all and if she got a good night's sleep tonight, then those two things—one push-

ing in from outside and the other trying to reach it from inside—would go away and leave her alone. She must sleep. Larsen—there was something about Larsen she couldn't remember. That funny, kind man had mentioned him but there was something else, too.

Perhaps when she was rested, she could remember.

She was still fumbling at the side opening of her costume when the door opened softly. A young girl wearing a skating costume under a big blue coat came in.

"Darling, you've worried us so. I thought you must have come up here to bed."

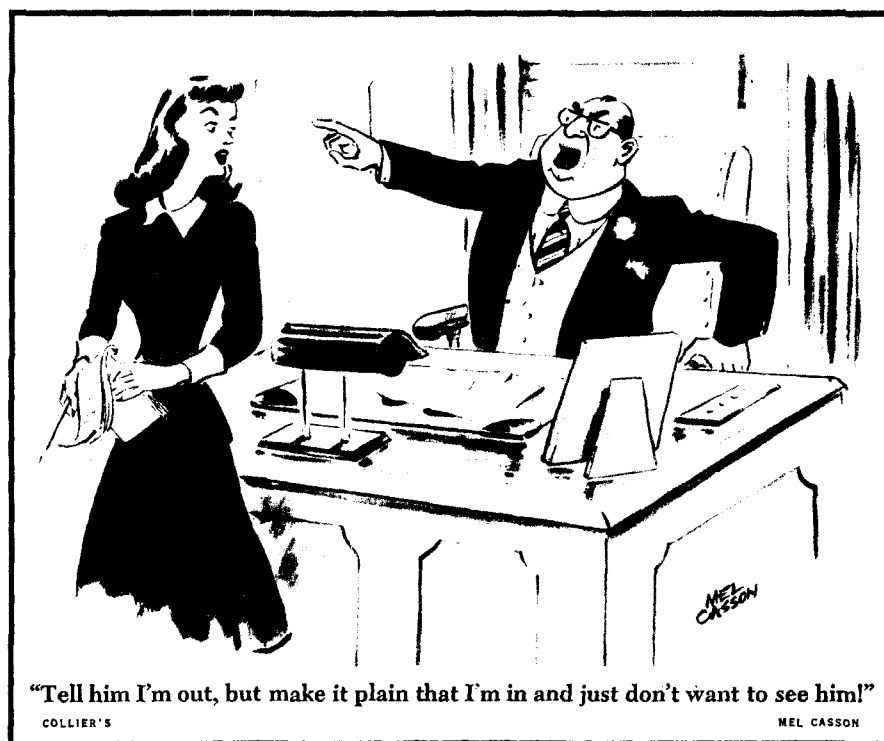
"I was going to but I couldn't seem to get undressed." Christina gave a little laugh. "I think I must be sick, Alma."

"I think you're just frightened. That was awfully close, that slip. Father was quite white." Alma's laugh was really a giggle. "It was all right, though. The audience thought you had done it on pur-

she could escape for a little while from these pressures she couldn't see. "I want to go to bed," she almost whispered, "and I think I'll take two of those capsules the doctor gave me if you'll put them by the bed."

But after she was in bed and alone in the dark the pressures grew worse. She lay waiting for the familiar haze the capsules brought, and then suddenly her father was slipping down an icy mountainside and she was just above, digging her heels in the ice and trying to hold him back. The harder she pulled the more he slipped. Just as she felt herself letting go, it wasn't her father she was holding but a big silver fish and the mountainside was a waterfall. The fish was swimming, not slipping. It was she who was slipping, down, down into the roaring water with her arms around the shining scales.

Then she was frantically pulling a sleigh across the snow and a big black hen with a broken neck kept flapping



"Tell him I'm out, but make it plain that I'm in and just don't want to see him!"

COLLIER'S

MEL CASSON

pose. They clapped and clapped and kept calling for you to come back. Berg thought you would, but when you didn't, he took the calls alone and sent me out to look for you. Are you all right, Tina? You look queer."

"I'm all right, I guess. I just feel awfully tired. But Father—is he angry at me?" There was brief alarm in her voice.

"No, no, just worried. Did you have a cramp? Are you going to be able to go on again tonight?"

"I don't know." Tina shook her head impatiently. The pressures were beginning to beat against her in slow rhythmic beats, first the one within, then the one without. "I can't remember anything. I found myself in the hall in my skates and a funny little man helped me get up here. I think he's a reporter or something. I guess I'm just tired. But, Alma," her voice rose suddenly, "I can't skate any more tonight."

"You get to bed. We'll manage without you at the two-o'clock show." Alma began to unfasten her sister's skating boots. "I thought our Skating Lesson went very well. You didn't act then as if you were tired." She chuckled. "The way you kicked your legs. I didn't have to try to laugh and the crowd loved it, didn't they?"

The crowd loved it. Christina's mind echoed the words. She had almost killed her father and the crowd loved it. If only

the reins and cackling at her to go faster, faster. The snow was ice and she was on skates so she could go faster, but now a wide wall of the outstretched bodies of huge toy lead soldiers was in the way. She had to jump or be captured and the hen with her. She couldn't jump, the sleigh was too heavy. She could feel the crunch of the lead bodies as first her skates ground across them, and then the runners of the sleigh. She must be hurting them; she must be hurting them terribly. If she took some more capsules perhaps it wouldn't hurt so much.

SHE was back in the room again, shaking. Putting her hand out in the dark she found the box. The pressure of her skates against the bodies of the toy soldiers merged with the frightful dark pressure that had been pushing her on and at the same time pushing her back so that her skates could land so close, so terrifyingly close. It was getting worse and worse and only the capsules could prevent it. She was losing her mind, and Berg would not let her, he would hold her and hold her to life and sanity and the pressure would go on and on and on unless—

Were there enough in the box? She reached out and turned on the bed light and tried to count them but all she could see was a pink blur.

She poured all the capsules into her

mouth and washed them down with the glass of water by her bed. A numbness began to come over her. The pressure ebbed, leaving a delicious sense of freedom and peace.

The pressure was gone. This was something she had been wanting to do for a great many years. She was soon, any minute now, going to be safe forever, and so were all the others. No one was any longer in danger. She had saved them all.

"Father. Thor." It was two hours later and Alma's voice as she stood by the bed was sharp with terror. "Come, come quickly." She held the little rectangular box before them. "Look, it was quite full. I gave her two before I came down for supper and left the box on her bed table. She is asleep with the light on and I can't wake her up."

Berg Linger came into the room, his muscular legs in their fitted black trousers moving with quick precision. "My poor Tina. She was so upset by the accident, so frightened by what almost happened. I shouldn't have let her be alone like this."

"Tina!" He pulled her to a sitting position in his arms. "Wake up, little Sea Gull. It is all right, I promise you. You will be quite safe with me."

"Call Dr. Holland, Thor, quickly."

"Tina, Berg is here and says you must wake up." Now his voice was harsh with command and he shook the slight form a little.

"Have you got the doctor, Thor? Tell him to hurry."

"Tina, it is Berg. You must do as I say. I tell you to wake up." He was shaking her almost savagely and there was anger in his voice as well as alarm.

MRS. MAMIE POTTS sat primly in the lemon-yellow chair by the desk. "If anyone back in Milwaukee had ever told me that someday I'd be working for a psychoanalyst who chewed gum instead of smoking a nice respectable pipe, and had a naked woman hanging over his desk, I'd have said I knew who needed the psychiatrist. You'd better stop mooning at that picture, Simon, and get on with your dictation. That girl will be here any minute."

Dr. Simon Sword reluctantly looked away from the rosy example of Victorian barroom art and grinned at his secretary. "When I was a boy, Mammy," he said dreamily, "every Christmas the feed companies would send out calendars. We used to have one hanging in the kitchen and one in the barn and, on good years, another in the parlor. The girls were always beautiful and this is just the way I was sure they would look if you ever knew 'em that well. Those calendar girls were one of the few glamorous things in a grim Vermont childhood. I've been making up for it ever since."

Mrs. Potts looked around at the soft beautiful office, at the gray walls, the dull, darker gray covers on the couch and the easy chair beside it under the window, at the blond wood and lemon-yellow upholstery on the smaller chairs, and one big turquoise pottery bowl on a table in the corner.

"Why don't you glamorize yourself to match, Simon?" she asked, studying his rawboned frame which looked as if it never left a tractor except to go to town every Saturday night, his baggy flannel pants and tweed jacket. "You could at least get a haircut and give up the gum."

"That isn't part of the dream." His voice had a nasal New England twang which no amount of Vienna or New York had been able to modulate, and his grin was strictly homespun. "I just want to be surrounded by glamor. As for the

Collier's for February 1, 1947

"Right down my Alley!"



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TUNE IN THE EDDIE CANTOR SHOW
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This month, the world observes the 100th anniversary of the birth of Thomas A. Edison—February 11th, 1847.

Dr. Charles F. Kettering said, at a recent meeting of the Edison Foundation, “As truly as though each of us had been named in his last will and testament, every industry, business, profession and home using electricity is a beneficiary of the labors of this great man.”

Without his inventive genius and accomplishments, we would all be the poorer today—not only in material things but in scientific knowledge, in world progress and in each person’s “pursuit of happiness”.

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gum, Mammy, I'll never forget the day I discovered my God-ridden mother couldn't read my face when I was chewing gum. I'd been reading Mlle. de Maupin in the hayloft when I should have been scrubbing out milk cans but I chewed my gum and lied out of it. Her lickings were lickings to remember but I missed one that time. I couldn't part with my gum, Mammy."

She sighed. "If you weren't so wonderful, Simon, I don't think I'd be able to stand you."

"You've got it wrong again, Mammy. If I didn't need you so much, you wouldn't think I was wonderful—remember?"

"I suppose so." Her voice was doubtful. "But I thought you were wonderful long before you gave me a job."

"Ah, but that was transference."

"You can't talk me out of remembering you saved my life and made me glad of it," she said serenely.

"Even if it took a year."

They looked at each other and smiled companionably. They both were remembering the day two years ago when he had first seen her in the accident ward at Bellevue where she had been taken after being fished out of the East River. It had taken Dr. Sword a month to find out that after her husband had died she was left with plenty of money and nothing to do. And another eleven months to convince Mrs. Potts that she had to be needed just as some other people had to sing or paint pictures. At the end of this time he had decided perhaps he needed her and had hired her ostensibly as secretary, but actually as a mother substitute, a thing he had long known he needed quite as much as glamor. It had worked very well all around.

"That was a nice anniversary party, Simon," she said. "Funny that girl coming in today after our seeing her last Friday."

"Very funny," he agreed, glancing at his engagement pad on which was written: Miss Christina Linger, 4 P.M.

"I had a feeling there at the end that something was wrong, Simon."

"You know, Mammy," he said, mock-confidentially, "I did, too."

THOUGH he wouldn't have admitted it to his secretary, Sword had an odd feeling of suspense about this next appointment. It was almost too much of a coincidence that he and Mammy should have chosen the Fire and Ice Room for their celebration. He usually leaned toward straight drama or straight girl shows. And curiously he had felt little surprise when Dutch Holland called up last Saturday and asked if he would see Christina Linger of the Fire and Ice Room.

Dutch referred a lot of people to him, of course. The hotel doctor for a plant like the Lavish ran into a good deal of elegant neuroses, and Dutch, since he'd been weaned from the bottle, had a certain faith in his ability. But it went a little beyond that. It was almost as if Sword had known when he watched Christina Linger perform last Friday that she would be in his office today, as if he had felt the brush of fingers then that were going to reach out and draw him into something bigger than an ordinary neurosis.

A buzzer sounded softly, indicating that someone had crossed the threshold of the waiting room. "Better go see if that's our gal, Mammy," he said. "I'll ring when I want her to come in."

He tipped back in his chair as Mrs. Potts left, his eyes fixed on the barroom nude. He was back in the Fire and Ice Room last Friday night. The show was still detail-clear in his mind and any one of those details might be important.

The ice was an oval pool of blue light at his feet, and he and Mammy were sitting at a little round table covered with a flame-blue cloth to match the

band of blue flame around the copper walls of the room. He had just raised his glass and said, "To Freud, Mammy, who showed you how much you needed a son, and me how much I needed a mother," when the music started, and three figures stumbled on the ice.

There was a boy about eighteen in a red-and-white-striped suit and two girls in old-fashioned starched white party dresses which rippled to show bright red pantalettes. One was a plump, doll-like strawberry blonde; the other a slender ash-blond with a vivid face.

"They're all one family," Mammy had whispered. "I read about it in the paper. The thin one is Christina. There's an act called The Flight she does later on with her father. It was designed by some surrealist artist and they say it's sensational."

It was, too. The girls were singing a gay silly song about how they had got their skates for Christmas and were scared to try them out. Then the boy

at the other two just as her feet went out from under her. At this moment they caught up to her with a startling burst of skill and speed before she could hit the ground and caught her on their joined arms. As they bore her off, her laughing face hung back between their shoulders and her red pantalettes stuck straight up over their heads.

"Now there's a girl," he remembered turning to Mammy and saying, "who hasn't a neurosis in her body. She's wonderful."

THERE was a long pause and he had begun to grumble about going home when the orchestra started a slow waltz and two figures seemed to float onto the blue pool, a man in dead black and a girl in dead white.

"There she is," Mammy had whispered. "That's her father with her, they say." He had stared. This couldn't be the red-pantied gamin of fifteen minutes ago, this dream girl with the beautiful

phere of dreamlike domination they created.

Even when the girl was skating free, she seemed now to be moving in response to guiding messages from her father. It should have been beautiful, this close working together of father and daughter, but Simon found himself with a feeling of discomfort and even menace. He wondered idly, as he watched them drift apart in exact geometric arcs and come together like two circles bisecting each other, how much he was reading into this. How much of the feeling of captivity was a product of his Oedipus complex-conditioned mind; how much was straight, skillful staging. You couldn't, he supposed, tell at all. There couldn't be much real basis for it when you remembered the way the girl had been half an hour ago.

Suddenly the ice was dark except for one bright spot in the very middle, a sort of cage of ice in which the girl was doing little leaps and spins with a secret withdrawn smile on her face as if she were doing them entirely for her own amusement. Then she looked up and began pushing at the wall of light as if trying to get out, until it gave way and widened out to include the whole ice pool. A brighter light still held the figure of the girl and another came on at one spot on the side, just in front of where the entertainers came on.

THE man was lying on his back on the ice, his skate-shod feet crossed, his arms outspread, a slightly triumphant smile on his face. The girl didn't seem to see either him or the audience. She was looking around with the same dreamy smile on her face, looking around into space. As the music quickened into a Slavic dance, she began to spiral out from the center, slowly at first, then more and more quickly.

Skating faster and faster, she neared the figure of the man, which lay in one spot of light, while another followed her around and around the ice. The next time around, or certainly the next, she would skate right on top of him—unless she jumped.

Sword realized he had heard about this somewhere. She did jump. He must be wrong about that morbid domination. No father who didn't love his daughter pretty altruistically, no father who wasn't certain of the quality of his daughter's love for him would take a chance like that with her subconscious. You wouldn't have to know anything about death wishes to feel that this was a pretty risky game to play, because if she should miss—

He found himself breathing hard, his heart beating fast. It was ridiculous. That was why they did it this way—obviously, to heighten the suspense, a deliberate playing on the morbid fancy of the audience.

The girl was coming around again, but her eyes were no longer withdrawn, they swept the audience and then seemed to fasten on one spot. He turned. A blond young man in a private's uniform was watching Christina, but without recognition.

She started around again, her face a piece of modeled white parchment. The next time she would have to jump. Sword watched her face as she swept around again, her eyes on the soldier. Right in her path lay her father. The music was quicker, the drums vibrating. She was at her father's feet and she was jumping.

Sword's trained attention followed the girl as she rose into the air, her rose-laden braids flying. Then her face turned to a sort of agonized grimace and she quickly looked down.

He followed her eyes and saw her father's face, no longer smiling, staring up in terror, as her skates, flying the length of his body, started down in a short arc. They were going to land on him. They



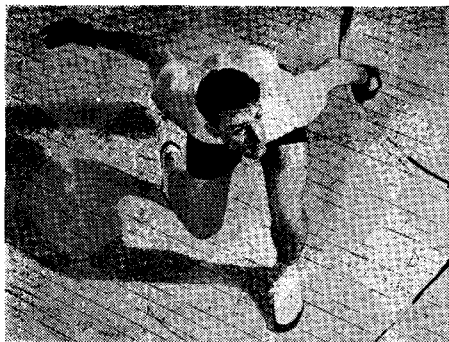
"How nice! Now do you have a piece of tape?"

sang about how easy it was, alternating each line with a very unsteady example of a figure three or a figure eight, which always in perfect time to the music, ended in a pratfall. Every time he fell the girls would sigh in admiration and pull him to his feet, and the three would start off down the ice arm in arm. Only, unable as they were to skate two consecutive steps they could still balance indefinitely on one bent-over blade and then manage by some miracle to straighten up just before they fell.

The thin girl was the funniest. She decided she wanted to try it alone, and though the others shook their heads disapprovingly, she pulled free. Her long blond braids, each with three red bows plaited into it, flew from side to side as she took her awkward, elaborate strokes, her arms waving to steady herself. The other two were skating behind her, arm in arm, talking it over with obvious concern. At the end of her first turn around the ice, she started to lose her balance completely. Wavering first one way, then the other, she glanced imploringly back

masklike face. The same pale braids were there, but this time white roses were braided into them; it was the same angular, wide-eyed face, but now the life was gone out of it. The girl was a magnificent actress, or else there was something pretty fancy in her personality-splitting. Her slender, high-bosomed body seemed to flow. Even the arch of her thigh as she turned it out in the revolutions of the waltz, a gesture usually so precise and mechanical, seemed to happen without any volition on her part, and was more like adagio dancing than figure skating.

Sword looked curiously at the man. He would have to be over forty to be the girl's father, but nothing, from his closely cropped fair hair and fresh color to his lean, muscular body showed it unless it was the two grooves from high cheekbones to a rather thin straight mouth. His features were as nearly identical to his daughter's as a man's and a woman's can be, rather delicate for a man, rather strong for a girl, adding up to a repetition especially dramatic in the atmos-



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couldn't miss. A gasp of horror went through the closely packed tables. Sword wanted to shut his eyes but he couldn't. He followed her skates. They slanted down, down and then landed, with a sudden swift separation of her feet—close beside each of her father's ears and just in front of his arms. She glided off and away and the light lost her.

There was a deep breath from the audience and then a wild burst of applause. One light remained full on Berg Linger's figure and the other light flickered around the ice as if looking for the girl, but it couldn't find her. The man lay there a moment longer and then got smiling to his feet. He bowed, smiled and bowed again. The audience was calling Christina, but she didn't come back. The father bowed again, skated once around the ice, then shook his head, smiled and went off as if to look for her.

Sword was trying to remember the way the girl had looked in her red pantalettes, her face alive with laughter, but all he could see was the frozen mask, the searching look at the audience, the agonized grimace as she looked down. Of course, it had been an accident. But a good psychoanalyst didn't ever entirely believe in accidents. An accident was much more apt to be an expression of some deep subconscious desire. The clinical part of his mind that was never quite still had kept thinking: I'd like to talk to that girl. I'd like to know what battles she's fighting behind that lovely variable face of hers.

WELL, now he was going to have a chance to find out. He touched the switch of the interoffice phone. "Send Miss Linger and her father in now, please." He'd better not start with too many preconceived ideas. She was just another patient with problems to unburden.

"Hello," he said, with the informality he had long ago learned was too integral a part of him to try to change. "I'm happy to meet you two. I've seen you skate. You're very good."

His mind was absorbing details as he talked. Christina's face was the dream-girl mask. He wondered if she had looked like this ever since he last saw her on Friday. Her shy smile and tentative handshake fitted her clothes. Except for the dramatic cast of her features and the withdrawn look in her eyes she might have been any rather immature college freshman.

Berg Linger had a firm, friendly hand-clasp and a winning smile. "We are happy to meet you, too, Doctor, though I thought you would be older. I've read your book, *Are Artists Neurotic?* It also is very good."

"Thanks," Sword grinned. "I've met a lot of interesting people through it." He turned to Christina. "Dutch Holland tells me you are having a little trouble sleeping and it's interfering with your work."

"Yes." She grasped eagerly at the straw he handed her. "I'm just too tired to skate right now."

"Some crazy little thing in the back of one's mind can do that," he said casually. "We can probably find it out without too much trouble. But I have to know a lot of dull details first, how old you are, where you went to school, your family, that sort of thing. Can you tell me all that yourself, or—" He barely glanced at the father, who, as he expected, took the opening.

"I could tell him for you, Tina." Berg Linger touched his daughter's hand with possessive tenderness.

"Would you, Papa?"

"Why don't you go talk to Mrs. Potts?" Simon said. "She's a great admirer of yours. I'll call you back in a minute."

When the door closed Berg Linger leaned forward, his strong tapering fingers gripping his knees, and looked earnestly at Sword.

"I need your help, Doctor. It is not often in my life that I have had to ask help of anyone, perhaps never before where my family was concerned. I am a student of psychology in a small way, not like you, but I have read a good deal. Any problems in my family I have usually been able to work out myself quite easily, but this—" He looked down, his brows drawing together as if in pain.

"Friday night, Tina took an overdose of sleeping pills. She says it was an accident, that she had a terrifying dream and must have taken them to escape from it while still half asleep. Perhaps it was like that; she hadn't been sleeping well and she did feel ill Friday night. But she was not able to go on the ice Saturday, and when I suggest that she at least put her skates on and practice she turns quite white. That's inconvenient, naturally." He looked up at Sword again and smiled ingenuously. "We need her in the show. But what is more important is that she be well and happy again. If you can get some hint as to what is troubling her and get her back on her skates, I am sure I can work the problem out with her. We are very close, Tina and I."

"Did anything happen to upset her Friday night?" Sword was looking out the window as he asked the question. He casually reached in his pocket and took out a stick of gum.

"A little accident on the ice," Berg shrugged. "That was unusual, of course. Tina is always poised and co-ordinated like a beautiful machine. We do an act together where I am lying on the ice and she jumps over me from head to foot. There has never been any danger to it. She can jump twice as far."

"And Friday?"

"Friday she almost killed me." Berg smiled deprecatingly, but, for a moment, Sword could see his agonized face staring up from the ice. "The jump fell short, but fond as she is of me, I would not have expected it to unnerve her this much."

"And nothing had happened to upset her? No quarrel, no bad news?"

"We never quarrel, and if there had been anything else I should have known it, I think. Tina is a quiet girl and never talks much about how she feels, but she and I have a very unusual relationship. I have always been a little closer to Tina than any of the others, perhaps because she looks so much like me. Narcissism, Doctor?"

Sword smiled in noncommittal response. "How old is Tina, Mr. Linger?"

"Twenty last December."

"And you, if you don't mind?"

"Forty-three."

SWORD thought of the soldier Tina seemed to be staring at in the audience. "Is your daughter unhappily in love perhaps?"

Berg seemed to find the idea amusing. "Emotionally, Doctor, she is a child still. Tina has just two loves: her skates and her family. No, I am sure it is nothing like that."

"You are Scandinavian?" Sword asked.

"I was born in Norway, the children and their mother over here, though she was also of Norwegian descent. I came over here at twenty seeking my fortune. I had a letter to a distant relative in a small Wisconsin town called Willette. Tina's mother was the music teacher in the town and played the church organ."

"I find it rather a romantic story, I am afraid. We fell in love and bought a little farm with her savings and mine. The children came fast. I had always been good on skates and I used to skate in carnivals around the country during the winter to make more money. As soon as the children were old enough I taught them all to skate. We dreamed of a family troupe and were just about to try it out when she died."

"This was—"

"Oh, nine, ten years ago. Tina was ten at the time. The farm was distasteful

Collier's for February 1, 1947

to us all after that, so we soon sold it and tried tramping anyway."

"Can you tell me what your wife died of?"

"It was an accident—quite tragic. Tina has always felt responsible for it, but it was an accident." Linger seemed unwilling to go on and Simon surprisingly didn't pursue it. Instead he stood up and smiled.

"You've been a big help, Mr. Linger. We may find out what's bothering your daughter in one or two interviews, or it may take longer. We'll just have to wait and see."

"Naturally," said Berg, "and you will tell me anything I can do to help?"

"Naturally," Simon agreed. "You let me talk to Tina now."

Somewhere behind that face, he thought as he watched Tina sit down in the chair her father had just left, there was warm life. He knew. He had seen it. Something pretty terrible must be going on inside her to mask it so completely.

"Tell me why you came to see me," he said gently.

She made a vague little gesture. "I must get back to skating. Father needs me. But I am too tired even to think of putting my skates on."

"How long have you had trouble sleeping?"

"I never sleep well. It's the work, I think. It keeps you up. There was a while a year ago when I felt a little like this and had to have sleeping tablets. But then it wore off."

"Any special reason then?"

"Oh, no." She looked at him blankly. He thought to himself that, of course, there was. But no good in asking now.

"When did it begin to get bad this time?"

"The last few weeks. I've been worried about my brother who is in Germany. We haven't been hearing from him. But I'm sure I'll be all right in a day or so. I really think I'm wasting your time."

"I don't," he said soberly. "Artists are under curious tensions, you know. They expose themselves without knowing it, in every bit of work they do. It's bound to be exhausting. And that switch from comedy to drama you do, combined with the muscular precision, must be terrific."

"That's what Dr. Holland said." She looked surprised.

"We must have read it in the same book. That's a wonderful act you do with your brother and sister, the one where you can't skate." He was looking for an echo of the act's gaiety.

She flushed a little and momentarily

came alive. "It's very silly, but it's fun. When did you see us?"

"Last Friday," he said, and watched the mask settle again.

"Then you saw—"

He nodded. "I had an idea then it was an accident. The audience, of course, thought it was a new twist to add excitement. You saved the situation magnificently, but what made you miss?"

"I don't know." Her voice was low and terrified. "I can't remember anything about it. That's what is so terrible. I've never missed a jump before. I always land quite easily on one foot though it is supposed to be fairly difficult."

FOR a moment unconscious arrogance appeared in her voice, but it faded again into terror. "All I can remember is suddenly seeing my father's face right under my skates."

She turned her face away. "He has been wonderful about it but I can't forget that I almost killed him. He's the most wonderful person in the world and I almost killed him."

"Did anything in the audience distract you? I thought you seemed to be looking at someone at one of the tables just before it happened."

Her blue eyes were empty as she shook her head. "I don't remember."

"Reflexes are funny things." Sword seemed to have had enough of the accident. "But one bad reflex hardly seems reason enough to try to kill yourself. You didn't kill your father, you know. In a manner of speaking, you saved his life."

"Did Father say I tried to kill myself?"

"Didn't you?" His shrewd Vermont eyes looked directly into hers.

"I don't know. I don't think so. It is all confused. I was so tired and frightened and my head hurt so. And there seemed to be curious pressures squeezing me. I kept seeing Father's face under my skates, so I took two of the sleeping capsules. Then I had a terrible dream and woke up more terrified than I've ever been in my life. I seem to remember feeling that if I just took the rest of the capsules I'd be safe; we'd all be safe. I don't know; it was all part of the dream in a way." She hunched her shoulders together and put her head down between them and was silent, but he could see her body trembling.

"Can you remember anything about the dream?"

"It's all so confused."

"Try. It might be important."

She gave a forced laugh. "It will sound awfully silly. It doesn't make

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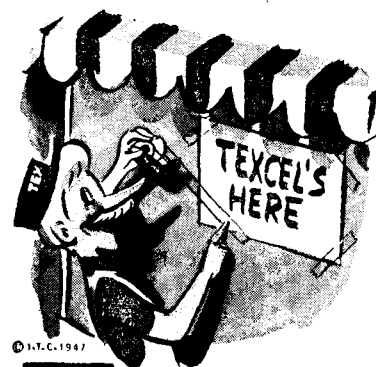
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It catches cards one deals?
Some Texcel Tape will smooth it so
The cards will slide like eels."



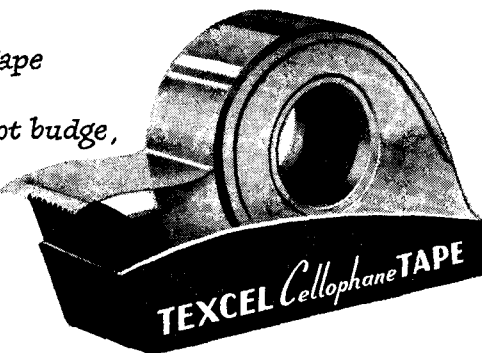
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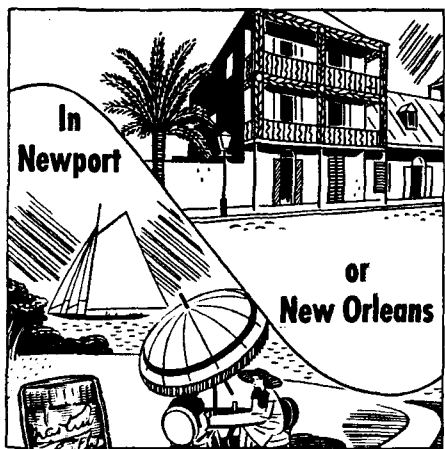
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V.V.O. BRAND
Blended Scotch Whisky

IMPORTED BY
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sense. I remember Father was slipping down a snowbank and I was trying to pull him back but he kept slipping harder, and pulling me with him, and then suddenly he was a fish and the bank was a waterfall." She stopped and shrugged. "You see it doesn't make sense."

"Go on."

"That's all of that. I thought I was going to drown, but a minute later I was skating along a river of ice, pulling a sleigh and someone in the sleigh—it was a black hen with a twisted neck—kept clucking at me to go faster. We were being pursued by something, wolves or something, and I was terribly frightened and just as we were about to escape we came to a wide low wall made of the bodies of soldiers, only they were lead soldiers. My skates cut into them and they screamed and the sleigh piled up and—" She shook her head and tried to smile. "It sounds silly now but it was terrible at the time."

"It doesn't sound silly to me," he said, soberly. "You just wanted to escape from something forever." He smiled. "Well, I'm glad you didn't. You do need rest and I'm going to give you some different medicine. You're going to be all right. But we'll have to talk some more about that dream, and other things. You'd better come see me every day for a little while. Three's a good time. My three-o'clock patient went to Florida for a rest from me."

"Oh, I don't think I'll need to come back," she said quickly. "I'm sure with that medicine I can sleep and then I'll be all right in a day or so."

HE LOOKED out the window and then back at her. "Tell me about when you were a child," he said as if he hadn't heard her. "Were you happy?" Her voice was nostalgic. "We had the happiest childhood, the four of us, on the farm with Papa and Mama."

"Tell me what you remember about it." Her face became soft and dreamy. "Oh, we worked on the farm. We had cows. We made cheese. It was hard work but we loved it. We all loved each other so much. We always did everything together. Papa used to braid flowers in our hair and then drive us across the fields with them for reins. Sometimes he would drive Mama and she would drive Alma and me, and he would shout with laughter and call us his work horses."

"Did your father and mother love each other?"

"No two people ever loved each other so much. They were so happy, they couldn't help telling us about it all the time. It was beautiful. Papa taught Mama to skate. She was wonderful, almost as good as he was."

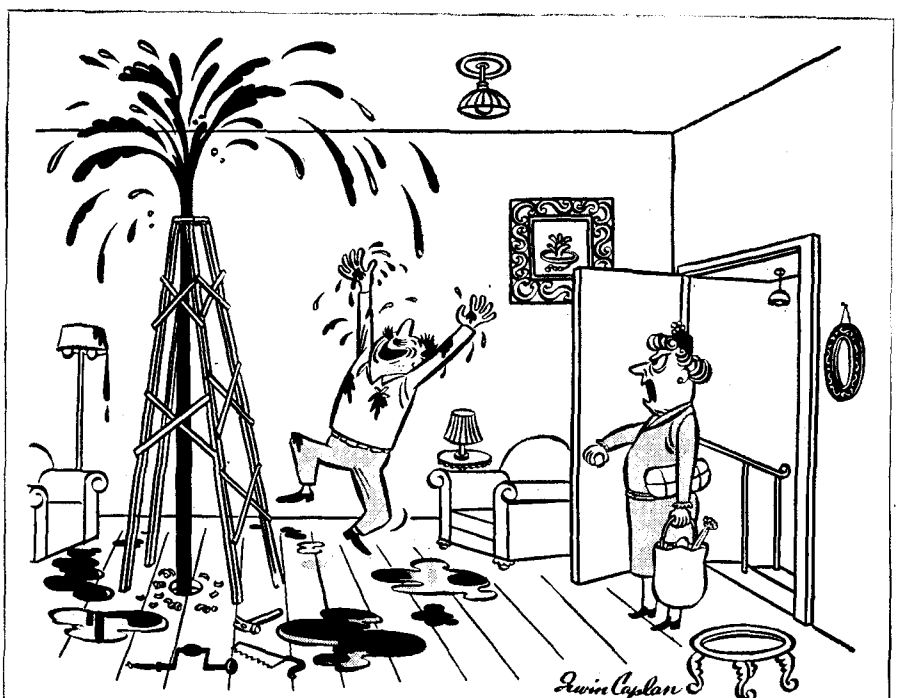
"What do you remember about your childhood that wasn't happy?"

"Nothing," she said, "not a single thing. We all loved each other so much."

He was silent for a long moment. "You know," he said deliberately, "that's very interesting, what you have told me about your childhood. You don't often hear of a childhood so beautiful and happy. Practically nobody's is. And when it is, Christina, you don't have trouble sleeping at twenty, or want, even momentarily, to kill yourself. I think you'd better come back and see me tomorrow."

After she had left, he sat staring at the wall and his hand reached into his pocket and got out another stick of gum.

He wondered about Tina's mother. She didn't sound much like his own, who had been so wrapped up in her particular rigid brand of religion and her particular local man of God that there had been nothing left over for any of her sons, who, he always felt, must have been born quite impersonally by some remote control. He remembered the day he had noticed her face light up when the minister came to



"I've put up with your wildcat schemes for years, but this time I'm through"

COLLIER'S

IRWIN CAPLAN

call and his resolve that someday he, too, would be that important to women. He was well aware that this was what had made him a psychiatrist, and even more aware of the burden it put on him of never exploiting it. To the best of his knowledge he never had.

Tina's childhood, judging from her memories, must have been rather different, and yet somehow, somewhere, a lot worse.

After a few minutes he switched on the interoffice phone. "Come in, will you, Mammy, before you send in the next victim?"

"Here's a prescription I wish you'd take down to the drugstore," he said when she came in. "Have it sent to Miss Linger at the Lavish."

"Certainly, Simon. She wasn't very glamorous for a night-club star, was she?"

"That's one of the interesting features, Mammy. She's not glamorous at all, but she ought to be."

"I'm sure she was embarrassed by that naked woman there."

He grinned. "She didn't see her. When she does, I'll know I'm getting somewhere—if she ever does."

Mrs. Potts clicked disapprovingly. He tilted his head sideways and looked up at her. "That little girl, Mammy," he said slowly, "wants to kill her father. She wants to very badly indeed. Do you think we can stop her?"

"Gracious, Simon, did she say why?"

"She doesn't know it. That's our problem: How to help her find it out before it's too late."

SEATED cross-legged on the elaborately carved console table opposite the elevators on the twenty-first floor of the Lavish, Dillingham Dooner looked more like a Buddha than ever. His ruddy and shiny square face held a benign wisdom that made him look as if he had lived more than twenty-four years. He was flanked by two quite terrible Chinese lamps that heightened the illusion, but his position was more a result of boredom than absolute tranquillity.

The chambermaid—he had found he had a way with chambermaids—had said Christina had gone out with her father earlier in the afternoon. He'd been waiting two hours but he knew they'd come home before the dinner show. In the three weeks he had been on the job since getting out of the Army, he had learned the Linger pattern well, partly for professional reasons and partly for highly personal ones.

The professional reasons were simple

enough. If you were a new night-club reporter and wanted to keep your job, you did well to know all there was to know about show people who were news. The Lingers this season were news. And Dillingham Dooner did want to keep his job.

His personal reasons for being there were not so simple. There was no getting around the fact that they added up to plain officious intrusiveness but something about Friday night's episode made him feel he couldn't shrug Christina Linger off. Christina was Larsen's sister and, in a manner of speaking, a debt of honor.

The elevator door opened and Berg Linger and his daughter came into the hall. She was laughing, but her face was white and her dark-circled eyes looked enormous.

Dill uncoiled himself and slipped to the ground. Christina was wearing flat heels but even so his head was just above hers as he stood in front of her. "You going on tonight, Miss Linger?"

"I'm sorry, we haven't time to talk now," Berg smiled charmingly as he drew his daughter to one side and brushed past the reporter. Dill ignored the words for the smile. By the time they got to their apartment door he was standing in front of it, also smiling.

"You know, Mr. Linger, show people ought to be nice to reporters. It's bad public relations not to. Especially you ought to be nice to me."

"Why you, especially?" Berg's voice was gracious but indifferent.

"Well, for one thing I persuaded the maid on this floor not to talk about your daughter's accident last Friday to anyone else. It wasn't easy. She was both acquisitive and unattractive. And then with a hot exclusive story on my hands, I didn't give it to my paper either. I could be fired for that."

"You mean on the ice?" Berg shrugged. "The columns had that on Saturday."

"No, I mean later and maybe you wouldn't call it an accident." Dill was still conversational. "Maybe—I'm sorry, Miss Linger, but you can't be a reporter and be nice, too—the chambermaid was right. She thought it was an attempt at suicide till I talked her out of it."

"I have no idea what you are talking about," Berg tried to push past him.

"Sure you do. I found Miss Linger stumbling around the hall after she fumbled her jump last Friday. I brought her up and got the maid to let her in."

"Is this true, Christina?" Berg asked.

She shook her head slightly as if to clear it. "I don't know." She looked at

Dill with such a lost, licked look in her eyes that he was tempted to turn and walk away. This was a lousy thing to do to the kid, but he had to break through somehow. This hurts me more than it hurts you, beautiful, he wanted to say. And you might be glad someday. He just looked at her and his eyes were warm.

"Oh, yes." She smiled in sudden recognition. "You put my guards on for me, didn't you? You got the maid. You were very kind then."

"I'm not being unkind now." His words were spoken directly to her.

DILL turned back to her father. "I didn't like the way she looked, intuition or something, so after I'd taken in another late spot, I wandered back just in time to hit the excitement up here. The house doc wouldn't talk but the maid who was sent for hot-water bottles did. So don't say 'What accident?' to me, Mr. Linger."

Berg's face had become expressionless. "What do you want?"

"Just a story. That's all a reporter ever wants. Is Miss Linger going on? If so, when? If not, why not? We don't have to tell the public the truth. But we have to tell 'em something."

Berg looked at him a long moment before he put his key in the door. "Come in," he said without welcome.

"Papa." A pretty plump girl in amber braids and a dirndl appeared at the door to the room beyond the small foyer. "What did the doctor say?"

"In a minute, Alma." Berg held up his hand with the gesture of an unconscious autocrat. "Go have some coffee, little Sea Gull," he said caressingly to Tina. "I'll be along in a minute."

Then he turned to the reporter with a small insulting smile. "Would you call this blackmail?"

"If you mean money," Dill's voice considered the question, "well, no. I get for free in my job what most people use money for. If you mean: Am I using what I know to gain an advantage?—then I guess yes. I have a story you don't want me to use. I don't want to use it either, but I want a story I can use. Let's start over again. Is Christina going on tonight?"

"No," said Berg coldly.

"Why shall I say she isn't going on?"

Berg hesitated. "She has a neuritis."

We have just come from the doctor."

"Neuritis." Dill turned it over in his mind. "Not very glamorous, but might do. Could that be why she fumbled that jump? Sure it could. Girl was in great pain, brave little thing, the show must go on. She went through with it, then collapsed. Okay, I'll make it with that. But look, how about some human-interest stuff while I'm here? If you're going to have to get along without your star for a while you'd better keep in the public eye."

"You're excessively concerned about us, Mr.—" said Berg sardonically.

"Dooner—Dillingham Dooner."

"I ask myself why, Mr. Dooner."

Dill grinned blandly. "Maybe I'm in love with you. Maybe my mother was scared by a pair of ice skates. Maybe, and this is simpler, my paper said, 'Get a story or get your hat.' What do you care? I can help you. You can help me."

With a look more calculating than capitulating Berg gestured the reporter toward the living room.

Christina was sitting in a low chair talking to a red-haired boy with freckles and the wide face of a clown. Dill recognized him as her brother.

"Listen now, Thor," she was saying. "I do the shoes as long as I can't skate. That's only fair."

"What did the doctor say?" Alma appeared at the other door with a tray. "How soon did he think? What was he like? I've never met a psychoanalyst."

Tina considered. "He was like Mr. Perth who had the crossroads farm at home, remember? He wasn't at all alarming. He needed a haircut." She laughed. "And he chewed gum."

"You see, Mr. Dooner," Berg said, apparently deciding to ignore the revelation, "we live very simply just as if we were still on the farm. We have no servants. We all wait on each other. Thor does the skating shoes that Tina is offering to take over. There are four of us and we each have several pairs which need special care. Tina is the family secretary and tends to the correspondence when I am too busy. Alma gets our little between-meal snacks. She sees that we don't starve, eh, Alma?" He gave her a pat and helped himself to a cup of coffee. "We have to see that she starves enough. No cake, Alma."

"Some coffee? A cake?" Alma

brought Dill a cup. "I think we have seen you around backstage."

"I've been around there a good deal the last week or so. I'm crazy about your show." He took the cup she handed him, the wrinkles of a smile appearing around his bright little eyes. Here was a sweet kid. Why hadn't Larsen seemed worried about her? Or for that matter, as you looked around this happy family group, why had Larsen seemed worried about anything?

Holding the cup he looked curiously around the room. It was typical hotel luxury. The rose brocade curtains with two chairs to match, a striped sofa and a flowered chair were all carefully and uninterestingly blended. The inevitable rural landscape hung on one wall and an equally inevitable pastel of a dancer appeared on another. But on the third wall was a large colored photograph of a woman with auburn hair parted in the middle and brilliant blue eyes. She was rounder and softer than Christina, like Alma, but without Alma's placidity. The eyes looked directly and questioningly at you as if asking something, asking so uncomfortably that Dill Dooner looked away. He found the same eyes questioning him from a miniature on the table at his elbow and met them again in a smaller photograph on the table between the two French windows that apparently led to a balcony. He looked up and found Linger watching him.

"Your children's mother?" Dill asked.

"My wife, yes," Linger said softly. "She," he hesitated, "died when Tina was ten."

HE HAD been moving around the room restlessly as he talked. Now he opened one of the French doors letting the winter air blow into the room. "They keep the place too hot," he said.

"She had what in skating is called rubber legs," he went on, standing in the open doorway with a look of boyish melancholy on his face. "She was also very beautiful. She would have been magnificent in this show of ours. We'll never stop missing her, will we, young ones?" His eyes went tenderly to his children. Dill saw that Christina's face was a sudden blank.

"Come away from the draft, Papa." She got up abruptly and pulled him away.

Berg smiled indulgently as he obeyed. "This big baby doesn't like heights," he confided to Dill. "She has been afraid I will fall off that balcony ever since we have been here."

"Papa is teasing me," Christina's voice was a little strained, as she moved over and shut the door. "But, after all, it is winter. You might catch cold."

"I'll be going along," Dill put down his cup and drifted toward the door. "Maybe you'll give me some more stuff tomorrow. Just let me hang around. Maybe I'll come back tomorrow afternoon."

"Not in the afternoon," Berg was definite. "We won't be free."

"Oh, well, any time, but you will let me have the stories?"

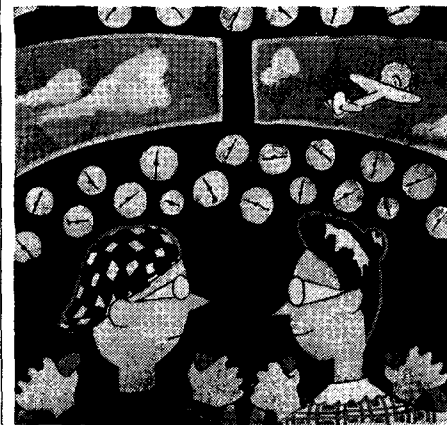
"We'll let you have the stories," Berg answered dryly.

Dill was at the door. "Oh," he said, "one thing. I had an idea you had four children. Isn't there another?"

"My other son is in the Army," said Berg. "We have had to get along without him." His voice was suddenly steely and Dill was glad he hadn't said, as he had to Christina, "I knew Larsen in Germany."

He tried, looking around the family group, to remember the tone of voice in which the tall, tired soldier, Larsen Linger, had said, "My father's sweet civilized personality will fool you at first, but he is probably the most primitive and possessive man you are ever likely to meet." It had not been a pleasant tone to hear.

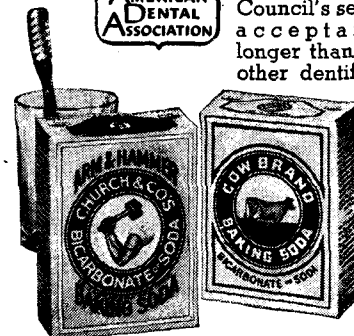
"I think he knows I am free now." The



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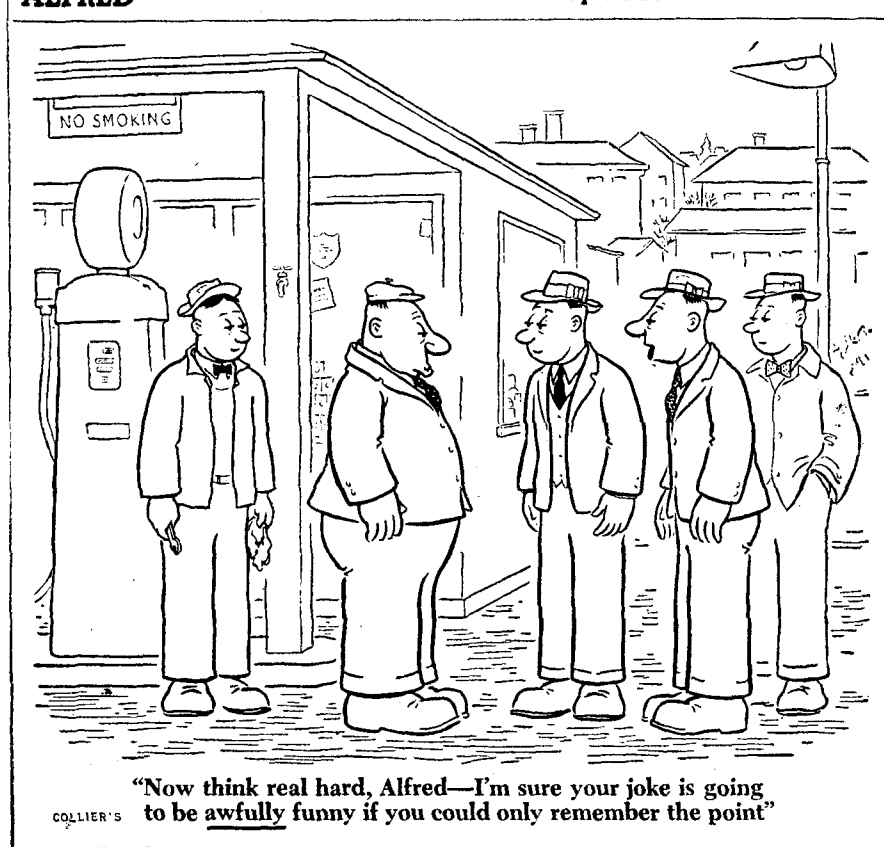
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ALFRED

by **FOSTER HUMFREVILLE**



Collier's for February 1, 1947

voice went on in his memory. "I think he is cutting me off from the others because he knows. He needn't worry. I'll never go back, but I wish I could save Christina. I think she is every day a little more in danger."

"But that's ridiculous, Dr. Sword," Tina argued. "My head hurts because my braids are so heavy. It never hurts when I wear them coiled on top of my head like this. And all this trying to make me say I was unhappy when I was a child. I can't remember a single thing that wasn't gay and beautiful."

"Perhaps you are afraid to." She could hear his voice over her shoulder. "People often are. They need their families so much they don't dare think hostile thoughts."

"But we all loved each other. We always had such fun together. It was like a beautiful dream."

"That's what it sounds like." His tone was dry. "Don't dismiss that pain too lightly. Those two sore spots where your braids start. Your braids figure pretty prominently in your memories—your father driving you by them, weaving flowers in them. It's quite possible you've some childhood memory connected with them that makes your head hurt. It might not be very alarming. It might even be merely that you want to go back to being a child again and driven across the meadow by your braids."

"Of course, I want that. Everyone wants to go back to being a child."

"Do they. Why?"

"Because childhood is happiest."

"You always say we used to be so happy. When did you stop, Christina?"

"When? I don't know." She felt dizzy and faint as she always did when she had to think about it and couldn't. "When Mama died," she whispered.

"Can't you tell me about it?"

"No."

"Why?"

"I can't remember."

"You see," he said mercilessly, "there are things you can't remember. They are hurting you inside, making these pressures, making you afraid to get back on your skates. Think of your childhood as if it were someone else's, Christina. Isn't it a little curious that every single memory is so happy? Never a scolding, never a spanking, never a time when you were a naughty girl."

"Oh, I was naughty often enough." It was no trouble to remember that. "I had a terrible temper when I was a child."

"You don't seem to have a temper now. When is the last time you can remember losing it."

"I don't know. Sometime—sometime before Mother died."

"What do you think happened to your anger after that?"

"I don't know. I had to grow up then, I guess." Her head began to hurt unbearably but she wouldn't let him know.

"Didn't your father ever scold you about your temper?"

"No, I can't ever remember my father when he wasn't tender and gay."

"Why are you doing that?"

SHE had unconsciously put her hands to the back of her head to ease the pain. "My head hurts."

"But you have your hair up now."

"It hurts when people bully me, too. Anybody's would." She flung the words at him bitterly.

"Who bullies you besides me?"

"Nobody." She lay in resentful silence till the end of the hour and walked out with scarcely a glance at him.

"Nobody, nobody, nobody, but you," she whispered to herself as she stepped in the elevator. He could try and try to make her remember things that weren't true, but he wouldn't succeed.

She had been coming here for two weeks now, and she seemed no nearer to putting on her skates than ever. The very thought of them filled her with a

paralyzing dizziness and started those frightful conflicting pressures.

"Just put them on," Dr. Sword had said. "Just sit by yourself in your room and put your feet in them and see what happens." But she couldn't.

Berg had tried to help her do that and it had been no good. He had taken her down on the ice one Sunday morning when no one else was around. He had been so kind and gentle but when he said, "Just sit still, little Sea Gull, while I lace your boots for you," and slipped one white suede boot on her foot, she saw the blinding vision of his face between her blades, and she had fainted.

Mr. Covers, the manager of the Fire and Ice Room, had been forced to get in a skating chorus to complete the show. And they were so bad she hadn't even been able to go to rehearsals after the first day. It made her ashamed to see their beautiful family program cheapened by those sequin-speckled Sharp Blades, who couldn't even skate. It had been something special for a family of four to be able to carry a whole show.

found out. He was so anxious to help her. But she couldn't tell him. When she left Dr. Sword she wanted to forget. Trying to remember what they had talked about made her head ache. And when she said this, Berg looked more worried than ever. He, too, only let her keep coming back to Dr. Sword because he didn't know what else to do.

But it was quite hopeless. Obviously her skating career was over. She, Christina Linger, whom some people had called the best figure skater in the world, was finished. And she was only twenty.

HER body sagged against the wall of the elevator. When the door opened at the ground floor she straightened automatically and fixed her face in a sort of smile.

If the little man who had been lounging over the switchboard in the lobby saw the despair behind the smile he didn't show it.

"I always meet you around elevators, Sea Gull," he said, falling into step beside her as if they were old friends. "Like a

the New Southern and he had ordered tea. "Bet you don't even know my name."

She flushed. "We always speak of you as the man from the Reflector who—" "Is using you to keep his job." He grinned and fished in his pocket. "Dillingham Dooner," he said, handing her a card. "Keep it in case you ever have a hot tip for me. Not that you'll be needing it. I'm going to be around."

"Are you? Why?"

His grin became a laugh. "Why don't you just smirk and say thanks?" She wasn't following him, he saw. She was out of this world, all right—looking like a librarian in these street clothes and like a kid's fairy story on the ice. "How old are you, Sea Gull?" he asked.

"Twenty. Why do you call me Sea Gull? Nobody ever has before but my father."

"It suits you. Do you care?"

"No." Her face looked strained for a moment. "It just sounds funny."

"Mine's the name that sends you," he said as the tea arrived. "Mom named me after Dillingham, the producer, because once he had told her that she had a future. She didn't, but it was a nice memory. She was full of fantasies, my mother. She spent her life in a dream world. Even married to the drunk my father was, she was mostly happy, and he was a real pink-elephant special. You know, Sea Gull, sometime I'm going to get a psychiatrist to write a piece on how the children of drunks are always smart, well-adjusted people. Take me, for instance—look where I am right now." She didn't seem to hear and he thought he might as well save his soft talk.

"How are you getting along with your witch doctor?" he said deliberately.

She turned toward him. "Witch doctor?"

"Your psychoanalyst pal, Simon Sword."

"How did you know?"

He shrugged. "Occupational skills. You've been seeing him almost every day since you stopped skating, not that I'd spread it. Is he any good?"

"People say he is."

"Larsen wouldn't think you needed a psychiatrist, I'll bet. He seemed to think the thing you needed most was a friend."

"Larsen." Her face contracted. "He said I needed a friend? I suppose everybody can use friends but we have never had much time for friends. We're busy being the Linger family."

"Larsen meant a friend who could help you if you needed it."

"Dr. Sword is trying to help me. He is very kind."

HE SAT looking at her, wondering where he could find a chink in her armor. "Decided yet whether I'm kind or not?"

"I don't know. I keep thinking you are, but Berg says—"

He laughed. "Always pay close attention to the words of a father and then do the opposite."

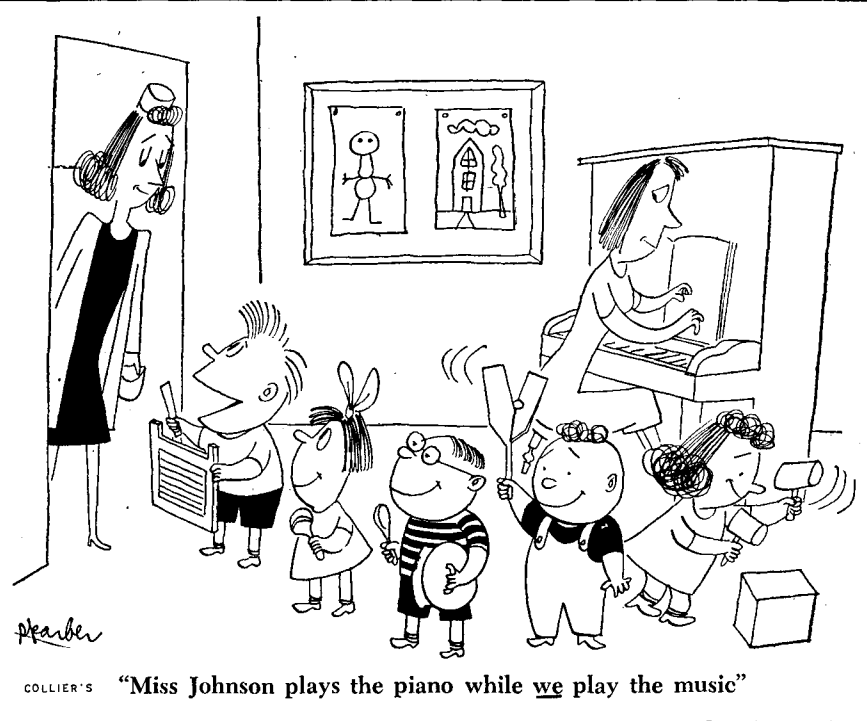
"Berg is not like other fathers," she said patiently. "He gives us all the thought and attention most men give to their work. Berg is tremendously kind and understanding and very wise."

"Larsen said your father had a way with people."

"Tell me about Larsen, all about him." She sounded eager, yet strangely frightened. "Berg hasn't liked talking about him since he was drafted. He can't forgive him for leaving us. Larsen said he had no choice, but he had always had a weak stomach and Berg feels he should have requested deferment—to keep the family together. He's right, of course. Anybody can be a soldier; there is only one Linger family. But as long as Larsen wrote I felt we were still together somehow. And now that he has stopped writing, Berg won't let us mention him at all. He says it just upsets us. But I still miss

TIMMY

by HOWARD SPARBER



They had been able to do it because they were the Lingers. And she, Christina Linger, who had drawn the crowds with The Flight, had destroyed it.

She kept coming to Dr. Sword day after day because she didn't know what else to do, but it seemed such an idiotic waste of time. Telling him about her fear of high places and especially her terrible fear at seeing Berg near that flimsy iron balcony. Having him ask if it might be something besides the height she was afraid of. Telling him of seeing Berg's face under her skates and fainting. And having to answer more questions.

"Don't you know why you keep seeing his face there?"

"No, do you?"

"Yes, but I'd rather have you find out for yourself. You'll believe it then."

Talk, talk, talk, and it seemed as if actually nothing was too silly for him to think. His ridiculous fantastic questions as to what her dreams might mean. Why her father had turned into a fish in her dream; whether the hen in the last part might not be her mother. When she had asked scornfully why, he had answered quite seriously, "Well, a hen is a pretty maternal creature." Sometimes it seemed as if he was crazier than she was.

Berg didn't like it any better than she, because every day she came home from seeing Dr. Sword his mouth was a little firmer. He tried to be interested and every day he would ask her what they had talked about and what she had

drink? Better say yes and save your precious family one interview."

"Oh, thank you, but we can't drink. It is bad for our edges, my father says."

"I'll settle for tea if I have to. How about the New Southern? Show people's hangout," he explained as she looked blank. "Good for you to be seen there. Very good for me to be seen there with you. Besides, they have soft couches." His words were casual but he was watching her. She looked as if she'd had a rough time.

Her voice was vague as if she were somewhere else: "I have to be home by five-thirty."

"Going back on the ice tonight?"

"No." Her voice was dull. "I'm not well enough yet, but my father would worry."

"Oh. Well, that gives us an hour. Wouldn't want one of these, I guess?" He pulled a cigarillo out of his pocket and paused to light it. "I'll get you some others when we get there."

"Thanks. I don't smoke. What are those?"

"Strictly a pose." He fished the box out of his pocket and handed it to her. "Started smoking them when I was stage-struck because if you don't do something crazy around show people they think you're crazy. Now I like them."

She made no comment, just gravely examined the box and handed it back.

He didn't say anything more until they were seated on one of the low couches of

him. When do you think he'll be back, Mr. Dooner?"

"Larsen called me Dilly, Sea Gull. I don't guess he'll be back very soon," he said evasively. "You know these armies of occupation."

"Tell me about him."

He held her lightly in his mind along with the picture he had of Berg Linger and Alma and Thor, trying to fit them into the picture Larsen had given him, wondering what he could tell her that would fit her picture of Larsen.

"He saved my life, for one thing," he said at last. "It wasn't till after that that he talked at all. The boys used to call him the silent Swede. He kept telling them he was Norwegian but they didn't care. We were together almost a year before it happened, but a guy like Larsen probably has to throw you over a wall for your own good before he'll loosen up."

"We were out looking for beer. Heard there was some in a village we were supposed to have taken a couple of kilometers away. Beer can be more important than you know, Sea Gull, when you've been under fire for a spell. We were pretty relaxed. It was our ground, we thought, and a fine windy fall day. I heard a car down the road and the next thing I knew I was flying through space over a stone wall. Larsen had chuckled me there and by the time he landed beside me the car went by. We could see it was full of Krauts."

"When we stopped sweating I asked him how he had known it wasn't ours. 'Wrong rhythm,' he said, just like that."

Christina nodded. "You get to listen for rhythms when you skate."

DILL was silent. For a moment he was lying in coarse grass, his chin in a blackberry bush and being able to feel the briars was wonderful. The lean boy with a dirty sunburned face was lying in another blackberry bush, breathing hard and grinning. Dill could remember the wind and the sun, the briars and the stone under his hip and every word they had said.

"Nice of you to think of me first, pal." He'd given Larsen a soft kick. "How come? Doesn't seem normal."

"You'd have hated being dead, Dilly, or a prisoner. You want to get back to Broadway so bad." Larsen's chuckle hadn't had much humor.

"You don't care much, huh?"

"Not much."

"Don't want to go home?"

"Lord, no."

"Rather go to Dachau?"

Larsen had shrugged. "At least they wouldn't try to tell you you liked it." He'd given another mirthless chuckle. "I feel free in the Army. I love it. I've always done what I was told, but before, it was always just what one person wanted; here you get variety and you can gripe."

"You're nuts, chum."

"Could be. Till I got in the Army I was part of a family to whom the family was God and my father the prophet. We all loved each other so much we naturally wanted to do what each other wanted, but it was always what my father wanted. It was the perfect family life; no family was ever so close or so happy. At least that's what we heard over and over again till we believed it. We were fed such doses of obedience and loyalty that it never crossed our minds to question it, except Christina. And my father had his own special ways of fixing her, ways I'm still trying to figure out that scare the hell out of me even when I try at long distance. I feel like a stinker when I realize what he's probably doing to her right now, and me over here, but I couldn't go back. I'm more scared of that than I am of being shot up. Maybe I could write and tell her what I've found out but she wouldn't believe me."

That had been the start, and you could believe that Larsen wasn't completely

battle-happy, if you could believe maybe half of the things he had said after that at odd moments in that slow, quiet voice of his. . . .

Dill's thought broke off and he glanced at Christina. She was looking at him, waiting for more about her brother. What if he told her? Considering the things she had just been saying about her old man, she'd probably think he was crazy the way he had thought maybe Larsen was crazy.

He sat there looking at her broodingly, a short, almost ridiculous man with thinning hair, who radiated a curious warm tenderness that was almost maternal. All he could find to say was, "He talked quite a bit about you after that. He made me want to meet you."

"But why did he stop writing then?"

"A guy," he said carefully, "can't keep writing forever, even to his family, when nobody writes to him."

"But I wrote and wrote, we all did, except maybe Berg."

He digested this. "Those letters," he said. "They got mailed? Some letters went down or got blown up, but not most."

"Berg mailed most of them himself." Her voice was puzzled. "Of course, they were mailed."

"Well," he said, "it's a damn' shame. There were a lot of things in those letters he wanted you to know." And maybe, he was thinking, it wasn't a coincidence that about the time Larsen started telling Christina how he felt, the letters stopped arriving.

"I have to go." She had looked at her watch and was pulling on her gloves. "Father will be sure I've been run over."

"Okay. I'll walk you home."

Berg was sitting in a chair watching both doors when they entered the Lavish lobby. Dill saw him before Tina and saw his face as he caught sight of them, distorted with anger and suspicion. Then he was beside them, his hand tenderly on Tina's arm as he said, "You worried me, little Tina. I thought we always told each other where we were to be, no?"

She smiled at him and said, "Mr. Dooner took me to tea. He's been telling me about Larsen. He says he has written and written and misses us so much."

Berg turned. "You know my daughter has been ill, Mr. Dooner. It was very thoughtless to keep her out this way."

MEETING Berg's irrationally hostile gaze, Dill had a feeling that maybe life could be like a cheap melodrama. Somebody, besides himself, he suddenly thought, ought to know the things Larsen had told him. Obviously Tina ought to know them, but equally obviously she wouldn't believe them if you told her, and then you'd be through.

Then who? Sword? Maybe. At least you'd know better after that whether you were going to have to fight him, too. When the Lingers had gone upstairs he dropped into the nearest phone booth and called Sword's number.

"Can I speak to Dr. Sword?"

"Who is it, please?" The voice at the other end was brisk and efficient.

"Name's Dooner. He doesn't know me."

"Do you want to make an appointment?"

"Not as a patient. I just want to talk to him for a few minutes about one of his patients."

"Are you a relative?"

"No, just a friend."

"Dr. Sword never discusses his patients even with relatives." The voice at the other end was kind but firm. The receiver clicked.

Dill looked at the dead phone and then carefully hung it up. He remembered Berg's face and Larsen's words. If Tina was going to have help, he'd have to find some way to see Dr. Sword—and soon.

(To be continued next week)

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commute his sentence from the firing squad to Devil's Island.

But the greatest condemnation of the German Legionnaire appears to be his record in World War II. When Hitler went to war, the French Foreign Legion was 35 per cent German. The French felt it would be "heartless" to expect Germans to fight against their fatherland. So, in Sidi-bel-Abbès, the French put all front-line service for enemy nationals and neutrals on a volunteer basis. The Italian and Spanish Legionnaires volunteered in the greatest number. Even one Mohammedan, Ali Khan, son of the Indian potentate Aga Khan, volunteered. The Germans were reluctant.

The conduct of a majority of the German Legionnaires in this war proved a scandal. One German adjutant (a French rank equivalent to warrant officer), stationed in the Legion embarkation depot at Marseilles, showed partiality to non-Jewish German enlistees, awarding them temporary rank and private quarters. He finally obtained copies of the Legion's organizational papers, including names of all personnel in various regiments, and sold them to the Gestapo. Not until the war ended was he exposed, tried and sentenced to life imprisonment.

Another German Legionnaire, an adjutant named Kurtz, had been under the tricolor twenty years and was regarded by his men as the meanest character in the service. One recruit, inflamed by Kurtz, grabbed a gun and shoved it into the German's back, but didn't shoot. As the recruit later explained, to a French reporter, "You do not kill a man you hate from the back. You want to watch his face when he dies. Had he turned around, I would have let him have it."

When war broke out, Adjutant Kurtz exulted at every Nazi victory, posted pictures of Hitler over his cot, and refused to fight against Germany. The Foreign Legion shrugged, sent him to noncombatant duty in Algeria. Today, he is back at his old job for the French Foreign Legion in France.

However, the full story of the worst German performance was quashed by the Legion itself. This author learned about it from Legionnaires who were serving in Sidi-bel-Abbès during the summer of 1940, and it can now be revealed for the first time.

Mutiny of Nazi Legionnaires

"The mutiny, for it was just that, started the day Hitler moved into Paris," revealed Jules Selig, a German Jew from Berlin who enlisted in the Foreign Legion. "I was with the 1st Regiment in Sidi-bel-Abbès. When the news came through, most of the old-line German Legionnaires went wild. They left their work, marched about the Arab city in goose-step formation, yelling Heil Hitler, singing Nazi songs like the Horst Wessel song. Then they held a mass meeting and demanded that the Foreign Legion return them to France where they wanted to join the victorious Nazi army."

"While waiting for a reply to their demand, they became a lynch mob. They dragged Jewish Legionnaires from the barracks and beat them to pulp. The Legion command, while Vichy and pro-German, was angered by this utter lack of discipline. It dispatched Senegalese troops, in great number, to break up the rioting Germans and keep them under guard. Meanwhile, word of this reached the Germans in Paris. They promptly sent a military commission to Bel-Abbès to pick up all German soldiers who wished to leave the Legion and return to the fatherland."

But this moment, even as the controversy about the Foreign Legion's German

ARMY ANONYMOUS

Continued from page 15

policy continues to rage, the Germans in the Legion are daily encouraged by their officers to write glowing accounts of their new army to old Wehrmacht buddies back home.

As a result, recently demobilized Nazis, hungry for food, drink, smokes, anxious for steady employment, for anonymity, for the masochistic delights of Prussian discipline, are making the long trek by foot from Hannover, Breslau, Nuremberg. Sleeping nights in fields and farmhouses, they reach at last the tiny German town of Kehl, banked on the Rhine, across from busy Strasbourg. Here, the German arrivals are met by French Legionnaires, friendly recruiting noncoms.

Each arrival dictates his name, age, occupation, nationality—any name, age, occupation, nationality—each admits to having been a "good" German, each shows that he does not bear the tattoo of the SS, each makes a few slighting remarks about the Gestapo, and the first step is over.

The recruits are then marched across the river to Strasbourg, entrained to Marseilles, briefly interrogated and issued their uniforms. Dressed in khaki instead of the old red woolen trousers or whites and sash, they are packed off on one of the Legion's two transports to Algeria, and then by train again to sun-baked Sidi-bel-Abbès. In Sidi, the Germans are given a brief brush-up course in mayhem, a French accent and a long gun. Then from a gigantic central depot, they are assigned to various regiments. Discipline is severe.

"We are not so easy with these Nazis," a Legion captain recently said. "We will find heavy wheelbarrows for them, too. We will cut their beautiful blond hair, we will make their blue eyes bloodshot in the sun, we will break them and then rebuild them. They will not be Germans, Monsieur, no, not Germans. They will be Legionnaires."

Nevertheless, every effort is made to make the German arrivals more agreeable and co-operative. For the newcom-

ers, there are hundreds of old friends who fought in the conquests of Poland, the Lowlands, France. There is malty beer. German is spoken everywhere. There is even, in the official song manual, a number in German called Ann-Marie. And recently, to control these men further, the Foreign Legion went into POW camps in the French zone of occupation, located authentic old-line German *Feldwebel*, and imported these sergeants to Algeria to help with the handling of the new sections.

Absorbs Many Nationalities

The current influx of German citizens presents no serious nationality problem to the French Foreign Legion. More than any other similar organization in the world, the Legion is able to absorb or assort its varied foreigners with efficiency. In its long history, the Legion has had 52 different nationalities (including one Fiji Islander) in its ranks. White Russian generals and colonels fled their homeland after the Bolshevik Revolution in 1918 to enlist as privates. The most famous of these was Maxim Gorky's son, one-armed Colonel Pyeshkov, who became a Legion hero.

Scandinavians, Americans and English comprise the smallest percentage of Legionnaires. Occasionally, a Scandinavian will enlist. The most colorful and notable, in recent years, was Prince Aage of Denmark, cousin to 77-year-old King Haakon.

The prince, after being refused permission to marry a commoner, an English girl, became bored with royal restrictions and enlisted in the Legion.

He was quite a character. In Morocco, his impulsiveness was legend.

Once, when his men complained that there was not enough food in the mess for dinner, he strode into the street, sighted birds overhead, shot every one down. The birds proved to be highly trained carrier pigeons winging important military messages to a desert outpost, and Prince Aage barely avoided



Collier's for February 1, 1947



court-martial. He later became a colonel, and died at the outbreak of the war.

Englishmen, when enlisting in the Legion, are usually fugitives from justice, wanted perhaps in Singapore or Cairo. Sometimes they are embryonic writers, and they stick it for six months, desert in the night ("escaping" they always call it), and are heard from next with a best seller entitled, usually, *Legion of Lost Souls*.

Americans are officially discouraged from enlisting. The Legion likes to say the reason for this is a trick clause, in the original charter, limiting its roster only to Europeans. The real reason is a fear of repetition of the Doty case. In the twenties, an American boy named Doty joined the Legion, found it unromantic and deserted in the heat of a battle against the Riffs. He was caught, sentenced to death. His family and friends created world-wide agitation. At last the U.S. State Department succeeded in having the French government pardon Doty and release him from the Legion.

All Work; No Beau Geste Stuff

American volunteers, willing to call themselves Swedes or Andorrans, are always accepted. One, Sweeney, by name, became a colonel. Another, Henry Newman of Chicago, served out his five years but did not re-enlist because "it's all pick and shovel nowadays and no Beau Geste." A third, Philip Ortiz, enrolled in the Legion instead of the American University in Paris, thereby provoking his father into flying to Algeria in 1932 to rescue him. But so intrigued was the elder Ortiz by the Legion, he stayed eight months studying it, formed a club in Paris to publicize the corps, and happily sent his American son off to chase the Berber tribesmen in the Atlas Mountains.

The Legion says it likes Americans because they are cheerful and fine fighters. There are, according to most estimates, about 30 United States citizens in the Legion today, and the American Embassy in Paris ruefully admits that at least a dozen G.I.s have inquired about going over to the Legion upon discharge from the U.S. Army.

Home-grown Frenchmen, for all their reluctance to enlist, now dominate the Legion's ranks. About 50 per cent of the enlisted personnel, today, is French, and almost all the officers, most of them honor graduates of France's West Point,

are French. There are only 30 foreign officers in the new Foreign Legion.

The man who heads this heterogeneous mass, and welds it into a unified fighting machine, is the renowned Colonel Louis Marie Gaultier. While there is a whole network of regular French army generals and colonial administrators over him, Colonel Gaultier, with 22 years of Foreign Legion service and a distinguished record in World War II, when he led the volunteer 11th Regiment into the Nazi blitz, is boss man of the seven regiments. From his Algerian headquarters in Sidi-bel-Abbès he makes every effort to prevent friction between nationalities under his command. The official Legion handbook, issued to every new recruit warns, "You must make no distinction of race, color, creed. Neither politics nor religion must stand between you and your comrades."

With the exception of the recruiting station in Kehl, Germany, and several others across North Africa, the French Foreign Legion acquires its various nationalities through special public stations in all the large French cities ranging from Cherbourg to Bordeaux to Lyons. Each recruit is required only to give his name (any name), his age (no younger than 20, no older than 35, though the Legion allows a few years grace on either end), his occupation and his nationality. The recruit is then shipped to Marseilles.

At Fort Saint Nicolas, in the French seaport, the recruit undergoes his first and last severe interrogation. For, while the Legion insists a newcomer need never give his true name or identity, the Legion does investigate the more dubious applicants.

This investigation begins in a large room. The recruit strips and walks into the room nude. Behind a lone desk sits a fully clothed leathery captain. This captain is selected for the job by his knowledge of human psychology and his intellectual background. He orders the recruit to stand in the cold daylight, by the window, and suddenly he begins hammering questions.

A French journalist and ex-Legionnaire, Charles Favrel, was allowed to witness several such interrogations in October, and he reflected, "When a gentleman who is dressed questions a man who is naked, the results are patent. The man who is naked is intimidated. When the gentleman is an officer whose perception is stronger than the machine which

detects lies, the man who is naked will stutter everything from zero to infinity."

Charles Favrel reported some of the interrogations he overheard in a typical day. When the day's first recruit stood before the captain, the following conversation took place:

"Your record says you are a typographer. Are you a good one?"

"Yes."

"That is false! Your scar shows you have been operated on for hernia. So. You were doing heavy work. Which heavy work?"

"Tree cutter."

"Never, not with those hands. You are still lying. Find another occupation. I do not trust you yet for the Legion. Come back later. Next one."

Recruit after recruit trudges in. A questionable German enlistee, who breaks down after grilling and admits, he was with a Nazi company in Holland that massacred English soldiers. He is returned to Germany. A furtive Frenchman with a Pigalle accent, who finally admits that he isn't joining the Legion out of patriotism but because he is wanted by the police. His offense is minor and he is accepted.

Another Frenchman enters and confesses, at last, that he was a collaborator. The captain classifies all collaborators as "believers, idiots, gangsters." This one merely believed in Pétain and was misguided. He is accepted. Only collaborators who have records of brutality are rejected.

"The last one to enter the room," reports ex-Legionnaire Favrel, "looks like a pink child. He is very young, which does not prevent him from confessing to all the sins of the world. He claims everything from being a robber to a rapist. Here the captain is amused. 'We do not take murderers, Monsieur, and you need not pretend to have stolen so as to enter the Legion family.' The captain then carefully explains to the youngster that he does not have to be a hardened rogue to enter the Legion. 'Tell us your real name, and real record, without the blemishes, and I will see that you become a Legionnaire.'"

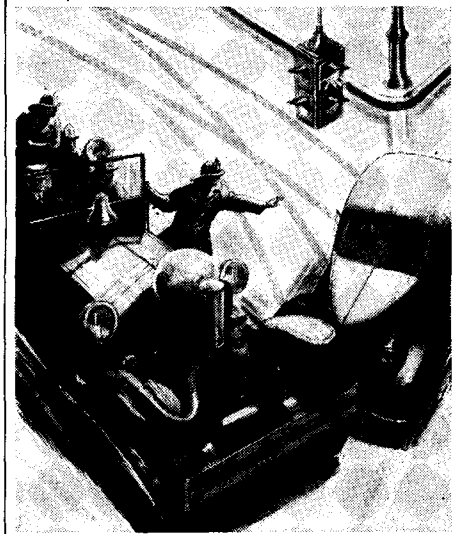
Getting Rid of Undesirables

In this way, the Legion sifts its recruits. The greatest number of Germans rejected are former SS and Gestapo men. The greatest percentage of French rejected are fugitives from serious crimes or psychopathic killers. "Few outsiders know it," says Major Boulanger, the Paris spokesman, "but we have a secret organization in the Legion that supplements the interrogation. It quietly investigates the most questionable applicants."

Having survived the interrogation and a physical examination, the new Legionnaire is enlisted for a five-year stint, and quartered in Fort Saint Nicolas. Two German sergeants take all his possessions and clothes, excepting a handkerchief and sweater. The supply noncoms promise to return these items when the Legionnaire is discharged, but he rarely ever sees them again. The noncoms will sell them on the black market for drink money.

In Fort Saint Nicolas, while awaiting shipment to Africa, the new Legionnaire receives his full uniform, his insignia (a hand grenade fashioned on bronze) and his official haircut, accomplished with a straight razor. He marches endless kilometers, spends eight hours caressing a rock pile. At last, when 500 recruits are assembled, he is shipped to Algeria.

In Sidi-bel-Abbès, he receives his arms, and is sent to Camp Saïda, 80 kilometers out on the blazing desert. He is supposed to be trained at Saïda, but the Legion has no basic training as such. Most newcomers are supposed to know something about soldiering, and after eight days, they are returned to the cen-



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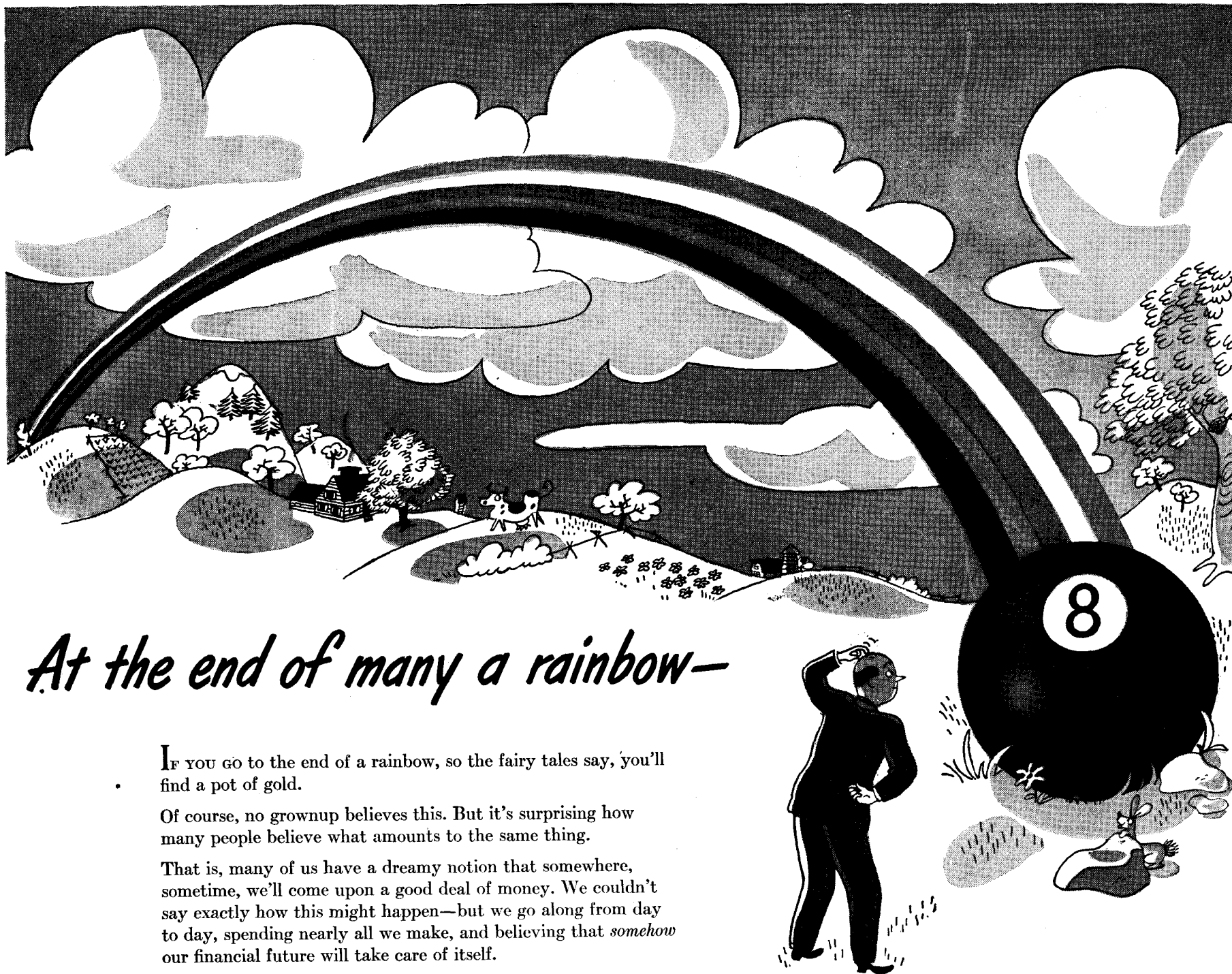
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tral depot in Bel-Abbès and then assigned to regiments.

Once in a regiment, the Legionnaire learns the ropes quickly. Every effort is made, in the beginning, to keep him out of big cities, away from the temptations of women and crime. At the same time, to prevent him from becoming introspective and depressed, the Legion tries to keep each man busy and moving. When he isn't building a road or at gunnery practice or chasing Arab bandits, he is participating in sports, from chess to French football. He is also stimulated with continued variety. During his five years, he will start service in Algeria, be shipped to Morocco, then transferred to Indo-China, next to Syria, and then back to Algeria for the complete circle.

Garrison Life in North Africa

Most of the average Legionnaire's time is spent not actually fighting (such as in the present Indo-China fracas) but participating in workaday garrison duties. The typical Legionnaire's life may best be seen in any of the tiny garrisons jutting out of the North African desert. There is, for example, the Legion fort in southern Morocco called Fom l'Has-

attempt to block frequent raids staged (even now) by Arabian raiders who cross the Río de Oro, swoop down on native villages, steal camels, loot arms, kidnap women and children for slavery marts.

At nine there is a special routine called The Report, in which the company captain, playing Miss Lonelyhearts, receives troubled Legionnaires in his office and talks over their problems man to man.

The sections break from their morning labors at eleven-thirty, lunch in the mess, and siesta until two-thirty. They then resume their assignments until six. After dinner, there is "free camp" and the men are on their own. Most go to the café to drink and gossip. On the walls of the café are the inevitable posters, found in every Legion café in Africa, placed there by tireless French prohibitionists. The posters read, "Alcohol Kills"—and under each sign, invariably, Legionnaires have chalked, "But The Legion Doesn't Fear Death."

Inside the café, men play cards, and others—disillusioning anachronism—play Ping-pong. Elsewhere in the fort, men are bargaining with passing Arabs at the market, visiting their Arabian hostesses at the house, cheering a soccer

the Anniversary of the Camerone. It commemorates the Legion's most glorious battle, enacted, oddly enough, not in the desert but amid the mountains of Mexico.

In 1863, exactly a month after the Foreign Legion landed in Veracruz to pave the way for the ill-fated Emperor Maximilian and his Belgian bride, Carlotta, the incident at Camerone occurred. The Legion, warned that a French convoy carrying food, arms and three millions in gold, was nearing Pueblo, was asked to provide protection. A patrol of 62 Legionnaires, and two officers, led by Captain Danjou, a veteran of Sevastopol, who had a wooden hand, set forth on the assignment.

At ten in the morning, Danjou and his company ran smack into a Mexican detachment of 800 cavalry and 1,200 infantry, and hurriedly holed up behind the wall of a wayside inn. Throughout most of the day, the 65 Legionnaires successfully held off the 2,000 Mexicans.

Finally the survivors assembled and took oath on Danjou's wooden hand to fight until death. When dusk fell, only five Legionnaires remained. They had one bullet left. They fixed their bayonets, and as the Mexicans poured through the breaches in the wall, the Legionnaires charged. All gave their lives, after inflicting 580 casualties upon the Mexicans, but the convoy to Pueblo was saved. This was France's Alamo.

Today, on every anniversary of Camerone, after the music is done and the parades are over, the oldest Legionnaire in Bel-Abbès unwraps Captain Danjou's wooden hand and displays it to the men. Even those who have seen it April after April are moved.

Maintaining a Heroic Tradition

There have been endless such heroics in the 116 years since King Louis Philippe decided in the first year of his reign that there ought to be a special military corps to absorb the displaced foreign veterans washed up by the Napoleonic wars. In 1835, King Louis started his four-year-old Legion's long career of violence and bravery by loaning the entire organization to Queen Isabella of Spain as a billet-doux of encouragement in her fight against King Carlos. This Legion, which Frenchmen were not yet permitted to join, fought in Spain for three years, and of the 4,100 men who started, only 500 came back.

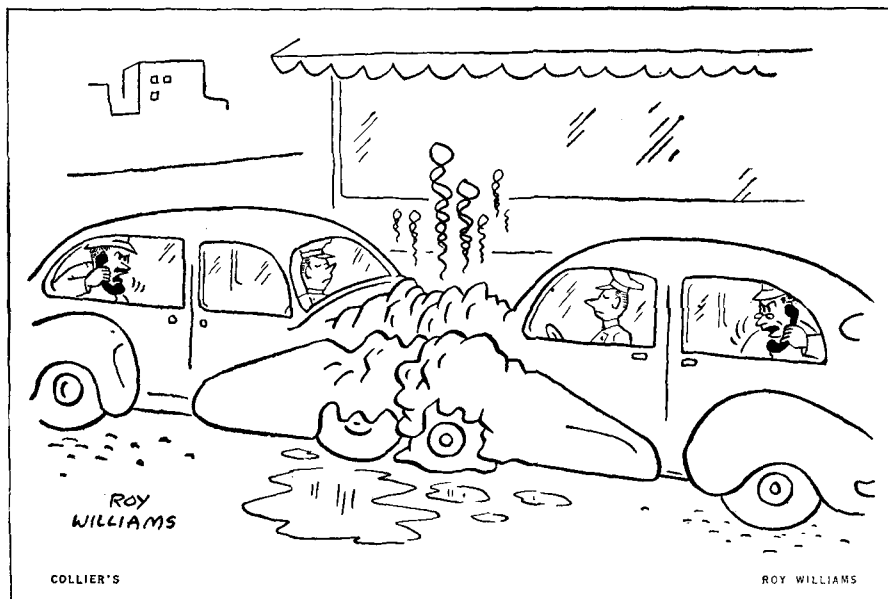
In the century since, regiment after regiment of Legion mercenaries have written histories of valor around the globe. But of all the regiments of the past, none ever fought so long, so tirelessly, as the modern 13th Half Brigade.

This incredible brigade, consisting of two battalions instead of the usual three, led by 35-year-old Colonel Brint di Sairigne (who won the Legion of Honor plus seven citations), was the only Foreign Legion unit to fight World War II from beginning to end. The 13th, bolstered by volunteers fresh from the fight against Franco, battled at Narvik, Norway, in 1940 and was evacuated to England.

Electing to carry on, they marched into Tripoli with the Americans, slugged through Tunis alongside De Gaulle's Free French 5th Division, pounded up the boot of Italy, landed in the south of France on D-Day and poked over into Germany. When the war ended, they took a deep breath, and sailed for Indo-China to grapple with the rebellious Tonkinese. This record earned the 13th Half Brigade three citations on its flag, the unit Liberation Cross and immortality.

When Frenchmen think of the new Foreign Legion, they try not to think of the Germans, the Nazis, thickening its ranks and writing its current history. Instead, Frenchmen try to think of the 13th Half Brigade, and then they are proud.

THE END



sam, an advanced post of the 4th Regiment based in Marrakech, Morocco.

Fom l'Hasam squats in the middle of the most utterly desolate area on earth. It is a tiny group of buildings, covering only 400 yards by 200 yards, surrounded by a protective wall mounted with machine guns. For miles and miles around, as far as the eye can see, there is not a tree, not a bush, not a human, only stretches of rock and sand.

The fort itself is a remarkable achievement. Every inch of it was built twenty years ago, by Legionnaires, and every improvement since is homemade. There are officers' apartments and enlisted men's barracks. There is a newspaper plant, a telephone company, a refrigeration system, a motion-picture theater (two movies a week), a Paris-style café, a market place with stalls, a cozy house of prostitution (with 20 pretty Arabian girls), a swimming pool, a football field.

The day begins, with the desert dawn, at six. The men have an hour to take showers (one a week is required by regulation), shave and dress. Breakfast is in the mess hall—coffee, milk, bread, butter, jam—from seven to eight. If a Legionnaire wants eggs, he strolls over to the café and buys them. At eight the bugle sounds, and the men fall in, section after section, at the village square.

Each section's work is assigned. One will repair vehicles. Another will hoe the vegetable garden. A third will practice machine gunnery. A half-dozen sections will be ordered to go on desert patrol, by horse and armored car, for a month. These will live in tents, and will

match. There are rarely serious disturbances, most men fearing the Legion punishments, which range from *en silo*, when an offender is buried in sand up to his neck for hours in the sun, to the less spectacular eight years in prison.

At ten o'clock the bugle sounds—it's called "stopping the lights"—and the men must be in bed. Each has earned another 15 francs (about 12½ cents) for another day's service.

Besides an occasional five-day leave to Casablanca, there are two great holidays a year for the Legionnaires. The first is Christmas. The officers inaugurate the eve with a lavish feast, everything from oysters to champagne, for the men. Next, in several of the barracks, there is an exposition.

Various nationality groups build exhibits. The Russians portray a St. Petersburg cabaret, the Poles a scene of the Three Wise Men in Bethlehem, the French a dehydrated replica of the annual Paris auto show (one army car is fantastically streamlined, and its driver makes an exaggerated sales talk near by).

The men then retire to the theater for an amateur revue in which Legionnaires dance the cancan. This is followed by Christmas presents all purchased by the commanding officers for the men, and distributed by lottery. At midnight, a chaplain says benediction, and in early morning, the enlisted personnel sponsor a supper for the noncoms and officers.

The second holiday is held even more holy by the Legion. It takes place, amid band music, parades, dignitaries, every April 30th, in Sidi-bel-Abbès. This is



There's a peck of trouble in the icy winds of winter. Trouble for those lips of yours. At the first sign of chapped lips—use famous 'CHAP STICK', the self-same lip balm that befriended our Armed Forces wherever wind and cold made lips act up.

Buy a personal 'CHAP STICK' for every member of your family. Its relief is quick and lasting. Specially medicated, specially soothing, for cracked, chapped, sore lips.

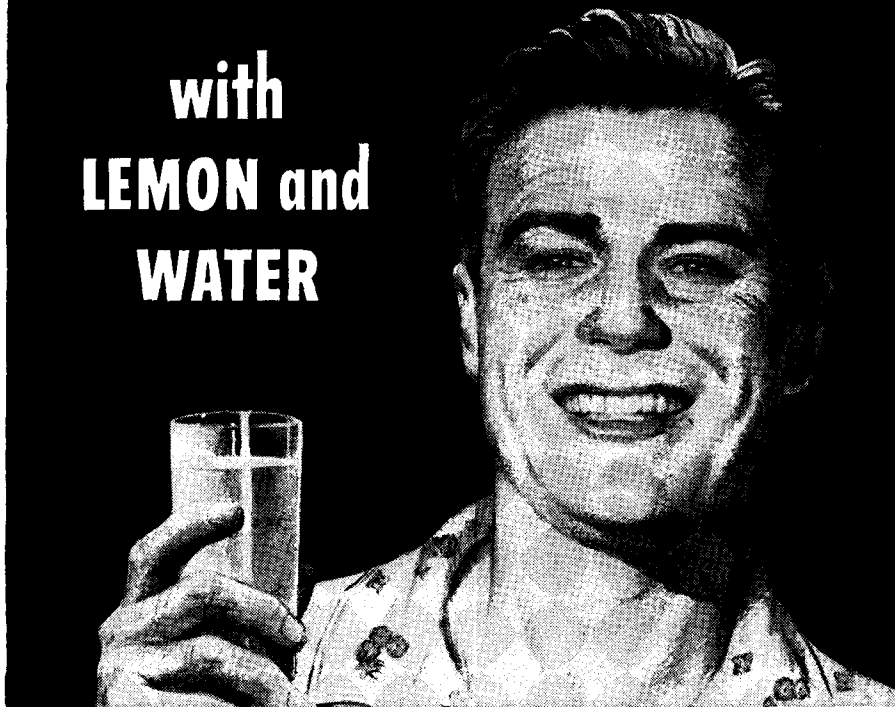


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COMING
YOUR
WAY

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Most people find that the juice of a lemon in a glass of water—when taken daily *first thing on arising*—insures prompt normal elimination day after day. Not a purgative, lemon and water helps the system *regulate itself*.

Lemon and water has other positive health values.

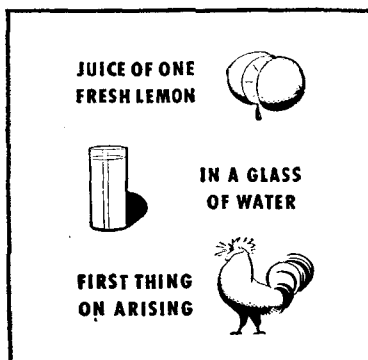
Lemons alkalinize aid digestion supply vitamins

Lemons are an excellent source of vitamin C; supply valuable amounts of B₁ and P. Surveys show that over 12,000,000 now take lemons for health.

Keep regular the healthful way!

Lemon and water helps the system function *normally*. It gives best results when taken every day. Give it time to prove its value and establish

regularity for you. Not sharp or sour, lemon and water has just enough tang to be refreshing—clears the mouth—wakes you up. Take it every morning—*first thing on arising*. Try it 10 days—see if you don't benefit.



LEMON and WATER first thing daily

Californian Sunkist Lemons

FIGHT COLDS with LEMON & SODA



First day, drink a glass of lemon and soda every 2 or 3 hours. Take a hot lemonade to induce perspiration when you go to bed. Continue with lemon and soda 3 or 4 times a day while cold lasts.

Lemon and soda forms natural sodium citrate. Gives all vitamins of lemons, plus *increased alkalinity*.

To make lemon and soda: juice of 1 fresh lemon in a half glass of water; add—slowly—half teaspoon baking soda (bicarbonate). Drink as foaming quiets.

INDIAN GIVER

Continued from page 24

Thus Cle-Muk came to the post on Crooked Lake. He came at his own pace, a leisurely twenty miles a day, observing much on the journey. When one lives by eye and ear and the strength of one's sinews there is much to be learned be one ever so old, and Cle-Muk was only seventy. He caught a few fish, mostly in the rapids where trout were to be had for the taking, snared a few rabbits, drank a good deal of tea, and smoked incessantly. In the bottom of the canoe, tied neatly in the sack, were mink, otter, marten, a few fisher skins, and one cross fox. He hoped for a good deal from the latter.

Nearing the post he fell in with others on the same errand. Some he knew personally but they did not talk much. They made camp the last night a little way apart on the river's bank so that their fires blinked like a succession of the red eyes of animals that came down in the dark to drink. Nor was there any hustling for bargains when the post was reached, it being common knowledge that the prices did not vary. Each of them came up in turn, emptied his catch on the rough-hewn counter, and waited voicelessly until the factor had checked the number of skins and formed his own opinion of their condition and value. While he waited, there was a swift, narrow-eyed scrutiny of the shelves, loaded with all that the heart of man, woman or child could desire.

WHEN it came Cle-Muk's turn he upended his sack and with the fur there tumbled out that forgotten fragment of rock. It fell to the floor, lying unnoticed until the bargaining was done. Cle-Muk owed nearly fifty dollars from the year before and when this had been liquidated he found himself still able to get most of the things he wanted. Cloth, a red shawl for his daughter, powder for reloading rifle shells, lead, three new traps, an ax head, a fish net, a couple of slabs of salt pork, tea, sugar and flour. Mackintosh, the factor, put in a pound of tobacco as a gift, then leaned forward. "What's yon bit of rock?"

Cle-Muk gave it to him and shook his head. "I don't know. Maybe no good." The factor twisted it between his hard fingers. "Where did it come from?"

Cle-Muk's gesture took in the entire country lying north of Crooked Lake.

"Up there, long way. Me find him two months ago. I guess no good."

A short silence followed. There were rumors of gold in the district, talks of gold around a good many campfires, and a trickle of prospectors from farther south. Mackintosh had a month-old paper that had come in a week before and there was an article in that. He didn't take it very seriously. This was a good fur country and that was enough for him. He didn't know anything about minerals, but then, one could never tell.

"Want it?" he asked Cle-Muk.

The old hunter shook his head. "Me think no good," he said, and gathered up his purchases.

CARTY was playing out of luck. He lay on his back in his tent, slapped at mosquitoes and cursed creation in general. For a year now he had been scratching rock outcroppings to no purpose. Other men had made good strikes, cleaned up a pile and had either got out of the blasted country or else had done the same thing over again. But not Carty; on him the Irish seemed to have lost their luck.

Added to this was the sobering fact that he was nearly broke. The small sum of forty dollars separated him from that bankruptcy which meant that he would have to work for someone else, a fate that all real prospectors dread.

He moved closer to his fire, took a torn map from his pocket and studied it intently. It was thumbled and mutilated beyond repair but still decipherable. In the flicker he saw that the post at Crooked Lake lay about two days' journey off. HBP, the map said. Carty allowed that the damned district was no good, never had been any good, and never would be any good. But, because he was in the middle of it, he decided to give it another chance. So at daybreak he started off on a beeline for Crooked Lake, wondering what the Scotsman who was bound to be in charge would have the nerve to charge for a fifty-pound sack of self-rising flour.

HE ARRIVED on the eve of his second day in a worse temper than ever. Mackintosh looked in his angry eye and waited placidly. He was a man of experience.

"Twill be ten cents a pound, cash."

Carty gulped. "That's robbery—it's three cents a pound in Toronto."

"Ye're no forced to buy it."

"You know damned well I have to buy it, but it's a hell of a price to pay."

"Maybe. I'm not disputin' that, but it didn't exactly fly here, ye ken."

"Can I have twenty dollars' credit?"

Mackintosh shook his head. "If ye were an Indian; but I'll no trust a white man in this country." He paused a moment. "Happen ye're a squaw man? That might help."

Carty rocked with anger. "Think I'd marry an Indian?" he asked.

"You might do a sight worse," said the factor calmly. "I've married one myself. D'ye want that flour?"

Carty swallowed his wrath and bought. With the flour were other things, and while the factor sorted them out his visitor's eye fell on the fragment of rock that glinted whitely on a corner shelf.

"What's that?" he asked, pointing.

"Naethin' but a bit ane o' ma customers left here last spring. D'ye ken what it is?" He handed it to Carty.

Carty fingered the thing and his pulse began to pound. Never in his dreams had he seen a specimen like this. A thousand dollars to the ton if it was worth a cent!

Careful, he told himself. He laid it casually back on the counter.

"It might be worth following up. Where does this Indian live? I'll drop in if I'm in that direction."

"I'm not sure where he is the noo, but he winters on Loon Lake. That's a hundred mile from here."

"What's he call himself?" Carty's voice creaked a little.

CLE-MUK sat in the sun making a new cedar paddle which would be as light as a feather. One end of it was against his stomach and he drew the knife toward him while the shavings fell in neat curls. Presently he saw a distant flicker on the glassy water. A canoe was coming.

Carty floated up half an hour later, laid his paddle across the thwarts, leaned forward, and lighted his pipe.

"Boozhoo," he said.

"Boozhoo," replied Cle-Muk. "Meno keejegud."

Carty admitted that it was a fine day, took another look at the camp and came ashore. He had given a lot of thought to this interview. When one dealt with an Indian the talk was not to be too earnest or impetuous. One led up to what one wanted, then touched on it casually in passing. So he, too, lay in the sun and talked generalities while the paddle took shape under Cle-Muk's firm, brown fingers. It was not until evening that he got around to the subject.

"Much fur last winter?"

Collier's for February 1, 1947

"Some," said Cle-Muk, and put a kettle on the fire.

"Smoke?" Carty tossed over a plug of tobacco.

The ancient nodded, filled his pipe, and relapsed into silence. He ripped up the belly of a five-pound pickerel, carved out its backbone with two swift strokes, and laid it in a pan. Carty contributed a chunk of salt pork. The meal was shared without speech. Carty glanced at the grave, aquiline face and felt like choking, but it was no use trying to hurry a man for whom time and the world in general did not exist. Still there remained the outrageous fact that this relic of a vanishing race possessed knowledge that was worth a barrel of money.

Shortly before sunset he unrolled his blankets and there fell out a piece of white quartz. He pitched it across to Cle-Muk.

"Ever see any rock like that?"

Cle-Muk fingered it and knew at once all about it. The upturned Norway pine, earth and moss in its roots, and this glistening in the sun. So that was what had brought this stranger! He rather liked Carty because the latter hadn't jumped down his throat, bombarding him with questions. There was a way of doing everything—

"Over there," he said, pointing west.

"Far?"

"Two days."

Carty laid a hot coal in the bowl of his pipe just to make sure of his nerves. They were quite steady.

"How much—go there?"

Cle-Muk considered this patiently. He had usually asked two and a half dollars a day for what little work he had ever done, and he never got anything for the return trip because one place was the same as another as far as he was concerned. But this time something assured him that Carty was very much in earnest.

"Ten dollars," he said.

Carty shook his head. "Too much. Give you five."

JOHNSON had a combined office and residence on the outskirts of the town of Hidden Valley. His building was a wooden structure, twelve by twenty-four. Over the door was a large sign: "Mines and Mining Shares Bought and Sold." He lived in the other end—twelve by twelve. In the office were shelves carrying samples of ore from other properties. The sight of them was apt to impress a client, and helped to keep up his enthusiasm. His capital was only five thousand dollars.

He was lounging out in front when Carty came up the road, staggering under

a packsack which, though it was only half filled, seemed extremely heavy. He dropped it opposite the office for a rest, and Johnson caught the grinding creak of broken rock. He strolled over and offered the stranger a cigarette.

"Got anything?"

Carty glanced at the broad, good-natured face.

"I've got the original horned mint," he said. "What have you got?"

"A bottle, and a few thousand dollars. What's your hurry?"

Carty brightened, then hesitated. "What do you call a few?"

"Enough to buy the real thing when I see it. And the other isn't wood alcohol."

Carty went in. Johnson was right about the bottle and it was some time before they got around to the packsack.

Finally the upended packsack disgorged its burden. Gold—lots of it. Gold in little filaments and plates and grains, frozen in the milky quartz. Johnson had seen nothing like this before.

"Not so bad," he said evenly. "Where is it?"

Carty laughed at him. He had had quite a few drinks but his mind was fairly clear.

"Nothin' doing—I'm no free information bureau."

Johnson was undisturbed. He didn't expect to be told yet but it was worth trying.

"Much of it?"

"She's about six hundred feet long and eight wide. I stripped her in about a half-dozen places—all about the same. Some of it's richer than this and some not so good. Can you beat it?"

Johnson had a lump in his throat. "Far from water?"

"About a quarter of a mile."

"Hard to get at?"

"Easy as a drink."

"There's another bottle," said Johnson.

He went into the back room and lifted a board in the floor. Precious stuff, this, saved for just such an occasion. His heart was jumping, so he poured himself a drink just to check his nerve. Nothing spilled. He returned, comforted and resolute, and put the bottle on the table.

"Cut loose, stranger. What's your name and your price?"

Carty leaned back luxuriously. He had been thinking of the price ever since Cle-Muk had led him to the overturned Norway pine and he had actually seen the thing he had dreamed of for years. The figure had varied a good deal on the way but it never got any smaller. In the glow of the moment he decided to take a chance and double it.

"I want ten thousand down, twenty

"BURNED OUT" REALLY MEANS BURNED OUT TODAY



REMEMBER when "burned out" simply meant finding another home quickly? Or building another home at *your* convenience?

Today, a fire may mean you're out of a place to live. It may mean months of vain search for another home. It *will* mean extra expense.

Safeguard your home—watch these 4 principal causes of fire:

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And remember: property values today are higher than ever. Don't let fire catch you *under-insured*. Consult your local insurance Agent or Broker. A phone call now may save you thousands of dollars.

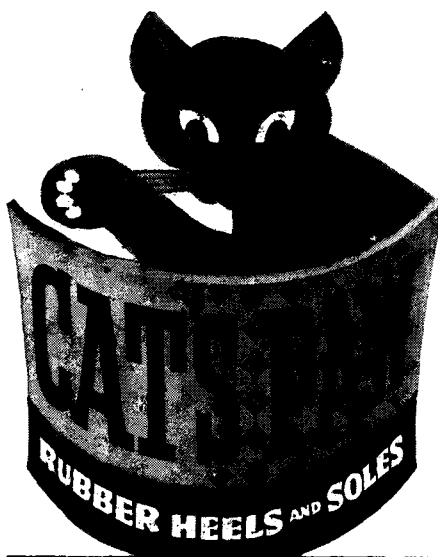
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"That's question number seventeen. You have three more"

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thousand in three months, and another twenty in six."

"I'll give you half that and it's a deal," said Johnson.

Rodney Farrell, of New York, sat at a corner dining table in the Hidden Valley Hotel. There was nothing conspicuous about Farrell. Nothing to betray the fact that he was a noted geologist; nothing to suggest that he represented enough money to buy the entire township and all in it twice over. He ate slowly and without interest.

Carty and Johnson came in and took the adjoining table. Though they were both strangers to Farrell he recognized the large and red-faced man as a typical mining broker. The other was apparently just out of the woods. They were not drunk but very cheerful, and Farrell wondered where, in a liquor-rattened country, they had got enough of the stuff. One ate peas with his knife, very neatly and without spilling any, while the other, evidently not hungry, ranged a row of quartz specimens in front of his plate. Farrell noted these. Ten minutes later he walked out, took a chair near the dining-room door, and began to smoke.

"Six hundred feet long and eight wide and pans heavy all the way. She's the original gold-plated mint, Johnson, and you ought to be tickled pink to be in on it." The words came quite clearly.

Presently the large man, Johnson, appeared and struck off down the road. Farrell threw away his cigar and followed slowly in the same direction.

Johnson had the thing pretty well thought out. He proposed to make his pile out of this one deal as it was not likely anything of the sort would come his way again. He had to find another twenty thousand for Carty in six months, so a fair price would be a hundred thousand in five. He was gloating over the samples when a stranger chanced in and asked the way to the Hogback Mine.

FARRELL received the information and was about to walk out when he glanced casually at the specimens on Johnson's table.

"That looks to be pretty good stuff," Farrell said.

Johnson allowed that it was, the best stuff that ever came out of the district, and, what's more, he owned it.

"Whereabouts?" asked the stranger.

Johnson grinned. "The information comes after a deal, not before."

"Far from here?"

"No—easy as a drink. Have one?"

"Good stuff?"

"Have it and see for yourself. You in the mining business?"

"In a sort of a way. Friends of mine might put some money in, but I've been told there's been a lot lost up here."

Johnson chuckled. "Tain't lost if you know where it is."

Farrell did not answer. He was wondering how much the other man knew about mines and mining.

"Is this much of a vein you have?"

The figures came out and the New Yorker looked up wistfully.

"It's this way with me. I'm free to buy something for my friends to develop, and in a general way I'm ready for a gamble. What's your price?"

Johnson told him, but Farrell shook his head.

"Your figure is too big for me. It doesn't matter, though. I'm going over to the silver country tomorrow and just came over here for a look. I have real money to spend but not as much as that. Must keep something for development, you know." He got up smiling. "Thanks for a good drink."

Johnson reflected. He'd rather like to say that he had bought a lode and sold it in four hours. "Suppose you make an offer?"

"My limit is just half your price. And you'd have to show me the lode before you got your check."

"Just as the other fellow has to show me before he gets his, eh?"

"Exactly."

"Shake on it," said Johnson.

Cle-Muk had heard it all afternoon, a low, constant rumble that sounded like thunder but was always in the same place. It grew louder as he paddled until, rounding a point, he saw a great gash in the wooded slope of land ahead. It was now more than a year since he had been here last and then he had come to show a stranger the spot where a young Norway pine lay with its roots in the air.

He stopped paddling a quarter of a mile from shore and drifted slowly while comprehension deepened in his dark eyes. Up the hill, and just at the spot he remembered, was a tall timber thing on top of which was a wheel that went around very fast. Below this descended a nest of large buildings. On one side there were two rows of houses with a

Mine was not versed in the ways of the country. Also, he knew nothing and cared nothing about Indians. So, when Cle-Muk came in on moccasined feet and, unwrapping four silver dollars from a bit of caribou skin, asked for flour, he got much less than he should have. This time the price was doubled. Nor was he given a plug of tobacco, which was a gross discourtesy as well as a tactical error.

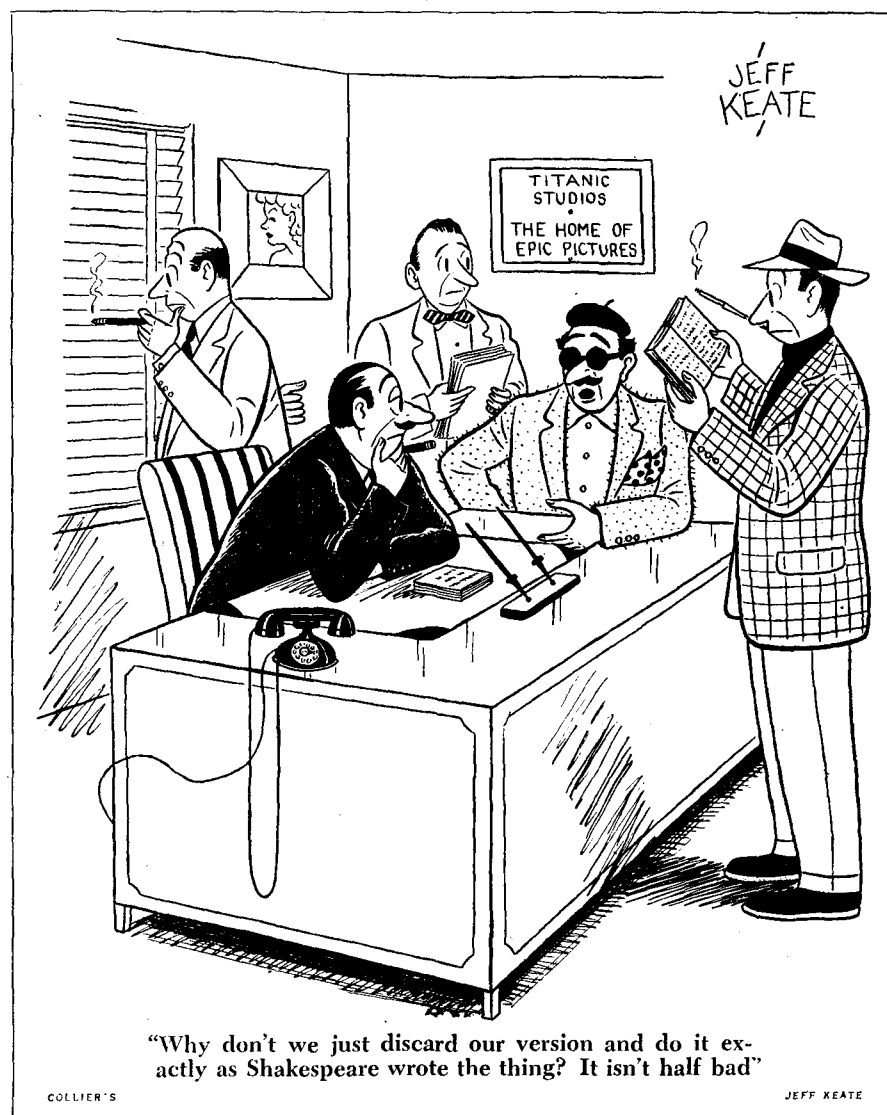
IN GENERAL he received such treatment as no Hudson's Bay factor would have dreamed of extending to a member of the most ancient family in the land.

"Is that all you want?"

"Yes," said Cle-Muk.

"Then clear out, and take this. Don't eat it—it's to wash with. You need it."

Cle-Muk did not touch the soap but looked at him. There was dignity in that look, and a silent pride born of thou-



white road running between them. There was a dock, two or three launches, scows, men sprinkled everywhere, long piles of lumber, and always that queer rumble. Close to the water he saw a log building which he took to be a store. At that he dipped his paddle, and the canoe moved as does a thought in the mind of a lazy man.

He got out on a strip of sand that hadn't been there before. Sharp and very white, it was being carried down by a trough from the lowest and biggest building of all. He had never seen sand like that. Cle-Muk could not know that the ore from which it was crushed had lain two hundred feet below the roots of the Norway pine. He did not know what had happened to Carty, or anything at all of Johnson and Farrell, nor would he have cared. He could not know that the Golden Sunrise Mine had repaid its purchase price the first month's run. What he did know was that his share of all this was five dollars. And at that he grunted.

The storekeeper at the Golden Sunrise

sands of years of freedom, and a sort of vague wonder. The aged hunter had been used to something different—a certain mutual civility, and prices that, if hard, were at least stable.

Somehow he felt that this change, and these bad manners, and the rumble that shook the earth were in a way his own fault. Furthermore, everyone seemed to be doing well in this matter except himself. He picked up the flour and went out.

Halting on the white sand, he took a piece of quartz from his pocket. It was about the same size as the first one but infinitely richer—nearly half gold. He had found it three months previously in a spot only a day's journey distant, but in such a corner that it was very unlikely to be found again. The last piece had earned five dollars and he had hoped that this one would bring as much. Perhaps it was worth ten.

He turned it over in his brown, callous palm for a moment, then pitched it into the lake.

THE END

Collier's for February 1, 1947

INCIDENT AT WEHRDELBERG

Continued from page 21

plus a pair of patched galoshes gave her the look of a street gamin.

"You are going to report her?" Kathi asked.

Lennart struck a match to his cigarette. "Well, I don't know. Fräulein Roeder is in second year medical, isn't she?"

"Yes. But she should be reported."

The professor looked at his favorite student. Kathi's face was grim and stubborn. He remembered that she was not an American coed turning tattler, that the issue of loyalty to Nazi or democratic teaching was fundamental. Students admitted to Wehrdelberg had been placed on their honor not to engage in political activities. The American administration further assumed that all Wehrdelberg students were democratic in sympathy; outspoken Nazi partisanship meant immediate expulsion. Still, Lennart was disappointed in Kathi.

"I must have a talk with the girl first," he said. "It means her career. She may have lost her temper and said things she didn't really mean. You rather goaded her, Kathi."

"You are too—too kind."

"I'm not a stool pigeon—an informer," he said harshly. "There's been too damned much of that. I'll talk to the girl. But in the meantime I hope the rest of you will stay out of it."

KATHI'S mood changed instantly. "It was a dream, my dear teacher. We Germans are not so lucky. Your Army will close this school. They will send you away from us."

"No, they won't, Kathi. I can handle Fräulein Roeder. She's a minor episode, not a scandal. Hey, now—why the tears?"

"It is nothing—" The girl looked at him steadily and smiled, her eyes wet. "It is only—well, if you leave us—promise me you will not leave—"

"Oh, you can't get rid of me." Lennart's voice sounded shaky and gruff. "I'm staying right here."

"Ah, that makes me so happy!" She kissed Lennart on the cheek, abruptly and awkwardly—the gesture of an infatuated schoolgirl—and then she ran from the room.

Herr Professor Lennart was glad that it had happened so. He needed time. The whole problem of his position in Wehrdelberg had come to a crisis. Fräulein Paula Roeder and the seminar, his feeling for Kathi, his duty as an American teacher presented questions

that shocked and confused him. To a personality like Lennart's, gentle and idealistic, Wehrdelberg had become a projection of wartime emergencies. He had sought peace and academic detachment, the happy refuge of ideas. They did not exist here. The war continued—war in a new phase—but with the same demands. He must feel, he must decide, he must act.

And so the professor went outside into the autumn afternoon. Wehrdelberg, the university and the village, was too much like a stage set for operetta to please him today. He remembered the colleges of Oxford and how the scars of time and weather had been permitted to stay unchanged with a subtle veneration for age and dignity. Rock dust lay in corners and on window ledges at Oxford, battlements and towers were chipped, smoke-blackened, showing their gray old bones starkly beneath the English sky.

In Wehrdelberg a mingling of German sentimentality and German neatness had quarreled with time itself. Scholar and burgher had frowned on decay, had chased the ghosts of centuries with mop and trowel and paint brush. There were no stones missing from the wall beside the river, rock bridges had been remortared, the obscene art of tree surgery had tidied oak and elm and linden.

Lennart scowled at Wehrdelberg's most honored relic, the stump of a chestnut tree pierced by a cannon ball which stood in the village square surrounded by a wrought-iron fence. Several American G.I.s were taking pictures of it and they used, no doubt, cameras bought on the black market. The fresh paint on the visible portion of the cannon ball and the preservative glistening about the sacred stump would, Lennart thought, give the snapshots very clear definition. At Oxford, lost gray moments of time fouled up your camera shutter and light strayed in from other centuries to blur the pictures . . .

"Professor Lennart!"

As he halted and turned, he saw Fräulein Paula Roeder pick her way across a stretch of muddy cobblestones. She wore a skirt, sweater and topcoat—each item too new and too neat.

"Oh, hello," Lennart said flatly, "I want to talk to you."

The girl nodded.

They walked together in silence. The girl turned into a small coffee shop.

"Ah, Fräulein von Roeder! How glad

Enjoy Life!



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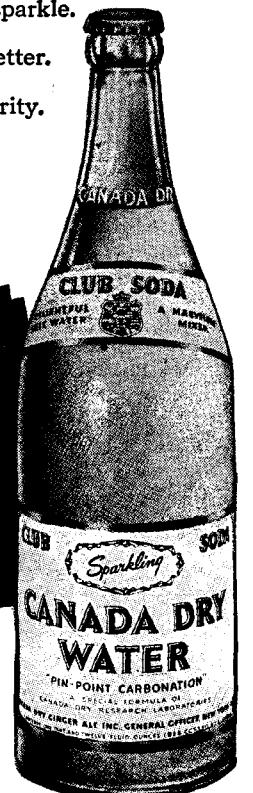
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"Wish I had a job that let me blow off steam the way yours does, Reverend"

COLLIER'S

BEN ROTH

I am to see you! Papa! Papa! It's Fräulein von Roeder!"

"No, Mama, just Roeder."

"I am so sorry, I keep forgetting—"

Fräulein Roeder introduced Lennart to Mama and Papa Schmidt. A table was dusted off, laid with a fresh cloth, Mama brought *Lebkuchen* still warm from the oven and a huge pot of coffee.

The girl attempted no explanation of the Schmidts or her friendship with them. She seated herself across the table from Lennart and waited for him to speak.

"If I—ah—understand correctly," he said, "you aren't getting along too well with the other students."

"No. I'm not."

"What seems to be the trouble?"

Paula shrugged. "It's an old story—it wouldn't interest you."

"But it does, very much." Lennart's voice was firmer. "I'm trying to make our program here a success. You aren't much help, popping off about democracy in the United States."

The girl blushed. "I lost my temper."

"Did you mean what you said?"

"Well, not exactly. I should have qualified my statement by saying that your country is the nearest approach to real democratic government that exists. Democracy is like Christianity—it is hope, a dream of what could be. Surely you would not assert that it has been perfectly realized in America?"

LENNART grinned. "Perfectionism is philosophical hairsplitting. One might argue for days or years. We haven't that much time. I'm here to give a practical short course on the subject."

Paula sipped her coffee. "It is a waste of time, Professor Lennart."

"Really?"

"Yes. There is no short course, as you say, for us Germans. You must start with small children. This seminar is optimistic folly."

"You are extremely frank."

"Yes, it is too bad to see a good teacher waste his time," she said. "If you Americans will begin with kindergarten and stay here twenty years, that might accomplish something. Otherwise—go home now."

"And leave you to the Russians, eh?"

The girl sighed. "We understand the Russians. There is no idealistic nonsense about them. They have beaten us, so they rob and plunder and bully and shoot us. They are professional conquerors. But you people, you are amateur and naïve. It is charming, even admirable—but I am sorry for you, Professor Lennart. I do not like to see a goodhearted man laughed at behind his back."

Lennart made a determined effort to be casual. "And who is laughing at me, Fräulein?"

"Most of the students and nearly all the townspeople."

"Including you?"

Paula's blue eyes darkened. "No. Perhaps—if I had tears—I should weep."

"You touch me profoundly."

"That is a joke, of course."

"Oh, no!"

"Yes. But I will admit something. When I spoke out, in the seminar, I really intended that it should lead to this talk between us."

"You wanted to warn me that I'm a sucker?"

As the words were spoken, Lennart regretted them. His attitude throughout had been callow and flippant. Fräulein Roeder was an intelligent young woman. Whatever the complexity of her motives, the situation was to her a serious matter.

"I do not call Herr Doktor Professor Lennart a sucker," Paula said. And then, with careful formality, "I think it best that I withdraw from the seminar and from Wehrdelberg."

Angered, Lennart forgot his professional dignity. "You'll do nothing of the sort! That's idiotic! In another year you'll have your M.D. I—I don't care

what your politics are. Your people need doctors. You stay in school!"

Fräulein Roeder blinked. "It is a command?"

"No, it's not a command. I'm a civilian. I can't order you or anyone else to do anything. It's just that I—I think you'll make a good doctor. It'd be a damned shame for you to quit now, that's all."

"But Kathi Sondemann—" she stopped.

"What's she got to do with it?"

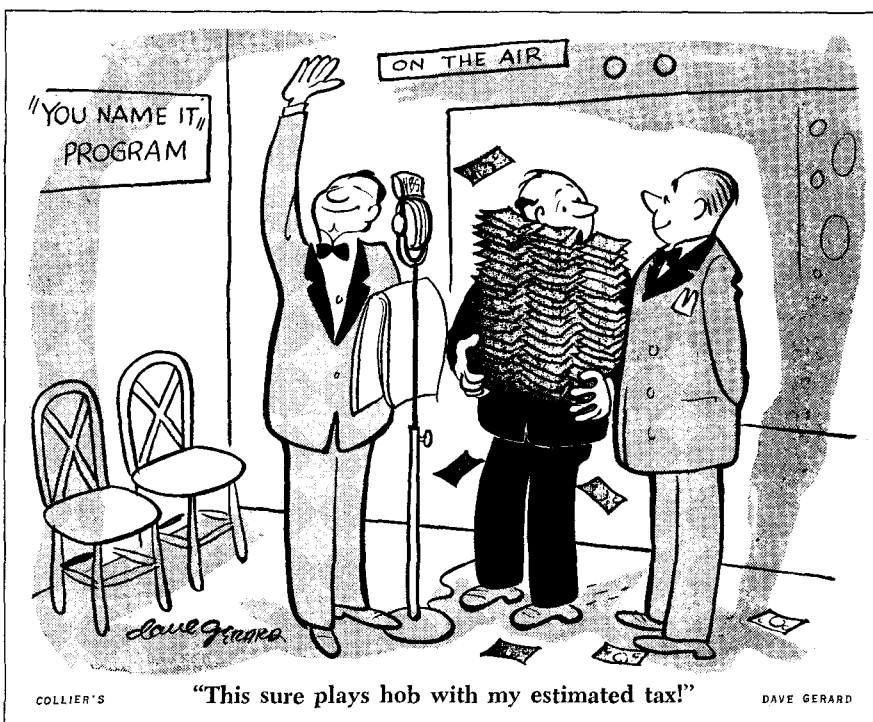
"Nothing, nothing," Fräulein Roeder got to her feet. "I will think about what you have said, Professor."

Lennart smiled at her sudden primness. "Yes—you do that. I have only one question, Fräulein Roeder," he added, "and you needn't answer that."

The girl shrugged. "It is a professor's task to question and a student's duty to answer—if she can."

"Well, then—are the other students envious of your clothes?"

A quick little smile flashed across Paula's face. "I am a spendthrift with what I have left. The Nazis robbed my family but we were not killed. They considered us indifferent to their program."



We were 'safe' Germans of the old regime. But I think it's honest to say we were not indifferent." She paused. "The best way to help a cause, sometimes, is to stay alive. Does that answer your question, Herr Professor?"

Lennart nodded.

Walking back to the square, Lennart discovered that a troop of U.S. constabulary had moved into town. Their detachment of jeeps straggled up the rock-paved road to the university.

Although he had been a mere paddlefoot in the AAF, Lennart shared the airmen's solemn pity for ground soldiers. The constabulary had been smartened up with yellow neckerchiefs and striped helmets bearing a C-and-lightning-bolt insignia, but they were still M.P.s. He resented their presence in Wehrdelberg knowing that this resentment was irrational and unjust. The constabulary, regulars for the most part, had the onerous and nasty job of policing Germans and Americans in the occupied zone. Polished boots and spotless battle jackets were part of good morale, Lennart realized, but they also betokened the conqueror's pomp and power.

To stamp out the Nazi evil, must Americans become more and more like Nazis? What would years of police duty in Europe mean for American boys? Lennart had already seen a few G.I.s to whom the job of garrisoning Germany had become a curse.

Tramping up the rocky street that led to the university's main gate, Lennart

remembered his orientation lectures. Their oversimplification appalled him now. He had said, "This is a war between freedom and slavery, between those who believe that all men everywhere should be free and those who believe that a small group has the right to enslave their fellow men." As if nations could choose up sides and settle such an issue! As if one could say that among the conquerors there was not a single Fascist!

When Lennart arrived in the chapel for a faculty meeting, Dr. Thompson, American director of Wehrdelberg, already was introducing Captain Harold Doerner. The constabulary officer sat with legs crossed, tapping one of his shiny boots with a swagger stick. He was handsome, very young, and he had been a football star at West Point. Lennart had met Doerner casually because the captain was assigned to the local security patrol. His ardent devotion to a military career had puzzled Lennart. Captain Doerner seemed anachronistic even in his own profession: Most occupation officers looked upon their task as a dirty job to be suffered through and took

lage, Herr Doktor Professor," Heinrich announced. "No one understands why the American Military Police have come."

"You can search me," Lennart said.

Heinrich slowly digested this bit of slang. "A joke? Surely they would not search you?"

"I mean—I don't know anything about it."

"Ah, so?" Heinrich said. "Well, there is much talk."

"It's a small village, Heinrich."

"True, true."

A bell jangled.

"See who that is, will you?"

Heinrich returned from the sitting room with word that Fräulein Sondemann wished to see Herr Professor on a matter of great importance.

"Ask her to wait in the students' library—no, I'll see her—just a moment."

Kathi stood with fists clenched, her eyes abnormally bright. "It is true? They are closing the school?"

"No, no, nothing of the sort, Kathi."

"Why have the soldiers come here?"

"Some routine matter."

"You are not telling me the truth! You are going away!"

Lennart pushed her gently into a chair. "You mustn't lose control like this. Bad nerves, I know, and we're all edgy but—"

"Why have the soldiers come, if it is not to close the school?"

"I can't tell you, Kathi, but it has nothing to do with the university, or with me. Now please calm down."

"Is it Paula? Did she make a complaint?"

"No, no—why would she do that?"

Kathi stiffened. "Ah—you did not expel her. She worked around you. We saw you walking together across the square."

SUDDENLY Lennart knew how to shackle Kathi. "You're being ridiculous. There's nothing wrong with Paula. This is a childish feud. I think the rest of you have ganged up on the girl. Why? Supposing you tell me the truth. Why do you want Paula expelled?"

Kathi's chin tilted stubbornly. "So! You defend her!"

"Cut out the play-acting. There's no need for all these dramatics."

"You dislike me. I am now without a friend. Yes, I have been a fool. It was too much to hope that you—oh, my dearest teacher, why do you hurt me?"

Tears trickled down her cheeks, and she turned toward the door, sobbing. Lennart put an arm around her thin shoulders and hugged her to him, but he managed to maintain the fiction of teacher and school child.

"Come now, don't be a baby," he said.

"I didn't mean to hurt your feelings."

"I am not a baby. I'm almost as old as you are!"

"Yes, but you're behaving like a ten-year-old."

She turned and rubbed her face against his coat. "I—I do not feel ten years old."

Lennart kissed her, then, on the mouth and they stood for a moment in the doorway, clinging to each other, until Lennart realized that the door to the corridor was half open; that Kathi should not be here and that the situation was perilous for them both.

"You—uh—you run along now," he said. "We'll go for a walk after dinner, eh?"

"Yes." She looked at him challengingly. "You do not kiss Paula?"

"No, honey, I do not."

"Are you—are you fond of me?"

"Yes."

"I cannot believe it. If you are sincere you would tell me things—you would trust me."

"Tell you what, Kathi?"

"Everything. Such a trifle, even, as why the soldiers have come."

Lennart was too confused emotionally for careful analysis. He accepted the

"There is much excitement in the vil-



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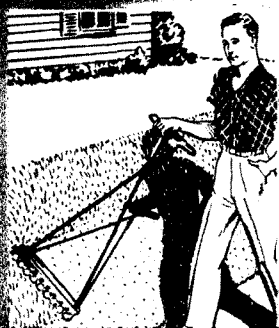
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question as part of Kathi's wish to be reassured.

"Tonight, honey. I'll make a clean breast of everything. At the main gate—say—seven-thirty?"

"Oh, yes," she said. "Until then—with love." She blew him a kiss and hurried away.

But Lennart did not see Kathi that evening. He learned at dinner that Captain Doerner had ordered all students restricted to the university grounds. He and Don Loring, a biologist from Johns Hopkins, got into a tart argument about it.

"How the hell are we going to do a job here," Lennart said, "if that tin soldier keeps stamping around in his beautiful boots?"

Professor Loring cackled. "Doerner understands these Heinies, Ralph. What if the escaped lunatic really was *Der Führer*?"

"The students would lynch him," Lennart said.

"My dear fellow, you are suffering from manic-depressive democratitis. The entire student body would yell *Sieg heil* and lynch us!"

Others at the table nodded grimly.

Furious, Lennart stood up. "If you really believe that, you should resign and

Seventeen students filed in for the day's seminar. Kathi and Hugo Broesch were absent. The others, with the exception of Paula, looked uneasy.

Paula, well-dressed and meticulously groomed, was casual. She nodded to Lennart, gave him an impersonal smile, and turned her attention to a notebook.

"Fräulein Sondemann and Herr Broesch are late," Lennart said. "Or are they cutting class today?"

After a pause, Kurt Mungenstern spoke. "The American police took them away last night, Herr Professor."

Lennart knew he was concealing the shock badly. "The police? Are you—are you sure, Herr Mungenstern?"

"Yes. A Captain Doerner arrested them."

"Why?"

Mungenstern was silent. Hans Yäger answered for him. "We were told it was merely for questioning, Herr Professor."

"Doerner is an ass!" Lennart exploded. "The whole thing is absurd!"

Fräulein Roeder turned from the notebook and looked at him. He expected amusement, mockery or triumph. Instead, the girl's eyes were warm with sympathy. She started to speak, but there was an interruption. The door flew open and Kathi, followed by Hugo Broesch,

nart ran into a thudding confusion, swinging his fists at men, shoving girls out of the way. He punched faces and took punches in return, was hit on the head with a chair and sat down, stunned and bleeding from a cut scalp. Then a police whistle blew and Lennart, struggling to his feet, watched the climax as a spectator.

Captain Doerner with three constabulary soldiers rushed into the room.

Kathi was clawing and scratching at Paula. Captain Doerner grabbed Kathi. "You little fool!" he said. "You started this!"

"Oh, no, my dearest Harold—"

"None of that!"

He whipped her with his swagger stick, vicious blows about her arms and shoulders.

"No, my darling, no—"

Kathi fell on her knees before Captain Doerner. She grabbed his hand and kissed it. With a snort of contempt, he yanked her to her feet.

"We got your fake Hitler an hour ago," said Captain Doerner. "He's full of lead and we're going to let him lie in state in the town square. Corporal!"

"Yes, sir."

"Take these men to jail."

Captain Doerner turned and looked at Herr Doktor Professor Lennart.

"You okay, Prof?"

Lennart nodded. The young officer was flushed with power, a vastly more potent draught than any wine, and Lennart felt sickened by the cold medieval arrogance in his voice.

"Watch yourself with these Krauts, Prof," said Captain Doerner. "Coddle them and they'll beat your brains out. They still don't know who won this war!"

TWENTY minutes later, the Herr Doktor Professor was packing in his quarters. A girl's voice sounded from the doorway. "You are leaving us, Professor Lennart?"

"Yes."

"That is a mistake."

"Oh, is it?"

Paula walked in, forcing him to look at her.

"Four men and three girls were on our side in the fight," she said. "Seven out of nineteen. It was not a majority, but very good. I did not think there would be so many on our side. I am staying at Wehrdelberg."

Lennart examined his bloody knuckles.

"Perhaps I should have warned you about Kathi," the girl went on. "She and Captain Doerner—well, she is madly in love with him. They are the same sort, you know. He is perhaps three or four generations from Prussia, but he is still an officer in the Prussian Guards. And Kathi must be whipped by a handsome soldier."

"Yes."

The girl's voice, low-pitched and warm, became a little unsteady. "You and I—perhaps you will not believe this—but we are alike, too. We do not care to bully or to be bullied. It would be the same if I were French or Russian or Dutch or of any nation. It would be the same if you were not an American. Democracy is not an exclusive American dream, Professor Lennart. It is a cause in which the good of heart must fight. To be democratic is to be outnumbered wherever one lives in this world today. The fight is more unequal in Wehrdelberg, I know, but I do not think you should run away from it. Do you?"

Lennart grinned ruefully. "No, Fräulein Roeder," he said, "it's as you say—a fight anywhere we live. I'm here, and I guess I'm stuck with it."

The girl's slow smile gave Lennart new courage. As comrades who have met in battle, not in the first fight nor the last of the war, and with the outcome still in doubt, these two shook hands.

THE END



"It's a lovely little place. The waiter keeps a straight face when I order in French"

KIRK STILES

go home," he said. "A man is entitled to cynicism but he shouldn't take honest pay for it!"

And then, ashamed of his bad temper, Lennart offered a gruff "Sorry" and walked out.

The tension during the next eighteen hours was like a steadily mounting epidemic, a plague of heartsickness and brain fever. Students sulked in their dormitories, mystified by the order restricting them to the campus. Loud talk, singing and horseplay—the signs of undergraduate normality—had vanished. All evening the quadrangle was deserted and silent. And in the morning the students went to their classes with the glumness of prisoners.

Lennart made no attempt to see Kathi. He thought of sending her a note, started one and tore it up. Emotionalism, a repressed hysteria had gripped Wehrdelberg and Lennart found himself unable to face the problem of Kathi. He dreaded his afternoon seminar. He was tempted to cancel it. Then he discovered that it was not Kathi he wished to avoid, but Fräulein Paula Roeder. Her calm blue eyes would gleam with humor and mockery; the idea of discussing democratic processes while Captain Doerner enforced what amounted to martial law in school and village would be high comedy to Paula. Well, Herr Professor Lennart would have to suffer it through.

tramped in. Kathi stopped and glared at Paula.

"So! You have dared to stay here?"

"Fräulein Sondemann, what—"

Ignoring Lennart, Kathi walked toward the table.

"Our Leader is alive! He is not dead. He is alive!" she said rapidly. "The Americans lied to us. Now they are trying to catch him—" Then Kathi pointed to Fräulein Roeder. "There's the traitor! She had Hugo and me arrested!"

"That is not true, Kathi!"

"You lie, Paula," said Hugo Broesch. "You've always been a traitor to the Reich. You hid Jews!"

"Yes. Jew-lover!"

Lennart walked to Kathi and grabbed her by the arm.

"Kathi! You don't know what you're saying. You're not yourself. Apologize to Fräulein Roeder—"

Kathi wrenched herself free. "You stay out of this, you big fool! Come on, Hugo, Hans, Manfred, now is the time to fix her!"

"No! Sit down—all of you!"

As they hesitated over Lennart's command, there were shouts from the quadrangle below. The rest happened too quickly for Lennart to think or speak. He saw Hugo, Manfred and Hans start for Paula, who backed against a wall. Kurt Mungenstern jumped up to bar their way. He was slugged and fell. Lennart

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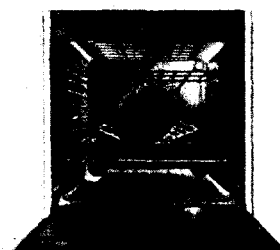
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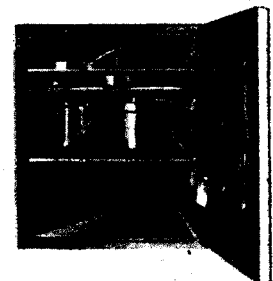
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FOUR CINDERELLAS

Continued from page 19

sterilizing instruments. "He asked me if I could come back the next day, but he explained to me that it would have to be employment, you know, for pay, so I said all right."

Dorothy learned the trade of dental assistant quickly, saved her money and was about to buy her ticket to New York when she was notified that she had won a national Cover Girl contest. The prize was a trip to New York. A friend of hers had entered her picture in the contest without her knowledge, she says.

In New York, Columbia Pictures, the contest company, offered her a contract and she turned it down. "I'm afraid I hurt the man's feelings turning it down, but I thought if I got some New York experience first I'd have a better chance in Hollywood. A contract isn't everything." A farsighted Cinderella.

Dorothy studied dramatics and singing, did some modeling, some radio work, and a year later decided she was ready for movies. She went to Hollywood without a contract. Columbia was still interested, but canny Dorothy still wouldn't sign—until they offered her a particular role in a particular picture: the feminine lead in *The Gunfighters*.

Dorothy's Cinderella palace has not materialized, as yet. She moves from hotel to hotel every two weeks.

Optimism Built on Philosophy

Cinderella Vanessa Brown is a blue-eyed, dark-haired 18-year-old who wears no make-up. She is overwhelmingly intelligent, healthy, energetic, well-adjusted, and sure of herself. A real I.Q. Kid. Her enormous optimism is not a matter of youth, she assures you, but is based on sound logic and philosophy.

If you don't look out she'll quote the logicians and the philosophers at you.

"Beauty is a circle the center of which is goodness," she says. "I read that in a book at school the other day and I believe it." The book was Castiglione's *The Courtier*, and the school is the University of California at Los Angeles, where Vanessa is a precocious junior. She keeps well abreast of her fellow students in spite of the fact that she must cut many classes to attend to her movie making. At school she is known by her real name, Smylla Brind, which is less hampering, she says. As drama critic for the school paper, she soon will review a movie in which she appears, *The Late George Apley*.

She can no more understand people being depressed, except in the face of actual tragedy, than she can understand why anyone ever drinks a cocktail. "Cocktails muddle your brain and are bad for your health and your looks and I don't know why anybody likes them," she told me. (I poured mine right out.)

She does understand why people like candy, because she likes it herself. But she has overcome that fattening weakness, and now gets all the sugar she needs from fresh fruits, which she loves.

Vanessa was born in Vienna, daughter of a teacher of languages and a feminine psychologist. In 1934, the family fled before the oncoming storm, to Paris, and then to the United States, where Vanessa quickly began to distinguish herself both scholastically and as a writer, director and actor in school playlets—all this at about age 12.

When she was selected to serve on New York's Junior Board of Review for Motion Pictures, the only girl among three boys, all older than she, a Broadway producer took note of her. On her 13th birthday she set out on a nation-wide tour as a member of the road company of the play, *Watch on the Rhine*. While the play was in Chicago, she made her first appearance with radio's *Quiz Kids*, and thereafter was on the program as often as her schedule permitted. Vanessa's agent didn't have any trouble selling his I.Q. Cutie to Hollywood, and her studio, 20th Century-Fox, is now planning big things for her.

If you see her in a delightful movie called *Margie*, remember that when her movie-making day is over, this little girl goes right home to her early dinner and bed, and gets up at 4:30 or 5:00 the next morning to study physics and philosophy.

Barbara Hale, who fits the Cinderella label better than most of them, since she never in the world thought of going into the movies, was a happy little girl from a Rockford, Illinois, family, completely surrounded by aunts, uncles and cousins. Barbara picked up bits of money tending children after school, soda-jerking and clerking. After high school, she withdrew her savings and headed for the Chicago Academy of Fine Arts, where she studied for a year and a half, until the movies happened to her. Like this:

She and a friend were standing at a traffic safety island in front of the Drake

Hotel, when a man drove up, halted and was about to speak but a cop waved him on. He threw a card out toward the girls, and yelled something unintelligible at them.

Barbie examined the card. It was for the Chicago Models' Bureau. "Must be for you, sweetie," Barbie said, and gave it to her friend. She left for summer vacation a couple of days later.

The man who had thrown the card, Al Seaman, had intended it for our heroine, of course. He mentioned the incident to a girl in his office, said he had never done a thing like that before but that this girl, dark and tall and shapely, looked just right for a model. "I don't suppose she'll call. I wish I knew how to reach her."

Getting a Start as a Model

The girl in his office repeated the conversation to a girl from another office, over coffee one morning, and the second girl (are you keeping this straight?) said, "That's strange, a girl I know spoke of something like that, a man throwing a card from a car." The girl's friend was the other girl, not Barbie—and this goes on for a long time. But finally, the next September, sure enough Barbie landed in Seaman's office, where she promptly started making good money as a model. Then Seaman, being unselfish, sent her photograph to an RKO man in Hollywood. Quick—well, pretty quick—a contract.

Barbie worked hard at the little parts they gave her, and saved 50 per cent of the money she earned. "I didn't think all this could last," she says.

In her loneliness, there in glamorous Hollywood, she met a lonely young man who was just starting in movies at RKO too—Bill Williams. "I thought he died so beautifully in *West of the Pecos*," Barbie says. They were married back in Rockford and the studio wanted its photographers to attend the ceremony. Barbie didn't want them to, so they had two weddings, one for real and one for pictures.

Now both Bill and Barbie operate on the theory that such exaggerated good fortune can't last. They bought a little house in San Fernando Valley, because they couldn't rent, but they refused to pay current prices for furniture.

Barbie says, "My friends from Rockford would come to call—I'm sure they expected to find me reclining on slipper-satin poufs with four footmen in attendance—and I'd have to say, 'Look, we have only two chairs, so far. Do you mind sitting on the floor?'" The Williamses' swimming pool consists of a garden hose with which they squirt each other on hot days.

Bill is handy at carpentering and Barbie is handy at sewing, so between them they are slowly clothing their place with bookshelves, homemade sofas, and draperies. They allow themselves \$35 a week apiece, and this must cover food, clothing, entertaining, occasional evenings at a bowling alley or a movie, gas and upkeep for their car. They save the substantial rest of what they make. Barbie's top price for a dress is \$30.

These four are a fair sample of Hollywood's Cinderella girls. As you will have noted, none of them was exactly in rags in the first place, and none of them is rich now. There isn't a swimming pool or a mink coat among them. They make pittances of from \$100 to \$750 a week, but they have hopes of adding zeros to these figures—maybe tomorrow. Who knows?

In any case, they have all passed the first Cinderella test. They have tried on the slipper, and it fits.

THE END

Don't laugh off bleeding gums

YOU MAY BE GETTING

GINGIVITIS



4 out of 5

May Have This Sly Enemy of Firm Gums and Handsome Teeth!

When people brush their teeth and their gums bleed—too many of them pay no attention. Now don't *you* be so foolish—

Because tender, bleeding gums are often some of the first signs of Gingivitis—a mild gum inflammation but a wicked foe of firm gums and healthy, handsome teeth.

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Massage your gums and brush your teeth twice a day with Forhan's Toothpaste—the famous formula of Dr. R. J. Forhan for BOTH massaging gums to be firmer—more able to ward off infection and for cleaning teeth to their lovely natural sparkle.

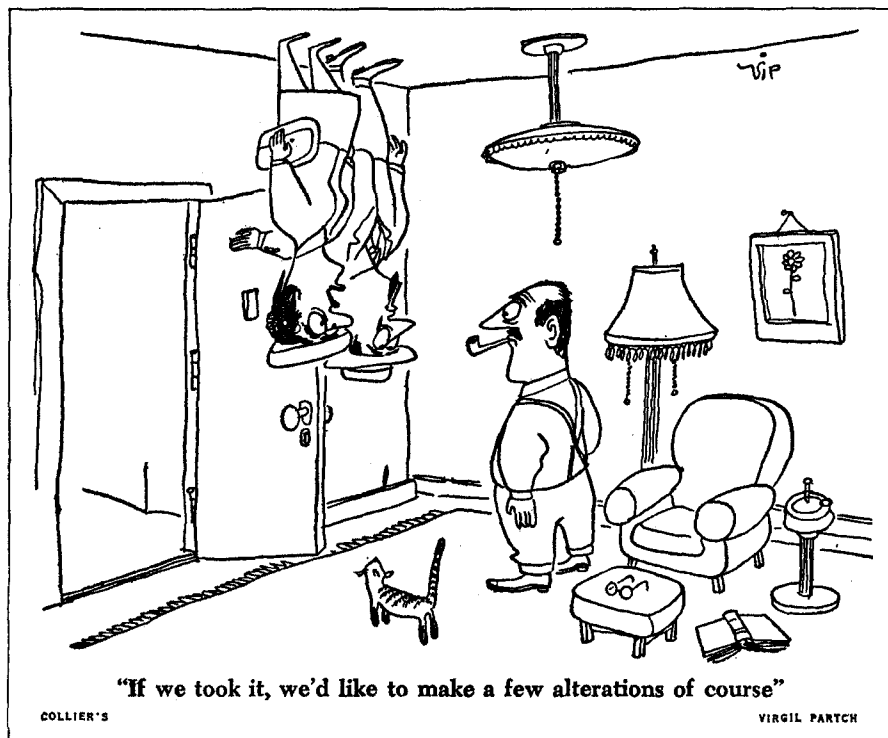
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Used and recommended by many dentists for over 30 years. Buy a tube at any drug, dept. or 10¢ store.

NO HARSH ABRASIVES IN FORHAN'S!

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Forhan's
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FOR FIRMER GUMS—CLEANER TEETH



Collier's for February 1, 1947

For the

King of Highballs...

KING

Black Label

From Kentucky

BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERS CORPORATION • At Louisville in Kentucky

Blended whisky. The straight whiskies in this product are 57 months or more old. 35% straight whiskies, 65% grain neutral spirits, 86 proof.

ONE SHOE OFF

Continued from page 17

shrieked, "remember those slippers."

Miss Dublois' beautiful right leg, half-way through the arc, stopped with such a jerk as to once more precipitate her onto what Mr. Lewis liked to think of as his chest. From this position, she regarded her right foot with something akin to mother love. That slipper and its mate had cost her all of a hundred and fifty dollars. When she gave out with a particularly intimate number at the piano, it was her custom to cross one leg over the other and to appear as though taking the audience into the boudoir of her confidence to dish them the latest dirt. The slipper was to Miss Dolan as is a fan to Miss Rand.

"I wouldn't do that," said Dan. "The boss is very fond of Fitz."

"He should be," Miss Dublois assured him. "He must have practically endowed this joint. Well, I'm getting out of here."

Once more her skirts rose to alluring heights and, with what appeared to be calculated intention, she leaped lightly on Fitzjohn's neck.

The supine Mr. Pettibone had been happy in the illusion that he was again engaged in a hard-fought goal-line stand; a foot on his neck added that one needed touch of reality. With a roar, he grabbed legs in the accepted tradition, and prepared, once more, to die "for God, for country, and for Yale."

Miss Dublois screamed and wrenched herself free. Mr. Lewis beat her to the exit by a good three yards, and Mr. Pettibone went peacefully back to sleep, clutching one gold slipper.

WITH the coming of daylight, which in the entertainment field means noon, Miss Dublois phoned her manager and said without preliminaries, "Did you get the slipper?"

"Well, not exactly, dear."

"Look, you swore by whatever you hold holy that you would go back and get my slipper. You put me in a cab and sent me home. Where's the slipper?"

Mr. Lewis tried to gather his wits by raking his fingers through his hair. "You remember he was a very big man?"

"I may have been a little high, but I wasn't blind!"

"When I went back, this man, this Pettijohn—"

"Fitzjohn Pettibone."

"Well, anyway, he wouldn't let go of it, and the bartender was most uncooperative. There was no one else there, so what could I do? His name's not in the phone book, either," Mr. Lewis added, unhappily.

Miss Dublois wrestled nobly with the Dolan temper. "Look, in exactly two nights I open at the Arabian Room. Nussbaum liked my ensemble and particularly mentioned my slippers. You know I haven't enough money for subway fare, never mind another pair of slippers."

"You didn't lose the one you show in your act," Mr. Lewis pointed out helpfully.

"What am I, one-legged?" Miss Dublois screamed. "Why didn't you take the slipper away from that goof?"

"After all, I'm not Joe Louis," said Mr. Lewis haughtily.

"I should hope to kiss a pig you're not! And what's more, unless you get that slipper back in time for me to open, you're not my manager. I wasn't born Mary Anne Dolan for nothing!"

"The sanctity of a contract—" was all Mr. Lewis could say before the receiver at the other end banged in his ear.

At about that instant, Mr. Pettibone regained consciousness in his room in his married sister's apartment. He yawned, stretched and, in so doing, brought a gold slipper to a level with his eyes. For a moment, he stared in disbelief and

then, with a curse, hurled it into the mirror at the foot of his bed.

What was he doing with such horrid proof of feminine companionship? Since Julie had written about her marriage, he had eschewed women and sought his solace in a manly form of self-murder—alcohol. He had been plastered last night, sure, but then he had been plastered every night since stepping off the boat. How had he ever fallen so low as to associate with the opposite sex? By God, he'd find her and take pleasure in telling her a thing or two.

He crawled painfully off the bed, but she wasn't under it. She wasn't in his bath, and except for the slipper, there was no trace of her anywhere. Apparently, thank heaven, she hadn't come home with him. The shoemaker, probably through shame, had failed to place the imprint of his name on any part of his work. While Fitz bathed and shaved, he considered ways and means of finding this jade who had betrayed him, occasionally rubbing the back of his neck, which seemed unaccountably stiff. Finally, putting the slipper in his pocket, he departed for his favorite bar.

The day bartender was of little assistance. Dan, he regretted to say, would not be on duty until eight in the evening.

"I'll wait," said Fitz, "and relax. He'll be here in a couple of hours."

When Dan arrived, Fitz, fatigued by the long wait and many whisky sours, was sleeping peacefully. Since Fitz physically resisted revival, Dan persuaded his confrere to work a little longer so that he might escort the gentleman to an early night's rest, and thus Fitz missed an irate Miss Dublois who arrived, shortly thereafter, in search of one gold slipper for the left foot, size 4A.

The management was politely firm with Miss Dublois. It knew nothing about any slipper being found, and young women who removed and left articles of clothing about the premises were not welcomed as patrons. Such was the rage of Miss Dublois that she nearly knocked down the incoming Dan as she departed.

"Some dish!" said Dan to the boss, with an interrogative leer.

"Some witch!" said the boss, nursing an injured dignity.

"She was here last night," supplied Dan. "What's she want now?"

"Claims she lost a slipper and that we have it. Crazy or drunk. I guess. I'm going to retire and buy a farm."

"You could," Dan assured him. "What's her name?"

"Something French; look, you're supposed to be behind the bar, not chit-chatting with me."

"Bourgeois gold-grubber!" said Dan. "What kind of a slipper?"

"How should I know," said Ricardo, wearily. "It's a wonder she didn't claim she'd lost a leg."

"That could be," Dan assured him. "That could very easily be."

PROMPTLY at eight-fifteen the next evening, Fitzjohn hoisted himself to his favorite stool.

"The usual, Mr. Pettibone?" queried Dan, hastening to greet his best customer, and reaching automatically for a bottle of bourbon. "You're early this evening."

"I'll have a glass of water," said Fitz, without noting Dan's look of pained surprise. "A glass of soda water. When I was here last night—no, night before last—did I have anyone with me?"

"No, sir! You were alone, just as usual."

"Did you take me home?"

"Yes, sir," said Dan, with modest pride.

"Well, then, did I meet anyone while I was here—any girl, I mean?"

Dan appeared to muse. "Not exactly."

"Put some bourbon in this," Fitz demanded with irritation. "Just what does 'not exactly' mean?"

"You were just about ready to go home, when you—er—slipped and fell. A blond young lady didn't wish to wait for you to get up and in one way or another she jumped on your neck."

"She what?" Fitz yelled. "Is that where I got this?" He produced the slipper from his pocket.

"Quite possibly," said Dan, who had long ago learned never to make a positive statement to any customer. "At least, she was around here last night look-

ing for one, and you carried that one home with you and wouldn't let go when her manager came back and tried to get it."

"Her manager?" Fitz was completely confused. "Gimme another bourbon and soda. What is she, a lady wrestler or a rodeo artist?" He rubbed the back of his neck reflectively.

"That doll?" Dan was highly amused. "She's a mighty delicate dish, if you ask me. And what gams!"

"What do you know about her legs?"

"Well, she showed just about all of them when she went to kick you, and—"

"I knew it!" Fitz cried. "They're all alike. Beautiful and heartless. They go around with some draft-board castoff that couldn't dig a slit trench and then kick a man when he's down. Where is she? What's her name?"

"There you got me."

"Look, Dan," Fitz said, "this is very important. Women have been doing me dirt for a long time, so I have left them strictly alone, minded my own business, and endeavored to forget the whole sex. Now this blond bomber sneaks up on me when I'm not paying attention, jumps on my neck and tries to kick me. I'm going to find her, tip her over my knee and belabor her bottom with my own slipper. Where is she?" He glared around in happy anticipation.

"Ah—a little prince in search of his lady love?" hissed Beverley Hughes, who had entered just in time to hear the last sentence. "Move over and give somebody else a chance to suck on a bottle. My, my! After all the things you've said about me and here you are yelping on the scent like any other wolf."

Hughes was a fellow of low pursuits, a betrayer of women, a tosspot given to japes and jests, and one of Fitz's oldest and best friends.

Fitz related the whole story and concluded sadly, "Now I've got to find her, but where to look?"

"She must be somewhere, and if she's not here she must be somewhere else," Beverley pointed out. "Let's have one for the road and then go and seek her in the bistros and deadfalls of the neighborhood. If we don't find her we might find other things of interest, to me, if not to you."

Four hours and, roughly, a quart later, Fitz and Beverley held unsteady conference on a corner of Madison in the Fifties.

"Are there any places left where we can be insulted?" Fitz inquired.

"Asking women the size of their feet is not considered a sound approach in café society," Beverley reminded him, "and you're doing my address book no good at all!"

"Never mind all that," Fitz told Beverley. "Is there any place left?"

Beverley permitted his eyes to roam around in his head at random. "The Arabian Room's across Park," he announced. "It's about the only place we haven't tried, but it's strictly for carriage trade, so they probably don't encourage the type of wolverine you're looking for."

"Just so we can sit down," Fitz sighed.

THE Arabian Room was exactly what it was expected to be. The girls who took your hat and sold cigarettes were lovely to look at and you saw nearly as much of them as you would have if they had been caught in the shower.

Assigned to a clip artist who welcomed Beverley as a Lodge Brother, the weaving pair wove their way through a collection of bare shoulders and dinner jackets to a place on the perimeter of that small bare spot which passes, in New York's socially acceptable night spots, as a dance floor. Money passed between Beverley

BUTCH

by LARRY REYNOLDS



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NEW YORK CENTRAL
The Water Level Route—You Can Sleep



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and the captain of the guard, another servitor took note of their requirements, and they were free to stare and be stared at. With the first pull on their highballs, the orchestra gave out with a flourish, and the leader hurried to the middle of the floor with a mike, two slaves trundling a small piano behind him.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said this character as the lights dimmed "it gives me great pleasure to introduce to you tonight, a wonderful European artist who has suffered throughout the war in her native land. We are extremely fortunate to be able to have her here on this, the very evening after she stepped off the plane from Brussels: Mademoiselle Ninette Dublois!"

The customers, the majority of whom were too doubtful about their own antecedents to entertain any reservation about the background claimed for Mademoiselle, applauded languidly and a blond elf in an evening gown came into the glare of the spots. Her bodice was cut very low in front and didn't exist at all behind. It clung to her as would a coat of paint and the great skirt billowed out and down from her waist like the mist at the base of Niagara Falls. The illusion was such that you were sure you could see everything and actually couldn't see anything.

She slithered toward the piano with a curious bent-kneed action that made her skirts drag on the floor. And Beverley seized Fitz's arm.

"Look," he hissed out of the side of his mouth, "this is mine. None of your clownish tricks with that slipper, understand? After the show, I will arrange with Pierre to have her here for a glass of champagne, but it is strictly hands off for you. How's your French? Mine stinks."

AS SOON as Mademoiselle began to sing, Beverley was relieved. She sang, in English, with what would certainly pass in the Bronx as a French accent, and what she sang was sad and romantic and just a shade risqué. She did several numbers and the crowd liked each one better than the last. When she got up to make her perfunctory departure, prior to the usual encores, their approval was definite and vociferous.

"You can have her," Fitz promised. "She's too little to attack a day-old chick and the only and last woman I want to see must be built like an Amazon." He lowered his eyes to the floor and prepared to go to sleep while the little chanteuse slipped back to the piano with her peculiar, crouching walk.

She sang a song or two and then, turning sideways to the piano and crossing her left knee over her right, she said:

"Wiz your kine permission, I will now sing you a leetle song I haf just learn' in Paris. In French, it is not too—what shall I say?—in English, I hope you will not mis-understan'."

She then proceeded to sing a song about mink coats and diamond bracelets and a man and a girl that no literate person could misunderstand in any language and, through a relaxed haze, a little gold-shod foot bobbed on the retina of Fitz's eyes.

He was roused by the arrival of Mademoiselle Dublois at their table. Her procedure through the crowded room had been in the nature of a triumphal march, but he had missed all that and only mumbled an acknowledgment of Beverley's introduction, before returning to his glass and his thoughts, while Beverley and Mademoiselle devoted themselves to a bottle of champagne and a conversation in broken English, under the mutual misapprehension that they were talking French.

Half an hour later, Fitz found that his gaze was again focused on a small gold slipper. His eyes followed up the ankle until it ended in what, to his amazement, turned out to be the skirt of Mademoi-

selle. Without further preliminaries or concern for the conversation then in progress, he fixed Mademoiselle with a wild glare and demanded, "How big are your feet?"

Mademoiselle regarded him with stunned surprise and Beverley hastened to smooth the troubled waters.

"Come, come, old man," he beamed. "That's not the sort of thing to say to a lady. Have another drink."

"All I asked her was what size shoe she wore," Fitz said doggedly. "What size do you wear?" he repeated.

Between the exhilaration of a first night's smashing success and a generous amount of champagne, Mademoiselle Dublois was already reverting to Mary Anne Dolan. Now she turned to Fitz and gave him glare for glare.

"Look, pal," she said, "I do not know what your dew-point may be, but I am of the opinion that you are already well saturated. Nothing about me is any business of yours. Do I make myself clear?"

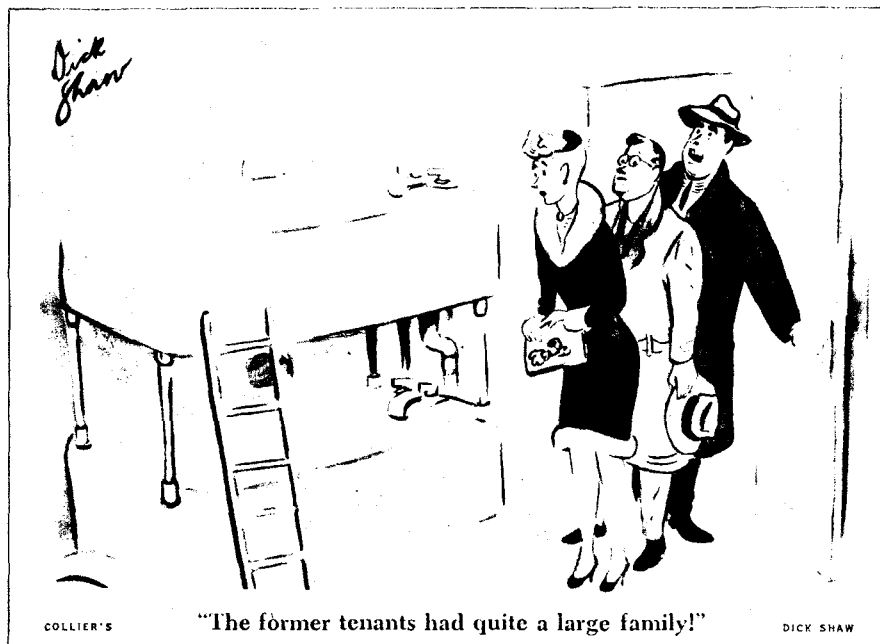
"Yah!" cried Fitz. "Belgian my eye! I'll bet the nearest you've ever been to Europe is Brooklyn. And what's more, I can guess the size of your foot right now, without any help from you, you

that you are in any way capable of running it; in fact, I told your father so before he died, but at least it will keep you out of town until this blows over, and your trust fund will take care of you, even if you run the factory into bankruptcy."

"Okay," said Fitz. "Trenton it is, but I'll bet that little hellcat won't sit down at the piano comfortably for a few nights, anyway."

The night life of Trenton was to the night life of New York as the phony war of 1939 was to Huertgen Forest. All the ingredients were there, but nobody had ever bothered to throw the switch to set off the blast. Faced with an indefinite period of unnatural inactivity, Fitz, unlike Poland's noble allies, decided to do something about it. He went to work.

To his surprise and secret gratification, the employees of the overall plant, while no one could say they showed reverence, certainly showed plenty of admiration. Some of them had worked for his father and grandfather. Others had been in the services, but like a family, they all knew each person's record and they were proud and happy to find that one who had achieved so much newspaper fame was just as willing to devote his tremen-



phony! Did you ever see this before?" he taunted.

He dragged the slipper from his pocket and waved it under her nose, while Beverley vainly endeavored to separate them.

"So you're the big sot!" shrieked Mary Anne Dolan. "Give me my slipper, you jerk; I ought to have you arrested."

"It will be a pleasure," Fitz assured her, and before the horrified eyes of Beverley, he rose majestically from his chair, threw Mademoiselle over his hip, struck her posterior several smart blows with the sole of her slipper, dropped her yelping on her face, and strode happily from the room. The gendarmes met him at the door and, with reinforcements, bore him off to the bastille on Fifty-first Street.

NEXT morning, his brother-in-law informed him, "I'm sorry, but you will really have to go to a hotel. I've paid your fine for disturbing the peace, though you must take care of any claims for personal damages yourself—God knows you're financially able to. However, that's as far as I can go. Your sister and I have every sympathy for you boys who were overseas, but the foyer of our apartment house was full of reporters this morning, your sister is prostrate with humiliation and my bank simply will not tolerate such adverse publicity, even though only by indirection. My advice to you is to go to Trenton and take over the management of your factory. I have no confidence

dous energies to the mundane production of overalls.

At the end of two months devoted solely to hard work, Fitz was as happy as he had ever been in his life, except for one thing. Basically chivalrous, he could not forget that he had physically and publicly humiliated someone—someone pint-sized—with whom he really had no quarrel. Fit and sober, he found it hard to remember that. A blanket apology, he decided, was all that was lacking to make this a very good life.

His sister and brother-in-law were graciously glad to see him. They thought he looked more like the old Fitz and they concealed the perturbation they felt when he announced that he was going out after dinner. At the Arabian the management was polite but firm. They had no table available for Mr. Pettibone and they drew up a formidable phalanx of supernumeraries who looked firm, but not polite. Outnumbered, Fitz withdrew around the corner where he found the guardian of the rear door to be much impressed with a twenty-dollar bill and anxious to be of assistance to any friend of Mademoiselle Dublois.

Following directions, Fitz circumnavigated the kitchen and arrived at the dressing room, knocked on, preoccupied with the verbiage of his apology, entered without waiting for permission.

Mademoiselle Dublois clutched a dressing gown to her bosom and said, "I'm not dressed. Get out!" Then recognizing Fitz, she said, "Eak!"

Fitz averted his eyes and recited rap-

idly in the general direction of the floor, "I am sorry for what occurred that evening. I was not entirely myself and I was carried away by my emotions and a general antipathy for women, which I will not try to explain at this time. However, I feel very strongly about men striking girls; I have never done so before, and I wish to apologize."

"You should," Mademoiselle Dublois assured him. She had wriggled her way into her dressing gown and was rapidly reverting to Miss Dolan. "Just what have you got against my sex?"

"That has nothing to do with you," Fitz said. "I only wish to assure you that I haven't anything against you personally and that I am very sorry for my past behavior."

FITZ looked at her critically, for the first time, and liked very much what he saw. "In fact," he went on, "I think that you are a very charming girl and I would like to do anything that I can to make up for the impression I must previously have made."

"You're too modest," said Miss Dolan, patting herself reflectively.

Fitz blushed at the part she patted. "Just what is your idea of retribution?" Miss Dolan demanded.

Her directness confused Fitz. "I could offer you money, but you appear to me to be a nice girl, and I thought perhaps I could take you out after your show and buy you a drink and prove that I'm not as bad as you probably think."

"You're more perspicacious than your boy friend," Miss Dolan told him, "or doesn't he know any nice girls? Thanks, I've plenty of other gorillas to wrestle with, without taking on anything new."

"I assure you I'm not at all like Beverley. My intentions—" Fitz began.

Miss Dolan waved him off. "You've apologized like a little gentleman, now run along and play with a bottle. I'm busy and any man I go out with has to be thinking about a ring and not diamond bracelets."

"What about that man you were with at Ricardo's?" Fitz demanded.

"That heel? Lewis was my manager—and I use the past tense advisedly. He and that pal of yours had better not bother me any more," said Miss Dolan.

This was the moment that Mr. Lewis chose to make his entrance. Consumed with the fury of remembered wrongs, he ignored Fitz and leaped to attack Miss Dolan.

"Where's my commission, you little twist?" he shouted. "You may think you can throw me over like this, after I've made you, but you'll find out you can't. We've got a contract and I want my dough. I've got my rights!"

Fitz reached out and held the squirming Mr. Lewis a foot off the floor. "You have," he agreed pleasantly, "but they don't include talking to a lady like that." He looked questioningly at Miss Dolan and received so glowing a glance of approbation that his heart did several snap rolls. "If you will excuse us, Miss—?"

"Dolan," she supplied promptly.

"We'll just step outside and I'll convince this character that your separation is permanent. Afterwards, perhaps you and I can have a quiet drink."

At 4 A.M., Dan gave the bar a final sweep with his cloth and looked over at the last remaining customers. Their heads were close together, and their attention was not in this world.

"Closing time, Mr. Pettibone," said Dan, resignedly.

Fitz came to pay his check. "Did you ever see anything lovelier?" he demanded.

"Not that I remember," replied the ever-cautious Dan, regarding Miss Dolan and her froth of white. "She'd look good in anything."

Fitz sighed happily. "Even in overalls and bare feet," he agreed.

THE END



This is the story of a
shoddy fraud—in which
there were two victims
but only one was a loser

"Now let me get the name, address, age, height and so on," said Madame Epworth and she made notes of all the data that Mrs. Luke supplied about Sally

ESCAPE FROM HOLLYWOOD

BY FLORENCE CUMMINGS

EVEN during the subway ride to the theatrical district, Mrs. Luke continued to reshape the curls that fell around Sally's shoulders. Sally thought she would die of embarrassment when she saw the comb come out of her mother's purse right in front of all those people. The lurching of the train made the comb tear painfully at snags around the nape of her neck but she bit down hard and was silent. She understood as fully as her mother did the crucial nature of the coming interview.

"Please, God," she prayed fervently, "make me get in the movies. And make me get very, very rich." There the prayer ended, and was replaced by a familiar daydream in which her mother, wrapped in layers of colored lace, reclined on a couch made entirely of diamonds, while all

around her, uniformed maids offered trays piled high with French pastry. Somewhere in the background of all this, Sally herself, seated on a high stool, with an imperious finger commanded all comers to do her mother's bidding. And from time to time Sally's mother would turn to her with a look made of the most dazzling love and gratitude—a look which made Sally, even while her hair was being shamefully curled on a public subway, feel an unbearably delicious thrill in the middle of her stomach.

Mrs. Luke popped the comb back into her shabby purse and stood up as the train lurched to a stop. "Come on," she said in her tight, breathless voice. "Come on, Sally."

She held Sally's hand as though the child were four or five, instead of eight and beginning to be gangly.

Walking beside her mother, Sally flexed her free arm gingerly. There was a sore spot up near the shoulder where she had wrenched herself out of his grasp. He had hurt her. Without meaning to, she admitted grudgingly. Still, the bruise was there.

It had happened when she and her mother were all dressed up and ready to leave. He came out of the bedroom, his big frame filling the doorway, eyes still puffy with sleep.

"Going someplace?" he asked.

Sally didn't look at him and didn't answer. She had been warned not to tell him anything.

After a minute he came to the window where she was standing and looked urgently at her. "I'm your pa, Sally," he said gruffly. "You can tell me."

She sucked in her lips and averted

her face. He put his big hand gently on her arm. "I'm your pa, Sally," he repeated. "Why don't you sometimes call me 'Pa'?"

It was then that she wrenched away from him and ran to her mother. She had never called him "Pa" and never would. Between her and her mother they referred to Ben Luke as "he" or "him." On the rare occasions when Sally spoke directly to him, she didn't call him anything. Sometimes she saw on his face a look that made her very angry. She did not recognize it's utter, tragic loneliness. She only knew that it made her want the impossible. It made her want to go to him, and this she could not do. How could she? For she had known almost from infancy that it was only when she was running away from her father that

(Continued on page 71)

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN McCLELLAND

RCA Victor
65X2



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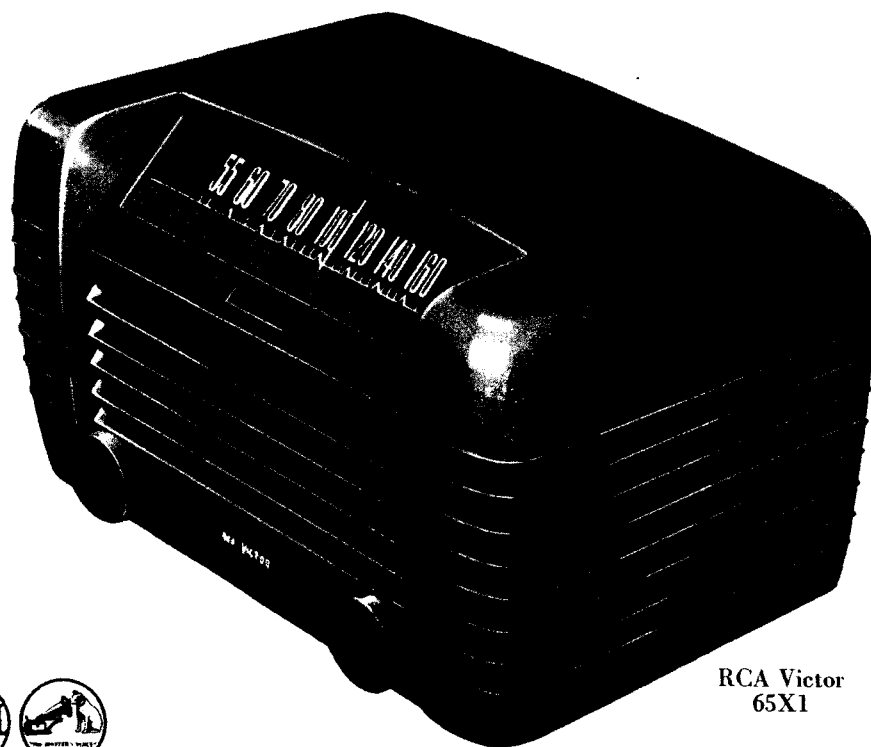
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NO SUBSTITUTE FOR FREEDOM

Continued from page 13

health-insurance plans which may be joined by those who wish. This illustrates government service without government regulation.

Above all, I deplore the federalization of medicine. Medical care should be a function of state and local governments. If the people of a state desire to socialize medicine, that is their privilege. But what possible justification can there be for giving a Washington bureau power to employ physicians throughout the nation? That has not even been done in education. Our people in each state and each school district have retained control over the education of their children and the employment of their teachers.

Universal public or socialized education for all income groups has long been recognized in this country as the function of local government. State tax systems have been set up to pay for such education. Nevertheless in this field we find that in some poorer states, even if they tax themselves proportionately more than the wealthier states, their funds are inadequate to provide a minimum basic education for their children. I believe that federal money should be available to assist in providing such a basic education, on condition that the state taxes itself more than the national average and distributes the state and federal money to the school districts so that every child, white or black, does get the minimum basic education. We cannot have true freedom unless there is a real opportunity for every child to develop his own character and ability. Perfect equality we cannot hope to give, but we can at least give every child the knowledge from which he can understand the opportunity that lies before him under the American system.

Education is the path to real freedom of speech and freedom of thought. Only an educated people can hope to govern itself successfully. But that education must itself be free. Every district must have the right to operate its own schools, and the parents in each district must have the right to decide the kind of education their children shall receive. The first essential of federal aid is that neither Congress nor any bureau shall interfere with the power of states and local districts to operate the kind of educational system they desire.

Proper Housing Is Essential

One of the necessities of life for every family is adequate shelter. It is very difficult for a child to have anything like equality of opportunity unless the surroundings in his home are reasonably decent. The federal government, through the Home Loan Bank system and the Federal Housing Administration, has given assistance to those who wish to build houses, and thereby has successfully reduced the cost of financing which substantially affects rent. Industry and labor, however, have not succeeded in reducing the actual cost of building and they have a serious task to accomplish in that field.

In view of the cost, and the slum condition existing in many cities and rural districts, I believe that any program for assisting the low-income groups must include plans for public low-rent housing.

At the moment, we have an emergency situation arising from the limited supply of building material and labor. I believe it was accentuated by the attempts of the government to control prices and priorities. Now that most of these have been removed, we may reasonably hope that more houses will be built, although temporarily at a higher cost. There is

no evidence, however, that the cost problem will be immediately solved, nor that private industry will eliminate slums which have grown up under a system of complete reliance upon private industry.

I have joined in sponsoring a long-term bill, designed to stimulate both public and private housing. Nine tenths of the bill is devoted to providing additional means of assisting private builders and encouraging them to reduce costs. It authorizes the government to provide one tenth of the homes required for the next four years in the form of public housing, which will be constructed by local housing authorities, subsidized by the federal government. This public-housing plan has provoked violent opposition from real-estate and building interests, but if properly limited it cannot possibly compete with them, for it is designed to provide shelter only for those completely incapable of paying for new houses or

Only thus could there be any real freedom for the workingman. The laws as written do not seem to me unreasonable. They were not intended to confer, and they should not have conferred, arbitrary and unfair power either on labor unions or on their leaders. But various interpretations by administrative boards and the courts have resulted in arbitrary and unfair powers for labor leaders which have led unreasonable men to make unreasonable demands. Other labor leaders were forced to follow or lose their jobs. Most of the Case bill provisions attempted to redress regulations of the administrative boards and court interpretations of the law, which I don't believe were ever justified by the laws themselves. But the basic laws which raised labor to an equality with their employers should not be changed in substance.

Because the redressing of economic injustice was overdone, we have been faced with a needless wave of strikes. The pub-

can usually prevent strikes, and so could Hitler, but a republic cannot. We must rely on the fact that men are open to persuasion, and that usually their own interests are adversely affected by strikes. It would be futile to pass a law requiring men out on strike to return to work under the penalty of a jail sentence. We cannot put thousands of strikers in jail and we should not try. As a permanent measure I see no advantage in the government seizing railroads or mines. I do not see why it is not as easy to take whatever action we desire to take in dealing with essential industries whether the government has possession of the property or not. Seizure, in any event, has been largely a form.

But it is said that strikes may starve the people, or even destroy the government. Of course, this would be true of a general strike, which, in fact, is political in nature. It may be true of strikes which for a long period of time stop the wheels of an essential utility or industry. When a strike of that nature occurs any government, of course, must find a means of preserving itself and its people. The only recourse may be to seize the property and operate it by volunteers who are willing to work, as was done in the British general strike.

I do not believe, however, that any powers should be created which would enable the government to act except by direct authority of Congress and for the emergency concerned.

Unwise Forms of Labor Policy

If such powers existed and were placed in the President's hands to be used at his discretion, the whole aim of the strike would be to force the handling of the matter into his hands. Congress can be hastily called together and the powers should be granted by Congressional act, as in the case of war itself. We might have a law on the shelf to go into effect upon the adoption of a joint Congressional resolution. I do not believe, however, that seizure, government operation, or compulsory arbitration is a wise ingredient in any permanent labor policy.

The basic solution of the problem is to reduce the excessive power given to the labor unions so that unreasonable men may not be tempted to abuse it. Since the power is built up by dozens of laws and decisions, there is no panacea. We certainly do not want to sweep away the laws and go too far the other way. We can only undertake to redress those provisions which are clearly unjust. We should not adopt any new laws unless we are convinced that they are just to both parties.

I am receiving many letters, as other members of Congress are, telling how to cure labor problems by the passing of laws. But let's not deceive ourselves. Wise laws will help, but they cannot solve all problems at once. Human behavior cannot and should not be regulated precisely by legislation. That's one of the many facts that control-minded bureaucrats do not know.

The ways of freedom do not always give instantaneous results. But the ways of freedom strengthen us as we move upward, preparing us always for the continued climb. No other system that I've heard of develops in individuals this ever-increasing capacity to take care of themselves.

Under an all-powerful, centralized government, such as the control-minded men move toward even if they will not admit it, individual initiative, toughness and character would decay and in the end our national strength would fail.

There is no substitute for freedom.

THE END



even decent old houses. The bill makes it clear that public-housing projects may be assisted only if initiated by the local governing authorities, and authorized by state law, and only if the state or local government joins in providing the subsidy.

In the field of labor legislation I have tried to follow the same basic principles as in the other fields I have discussed. I sat through long hearings on the Wagner Labor Relations Act in 1939, and through several other hearings since that date. We conducted extensive hearings last year on the President's proposal for fact-finding boards and on the so-called Case bill sent over to us by the House of Representatives.

Freedom in the labor field has not always existed in the United States. The purpose of past labor legislation—the Clayton Act, the Norris-La Guardia Act, the Wagner Act—was to build up the strength of labor so that it might have equality in dealing with the employer.

lic has been inconvenienced and, in the railroad and coal strikes, threatened with hardship and even starvation. So today we face the demand that we prohibit strikes by law, presumably substituting for them compulsory arbitration by the government or by labor courts. As a general proposition, I am opposed to such prohibition and also to compulsory arbitration. If compulsory arbitration or government wage-fixing lay back of every collective-bargaining negotiation, it would tend to prevent agreement, because one party or the other would think that he could do better by waiting for government action. Inevitably it would lead to a complete fixing of wages by the government. Wage-fixing would involve price-fixing, and we would have a completely planned and government-operated economy. Freedom would be at an end.

Furthermore, I think we must admit that in a republic we cannot make men work if they refuse to work. Joe Stalin



*"There is one final test by which I judge a Beer
and that is the test of Good Taste."*

Ideals of the Founder VALENTIN BLATZ, 1826-1894
Master Brewer, son and grandson of Master Brewers

Blatz

BREWER OF BETTER BEER . . .



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SHARP AS A SKATE

BY TRENT FRAYNE

THE most colorful hockey player in the world today is an outside clubhouse lawyer named Babe Pratt, who talks just as fast and frequently sounds funnier than Bob Hope. To boot, he uses his own stuff.

This Pratt, who is wider than the part in Crosby's hair and almost as high as Bing's income, is engaged in his twelfth season of major-league hockey, currently performing at defense for his third National Hockey League team, the Boston Bruins, who acquired Babe from the Toronto Maple Leafs, who acquired him from the New York Rangers.

When they picked off Pratt last fall, the Bruins laid claim to the busiest tongue in the business, one which expresses its master's mind as fast as his thoughts can feed it, one which flaps first and then regards the hide it lashes. Generally, though, it is more waggish than pointed, more often aimed at the ranks than the brass.

Club trainers, for instance, encounter it as often as a Charley horse. Tim Daly of the Maple Leafs has been a lord of the liniment for twenty years. What Daly does to the King's English shouldn't happen to a split infinitive (but invariably does) and Pratt has seldom missed tossing an opening at Daly. Early one campaign Babe was sitting on his stool in the dressing room at Maple Leaf Gardens. He had almost lost three toes.

"These feet," he sighed, surveying his digits morosely, "are big enough for anybody to see. But

a rookie comes barging into the room and skates all over them."

Trainer Daly arrived on the scene. Pratt winked at the rest of the players.

"Do you think it's trivial, Tim?" he asked.

"Trivial!" growled Daly. "Of course, it's trivial. Ain't all three of 'em cut and bleeding?"

Harry Westerby, the New York Rangers' trainer, who also works for the baseball-playing Giants, was Babe's straight man for years, although he didn't know it. One day they were walking along the boardwalk at Atlantic City and Harry glanced repeatedly out across the water. Finally he whispered quickly: "Is that a lake, Babe?"

"No, Harry, that's an ocean."

They walked a few steps more, then Harry said softly: "What ocean?"

"It's the Pacific, Harry. You know—Atlantic City, Pacific Ocean."

"Thanks, Babe," said Westerby. "I just didn't want the

boys to rib me."

The next morning Harry was eating breakfast with Lester Patrick and he looked out over the ocean. "The Pacific is nice and peaceful today, eh, Mr. Patrick?"

"Harry," said Lester, with a patience born of long years' association with his little trainer, "that's the Atlantic. Just remember, Atlantic City, Atlantic Ocean."

"Oh, no," laughed Harry, "not today, Mr. Patrick. I was discussing the matter with Babe Pratt

only yesterday and he told me the truth. Atlantic City, Pacific Ocean!"

And he strode triumphantly away from there.

The record speaks kindly of Pratt's professional attributes. In 1944 he won the Hart Trophy as the most valuable player in the league. He set a new scoring record for defensemen that season with 17 goals and 40 assists for 57 points, a mark still unmatched in the majors. The next year he scored the clutch goal which gave the Maple Leafs the world's championship in the final game of hockey's World Series against the Detroit Red Wings.

The large and loquacious Mr. Pratt, who stands six foot three in his socks and weighs 218 pounds without them, is thirty now and it is probably true that he took most of that time acquiring a sense of responsibility. From the time he was nineteen, when he first moved up to the big time with the New York Rangers, he has been a waggish, impulsive sort who has generally managed to eschew a strict and rigorous training routine. Not even Conn Smythe, manager of the Maple Leafs, will deny, though, that during the heat of a hockey battle there is no more conscientious team player in the game, nor any more effective. Nevertheless, Smythe traded him last fall for the rights to one Eric Pogue, an untried amateur.

Smythe, after sending Pratt away, traded his dippy-doodle center star, Billy Taylor, to Detroit for left-winger Harry Watson and unloaded veterans Sweeney Schriner, Lorne Carr and Bob Davidson, all of whom retired. In their stead, Smythe tossed together a bunch of vigorous youngsters, inflamed them with a burning desire and watched them cling to first place right from the start. They

Probably the wittiest hockey player on ice, Babe Pratt has a line of chatter almost as fast as Bob Hope's. He also plays all right

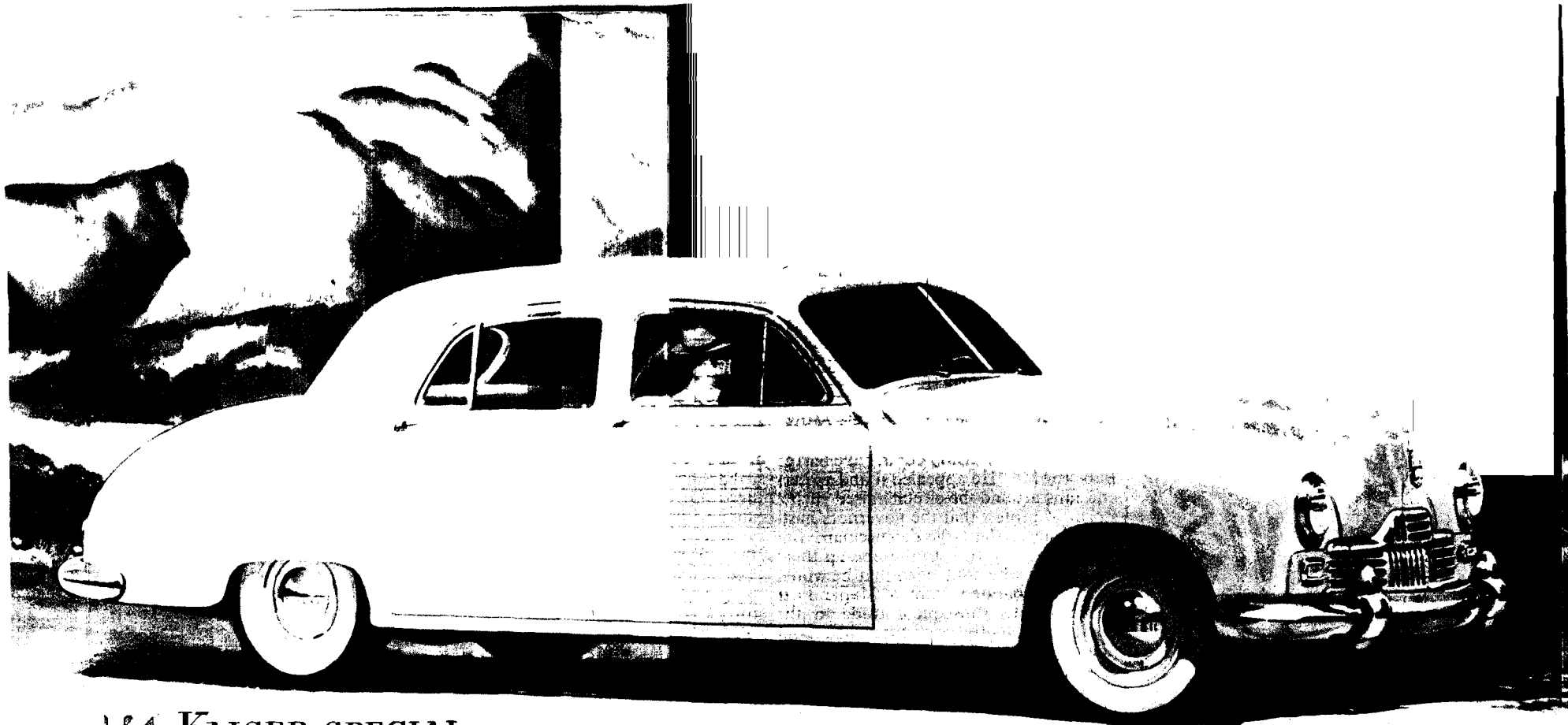
PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HY PESKIN

The Boston Bruins' Babe Pratt (4) in action against the New York Rangers. He holds the record, for the majors, of 17 goals and 40 assists for 57 points



When the fast-talking Pratt feels like it, he can extract a laugh from anybody. Here he is, handing out a line to Johnny Pesky, brilliant baseball star





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PRODUCT OF KAISER-FRAZER

BODY STYLING BY
Darrin

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WEATHER
JOINTS!**



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the flow of
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lubricating
fluids

When icy blasts seem to cut through you like a knife and your joints seem to creak with every movement—there's a reason! Cold weather actually constricts tiny blood vessels, cutting down the supply of nature's own lubricating fluids to your joints—that's why they creak, and feel stiff. Rub those aching joints with Absorbine Jr. and your local circulation speeds up. That wonderful "warmth" helps those tiny blood vessels feed your joints with more lubricating fluids—and you feel like shouting for joy! Always keep Absorbine Jr. on hand. \$1.25 a bottle at your drugstore.



W. F. Young, Inc.
Springfield, Mass.

Absorbine Jr.

were slam-bang and eager, the most penalized team in the league, and they incurred a lot of injuries but they stayed up there.

Toronto hockey scribes, accompanying the club into Boston recently, asked Pratt how he explained all those Leaf injuries. Babe barely paused for a deep breath before responding triumphantly: "He who lives by the sword shall perish by it."

Pratt achieved international notoriety last spring when he was expelled by the NHL governors on charges of betting on the games. Mervyn (Red) Dutton, then president of the league, emphasized that there was no evidence of Pratt's betting against his own club but he was out just the same. The decision could have barred Babe for life. He appealed it and writers and fans around the circuit raised such a storm of protest that the governors hastily reinstated the large defenseman. But even with his return to the line-up there were those who contended that he would soon be separated from a Maple Leaf uniform. His subsequent trade to the Bruins apparently confirmed their contention.

Babe is a handsome fellow who, like a lot of athletes, embellishes his smartly tailored clothes with sports shirts and hand-painted ties. He has black curly hair that is graying at the temples and his eyes are black and piercing. He accentuates his height by carrying himself as erect as an undersized Army colonel. On the ice he appears awkward and ungainly. Actually, he moves at a pretty good clip once he untracks himself. The ice is the locale of many of his quips.

Telling the Referee Off

There was the time, for instance, that an underdog Toronto team was battling the Detroit Red Wings in the 1943 Stanley Cup play-offs. In the fifth game, with the teams deadlocked at two wins each, the Leafs lugged a 2 to 1 lead into the third period and the Wings were shoving on the pressure. Referee King Clancy made it tougher for Toronto by thumbing a Leaf player to the penalty box for hooking. The Leafs, led by Pratt, protested vehemently. Clancy, like all officials, was adamant. So the Wings, with two minutes in which they'd have a one-man advantage, came pouring in with renewed vigor. As Clancy moved into the Toronto zone he was bumped by Pratt. He didn't know whether Babe did it deliberately, but he stuck his chin under the Pratt nose and snarled:

"I'd like to be playin' against you, Pratt."

Babe looked at him in mock dismay. "Well," he asked without a blink, "aren't you?"

Detroit won that night. Two nights later they were back in Toronto for the sixth game of the play-off set. One more victory would eliminate Toronto. It was another hot and heavy scramble. The teams were tied, 1 to 1, after sixty minutes and action grew tenser as the minutes ticked away in the overtime. First team to score a goal would win the game.

Big Jack Stewart rumbled into the Leaf zone. He was one of the league's top defensemen, but only fair on the attack. He lumbered across the Leaf line and unloosed a shot, which missed.

"Hey, Stewart," shouted Pratt as he swung around for the loose puck, "what-tayuh doing at this end of the rink? Don't you know if you score, our defensemen get fined?"

Detroit players seem to have been Pratt's favorites. The Wings have a farm club at Indianapolis and Babe has always insisted that Manager Jack Adams keeps in his breast pocket a supply of one-way railroad tickets, from Detroit to Indianapolis. Adams actually does juggle some of his players back and forth to the minors three or four times a season.

Consequently, when a Detroit player

missed the net with a shot or fell while attempting to make a play, Babe never missed the chance to remind him of it. "Adams has his eye on you," he'd shout at the player. "He's reaching for his breast pocket right now." This, of course, didn't improve the player's peace of mind.

"Detroit has another farm club at Omaha," Pratt grins, "and the confusion can sometimes be wonderful. A guy will get on the train for Indianapolis and his luggage will turn up in Omaha!"

Pratt the extrovert is a hockey writer's answer to what to write about on an off day. Babe was whiling away an afternoon playing cribbage shortly after the announcement that he'd been sent to Boston. A Toronto sports columnist called him for his reaction. Said our hero into the telephone: "You can say, ah, that Babe Pratt, ah, when interviewed yesterday reported that he'd make the Boston fans forget all about this bum Ted Williams, the ballplayer." Pratt replaced the telephone receiver and returned to his cribbage. "He'll probably

contract at 19. He was assigned to the Ranger farm club at Philadelphia, played half of his first pro year with the Ramblers, and moved up to the Rangers in January, 1936.

For a number of years, Babe worked summers as a railway switchman in Winnipeg. As a matter of fact, he became known as the Honest Switchman because he never stole a boxcar. But in the fall of 1944 he fell from the top of a slow-moving freight and severely wrenched his left shoulder. This precipitated his rejection when he attempted to enlist in the Canadian army. Later he moved with his family to Toronto, connected as a salesman for a foodstuffs wholesale company and became a property owner in a reasonably swank residential district. He has two children, a seven-year-old girl, Wallis, and a four-year-old boy, Tracy.

Although Pratt has become one of the league's highest-paid defensemen and was signed with Boston for \$8,250, he still remembers his first game with the Rangers. Pratt was anxious to make good; perhaps a little overanxious. He



write a column about what a blowoff I am," he commented. "But what the hell, he'll get home early."

Walter Pratt was born in a small town in Manitoba called Stony Mountain. Like most Canadian kids, he spent his spare hours playing hockey on an open-air ice rink. Branches of trees were hand-hewn into the shape of hockey sticks, and the puck, often as not, was a frozen object generally referred to as a horse bun. It stretched the family budget to provide skates, even at \$2.98 from the mail-order house.

Babe was a fair ballplayer as well. He could hit the ball a country mile. That's why they called him "Babe." But the National Hockey League was the goal of every youngster. Babe was only 16 when he was lured to Winnipeg to play junior hockey. Then for two seasons he performed at Kenora, a town east of Winnipeg which was offering jobs in the paper mills to young ice stars. Pratt twice led the league in scoring during his junior career.

A scout for the New York Rangers saw him and signed him to a professional

muffed a couple of plays in the first period and was downhearted as the teams rested between periods. He was sitting forlornly in front of his locker when he heard somebody say, "Take it easy, kid." He looked up. The immortal Howie Morenz, now dead, the greatest center hockey has ever known, was standing in front of him. Howie was at the fag end of his great career then, finishing out the string with the Rangers after meteoric success with the Montreal Canadiens.

"I remember one time in Montreal," Howie said, sitting down beside young Pratt. "I was having a big night. I scored four goals in the first period and I was pretty chesty in the dressing room. Cecil Hart, our manager, came over and started giving me hell for a couple of boners."

"But, Cecil," I said, "I scored four goals!"

"Yah," he came back, "but what were you doing the rest of the time? Making like Sonja Henie at the Olympic games!"

That, Pratt says, is why a guy shouldn't take himself too seriously.

THE END

Collier's for February 1, 1947

THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

- . . . Don't you think Esther Dorothy goes a little too far? JANNET COOPER (age 11), Chicago, Ill.

No, Jannet, but possibly she goes a little too fur!

SCENTIMENTAL JOANI

DEAR EDITOR: Your recent story, The Sweetest Town on Earth (Dec. 28th), struck a responsive chord with me, for I'm planning my own perfume business here in Hollywood. I've already hired Jimmy Durante as my chief scent tester.

Tailor-made perfumes, each designed to fill a particular need, will be my specialty. For the girl who's not fooling around, there's Air-borne, combining the modest, unassuming scent of violets with the gentlest touch of benzedrine. As the delicate fragrance is air-borne to the nostrils of The One Man, he inhales and then he, too, is air-borne. If you can get him down off the chandelier, he's all yours.

Somewhat similar is Hypnosis, an airy scent of orange blossoms generously spiced with chloroform. Intrigued by its exotic bouquet, he leans closer, breathes deep . . . and when he comes to, he's at Niagara Falls.

Then there's Myopia, designed to make the ugliest woman excitingly beautiful. It is composed of oculist's eyedrops to dilate his pupils and impair his vision, plus photographer's retouching fluid to reduce her wrinkles. "It's heavenly!" says Lena the Hyena.

For the woman who doesn't want to be bothered, there's Revulsion, a heady solution of sulphur dioxide, enchanting chemical synthesis of the scent of eggs which have attained the age of honorable retirement.

Then there is my private blend, Witchcraft, developed by a retired witch now working as a short-order cook in Azusa. It is an exquisitely blended compound of the fragrances of simmered snails, glue, burning celluloid and boiling cabbage, with just the faintest suggestion of fleur de garlic. This scent serves a double purpose, for if you add tomatoes, it makes a wonderful spaghetti sauce.

Just the other night, I went out for a stroll wearing my most alluring perfume, Man Trap. Before I had walked four blocks, eight men drove up, each offering me a lift. That's the way it is . . . you never see those cabdrivers except when you feel like walking! Scent-imentally,
JOAN DAVIS, Hollywood, Cal.

READING CLINIC

DEAR SIR: I just want to let you know what a swell job you did on that St. Louis reading article, Why Can't They Read? (Nov. 30th). We are being deluged with letters from schoolteachers who want material, and parents who want advice about their kids. Wm. KOTTMAYER,
Director, Reading Clinic, Board of Education, St. Louis, Mo.

You can also write to the New York University, Reading Clinic, 31 West 12th Street. Most of the state universities are equipped to give some help with reading difficulties.

OFFICE ANTIQUE

DEAR EDITORS: I notice that Herbert Asbury is 200 years old (The Week's Mail, Dec. 7th). I, too, am interested in his secret for longevity. Could you please give it to me? I am 83 years old.
DUNCAN F. SMITH, Ridgefield, Conn.

Dear Mr. Smith: Since actually I am only 198, I haven't the information that you desire. So I took the matter up with my Grampa, who is training for his bicentennial attempt to break the transatlantic hop, skip and jump record. He would have

made it last time if he hadn't miscalculated the position of an island.

"There is one cardinal rule," Grampa said. "Observe that, and you can live to be any age you wish."

"What is it?" I asked.

"Don't die," said Grampa.

—HERBERT ASBURY



Asbury at the age of 100
—obviously a slow grower

MORE HUMOR FOR U.S.

DEAR MR. DAVENPORT: Prolonged congrats to Mr. Gehman (Joe McSweeney's Atomic Machine, Dec. 14th). Enjoyable as humor. More abundantly satirical of pompous brass.

ALBERT R. NEPPER,
San Francisco, Cal.

. . . Somebody slipped in a little humor, how come? What America needs most to get things straightened out is a lot of good belly laughs. Quit worrying about Russia dominating Europe. The Cocke County (Tenn.) Squirrel Hunters Ass'n of which I am a charter member could knock Russia off without any help, and if you give us some more good funny stories, I'll see that you are made an honorary member.

EDDIE CLINE, Scio, Ohio

PHILATELISTIANA

DEAR SIR: The story of the sale of one of the Baltimore Provisional stamps bearing the signature of James M. Buchanan, who is described as being the President, is incorrect (Paper Treasure, Dec. 7th). The gentleman was postmaster of Baltimore one hundred years ago. I am his granddaughter.

Sincerely,

HILDA BUCHANAN HAMMAR,
Baltimore, Md.

FUNNY FACE

DEAR EDITORS: We think Virgil Partch is the funniest cartoonist in America today. We're afraid that Mr. Partch looks like his drawings. You could quell our fears by printing a picture of the man who has America rolling.

R. PAUL HARRISON & ROOMMATES,
Madison, Wis.



STEVEAN DOHANOS — distinguished artist whose cover illustrations are a frequent feature of The Saturday Evening Post, says:



"My Scripto Pencil is always ready to work"

Mr. Dohanos pictures America as he sees it. And what he sees, he notes with a Scripto mechanical pencil. He likes Scripto pencils because they are always sharp—always ready to work. You will like them for the same reason. So make your own note now to get a Scripto for your work, and join the successful people who depend on Scripto pencils. Take several home and enjoy their convenience around the house. In their brilliant colors, they make exciting gifts for school children . . . are a valuable aid in school work.

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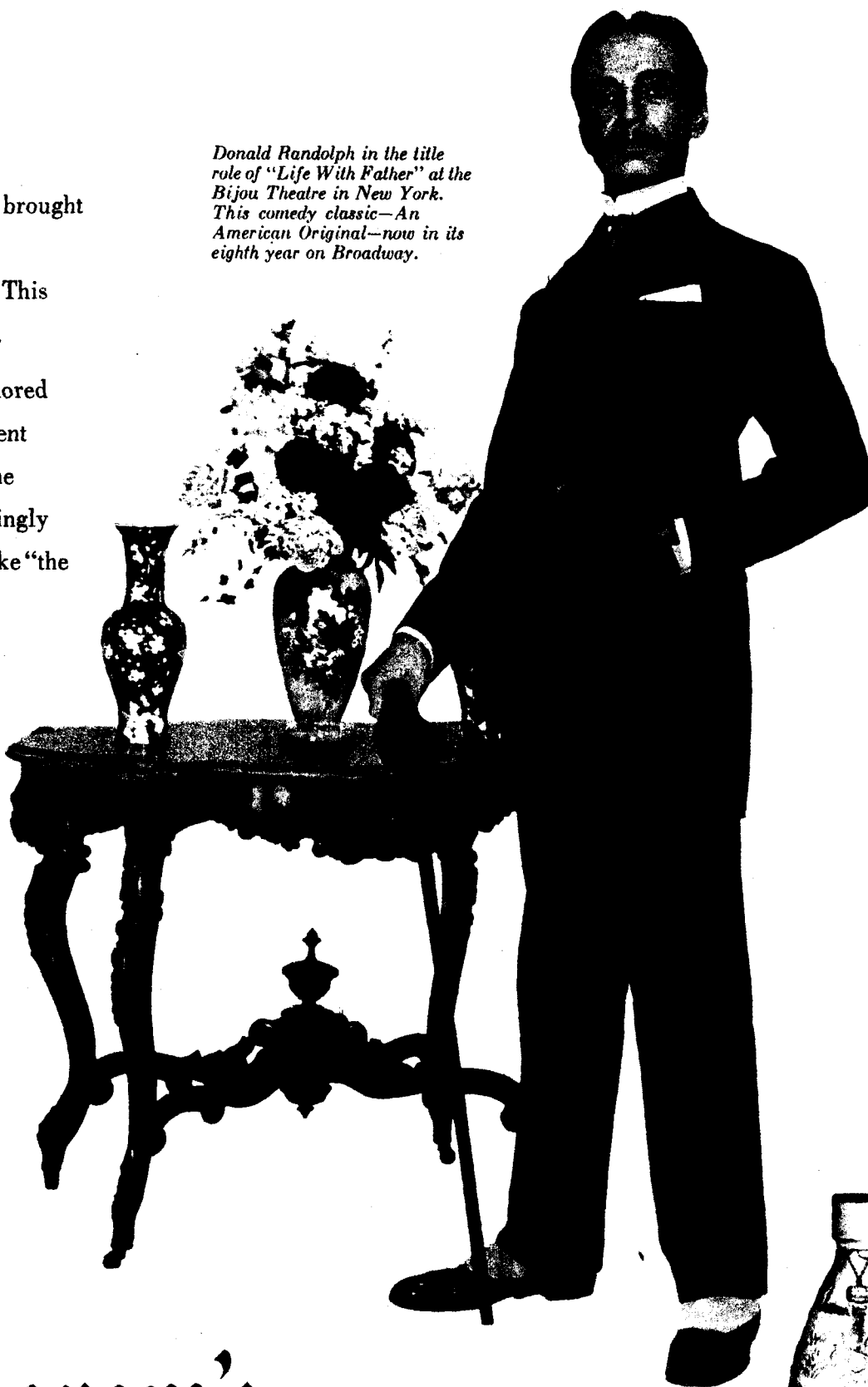


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An Original American process has brought about the first basic improvement in making gin in more than 300 years. This is a process exclusive with Seagram's.

As a result of our leisurely, time-honored way of producing it, Seagram's Ancient Bottle Gin has the *natural* color of fine vintage champagne. And it is so sippingly smooth that with it you can truly make "the dry-est Martini in the world".

Donald Randolph in the title role of "Life With Father" at the Bijou Theatre in New York. This comedy classic—An American Original—now in its eighth year on Broadway.



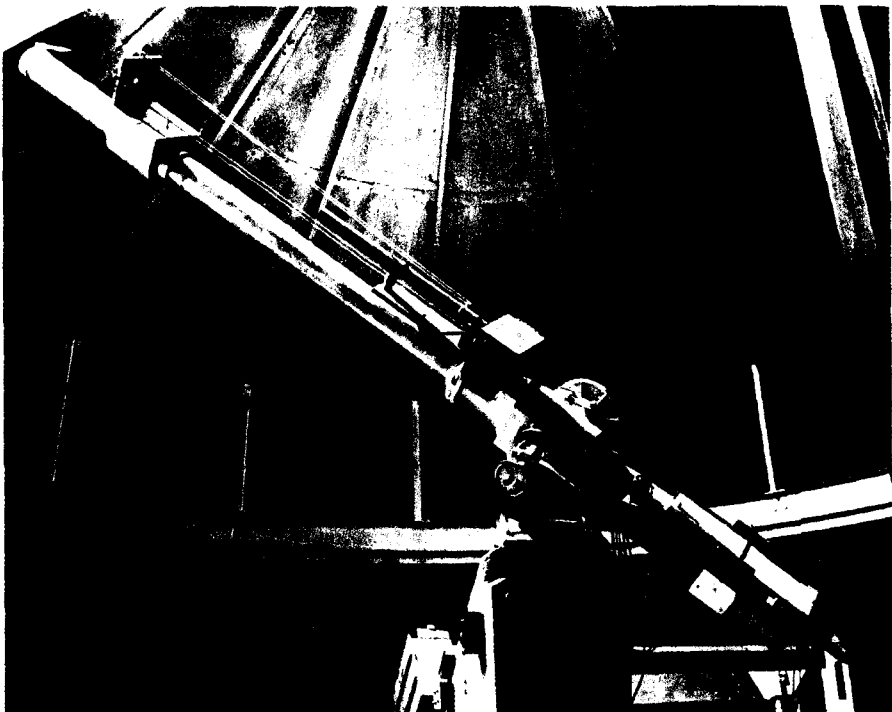
Seagram's Ancient Bottle Gin

DISTILLED DRY



When available, our time-honored "ancient" bottle will replace the present "victory" bottle.

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The Coronagraph

GEORGE LEAVENS

ECLIPSES WHILE YOU WAIT

Continued from page 23

seems to pass through irregular short-time cycles of varying output which affect radio transmission on earth, on some occasions create "magnetic storms" which mess up telephone and radio communication, and at times even interfere with cables and the transmission of electrical power. There is a connection, too, of course, between the way the sun behaves and the weather, but just exactly how weather changes are generated by radiation received from the sun is still unknown.

During the war, estimates as to the effectiveness of radio communications, the selection of suitable wave lengths, and possibly even the dates on which attacks could more safely be launched, were determined with the aid of solar radiation observations.

The information came not only from the Fremont Pass coronagraph, but from observations at the U.S. Naval Observatory, the Mt. Wilson Observatory and the McMath-Hulbert Observatory, operated by the University of Michigan at Lake Angelus, Michigan. Each of these organizations contributed its own special type of data, which was worked into definite predictions of radio and magnetic "weather conditions," and relayed to the Allied armed forces throughout the world.

A Quick Relay to England

To produce the corona information, Dr. Roberts and his assistants measured the coronal observations at Fremont Pass before the plates were dry, coded the results and telegraphed them to Washington. They were sent to England by cable, and within a few hours were being used in studying expected conditions for long-distance radio communications, long-range radio navigation (loran) and other services.

It wasn't for such uses that the coronagraph was originally built, of course. Rather, it was to learn something about the sun, which is, of course, the nearest of the stars.

The war made atomic power popular with military folks and dropped new political problems in the lap of the diplomats, but long before that the astronomers were already studying it in the skies.

A great deal had already been learned with the help of the spectrograph, which gives information about the chemical

composition of stellar bodies. Another instrument, the spectroheliograph, invented by Dr. George Ellery Hale, founder of the Yerkes and Mt. Wilson Observatories, made possible the taking of photographs of the sun in the light from single elements, such as calcium and hydrogen.

Then, out at the McMath-Hulbert Observatory, the spectroheliograph was combined with a movie camera in such a manner as to produce motion pictures of the sun, using the light of one or the other of its chemical elements. These eerie movies show the weird, slow swirl and crawl of hydrogen, calcium or other elements over millions of square miles of solar landscape, a territory so hot everything on it is vaporized, and so gigantic that the magnetic, gravitational and electrical forces there are hardly comprehensible in earthly terms.

None of these various instruments gives much of an idea of what is happening in the outer envelope of the sun, however, the part that must transmit all the light and other radiation to us. That is the job of the coronagraph. And though the coronagraph studies are still very young, they have already begun to yield a great deal of important information.

It has been learned, for example, that the solar atmosphere, which is thousands of miles thick—the earth and thousands like it could be engulfed in the atmosphere of the sun—is astonishingly hot; apparently hotter than the sun's surface itself by hundreds of thousands or millions of degrees. How this could be isn't yet known, but Dr. Menzel and Dr. Roberts, who have been following these phenomena more closely than anyone, have some ideas on the subject.

In the first place, though astronomers speak of the sun's "surface," they actually do not mean that there is any solid land on it. There isn't even any liquid; it's gas all the way through. But it is so big the gravitational effects have caused the heavier central body to become compressed, so there is a sharp dividing line between the solar body and the tenuous, hot corona. You can see the boundary line yourself, of course, if you look at the sun through a piece of smoked glass or an old photographic film. What we usually call the "disk" of the sun is the sun's body.

To the eye of the coronagraph, the corona is a flaming, nearly circular gase-

ous halo around the sun. By means of a spectroscopic attachment, it is possible to photograph it in the red and green spectral light of vaporized iron, of which the sun contains a great deal. A most amazing thing it is, a scarlet blaze at least twice the diameter of the sun's body.

The corona itself is relatively quiet, but all around the sun's rim there seethes an intense and astounding activity. At frequent intervals eruptions occur, throwing out into the corona for thousands of miles masses of heavier, filamentary material—millions of tons of it. The stuff moves with velocities that at times reach hundreds of miles a second.

This is Something to See

Once shot into the corona, this denser matter may simply stand for minutes, hours or days, in the intense magnetic, electrical and gravitational fields of that region. Or it may arc or spume to one side or the other, behaving as though following magnetic lines of force rather than gravitational attraction. Finally it comes streaming down again into the sun. These explosive phenomena are known as "prominences." There is probably no more awe-inspiring experience in the universe than to witness one of them rise, perform its eerie ritual in the solar envelope, and fall again—an experience which the coronagraph motion pictures may soon make possible for everyone.

A close look at the sun's surface brings to light still another phenomenon that, until the development of the Fremont Pass coronagraph, was completely unknown. All around the edges little fingers of material go spurting up. Sometimes they project from the solar body for only a few seconds, sometimes minutes, occasionally hours. They are not prominences. Rather, they appear to be filaments of material erupted in some unknown way from the very middle of the sun itself—possibly conduits through which the intense heat of the interior furnace is quickly conducted to the surface when things get going too fast.

Dr. Menzel and Dr. Roberts surmise that the high temperature of the corona has some connection with these millions of dancing spicules. It may be through them that the sun valves off explosive concentrations of its atomic power directly to the outside, without awaiting slower transmission through convection currents inside the huge gaseous globe itself.

As to what causes the variations in output of solar energy—the sunspot cycle, for example—nobody knows as yet. Associated with this puzzle is another: The sunspots, of course, are gigantic whirlwinds of hot gases moving across the face of the sun. Since they are electrified, it is not surprising to find that they are magnetic, too. But why is it that the ones in the upper hemisphere of the sun are magnetized in one way, while those of the other hemisphere of the sun are magnetized in the opposite way? And why is it that at the end of each eleven-year cycle they swap magnetic polarity—so the ones in the hemisphere which formerly were magnetized one way now bear the opposite magnetic sign?

These and similar goings-on in the sun now interest many astronomers, and it is possible that discoveries about them will be of major importance to all of us. Virtually everybody knows that it was an astronomer, gazing at the sun, who discovered helium, a gas which keeps modern airships and blimps afloat. Maybe the sun can be made to yield up still more useful secrets, such as the basic patent of its own particular kind of atomic power, for example—so that we, too, can produce energy from abundant hydrogen instead of rare uranium.

THE END

YOUR FORM IN FABRIC

Tailored like a jacket—conforms to the contours of your body—stands up to 14 and 16 and 18 and 20 and 22 and 24 and 26 and 28 and 30 and 32 and 34 and 36 and 38 and 40 and 42 and 44 and 46 and 48 and 50 and 52 and 54 and 56 and 58 and 60 and 62 and 64 and 66 and 68 and 70 and 72 and 74 and 76 and 78 and 80 and 82 and 84 and 86 and 88 and 90 and 92 and 94 and 96 and 98 and 100 and 102 and 104 and 106 and 108 and 110 and 112 and 114 and 116 and 118 and 120 and 122 and 124 and 126 and 128 and 130 and 132 and 134 and 136 and 138 and 140 and 142 and 144 and 146 and 148 and 150 and 152 and 154 and 156 and 158 and 160 and 162 and 164 and 166 and 168 and 170 and 172 and 174 and 176 and 178 and 180 and 182 and 184 and 186 and 188 and 190 and 192 and 194 and 196 and 198 and 200 and 202 and 204 and 206 and 208 and 210 and 212 and 214 and 216 and 218 and 220 and 222 and 224 and 226 and 228 and 230 and 232 and 234 and 236 and 238 and 240 and 242 and 244 and 246 and 248 and 250 and 252 and 254 and 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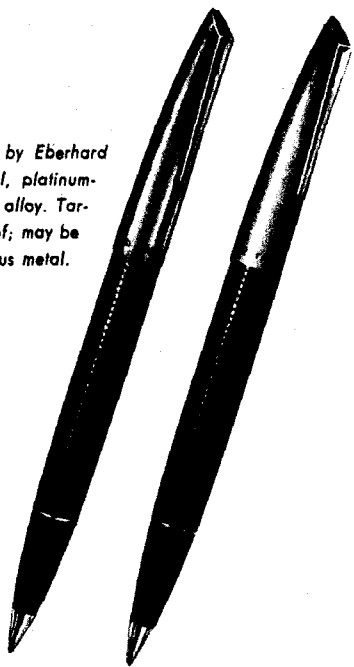


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EBERHARD FABER

LEADERSHIP IN FINE WRITING MATERIALS SINCE 1849

WILL RUSSIA RULE THE AIR?

Continued from page 16

matter, there were so few customers. Today the government provides the customers, earmarks 50 per cent of production for export, and sends abroad official missions of her best fliers and demonstrators and her best commercial diplomats as sales agents. To snatch a foreign market first in the aviation business is vital; it commits the customer's personnel to type experience, and the customer himself to spare parts—a long and lucrative follow-up—for the life of his planes. These factors make him reluctant to switch to different, even if better, planes later.

For Britain has learned the aviation industry's equivalent of "mass production." She learned it from us during the war—through the large missions of engineers, technicians and other experts she maintained in every American factory, utterly free to pick up as much as they could of techniques, methods, principles and general know-how.

Types in Which England Excels

One example of foresight maneuvered England into the key postwar commercial position and accounts for her lead over the United States in the engines of tomorrow, turbojets and propeller-turbine engines. The latter are jet engines whose exhaust, instead of thrusting the plane through the air, spins a propeller. "Jets," from present indications, will have wider usefulness in military than in commercial planes. But for commercial air speed—500 miles per hour and upward—engineers believe the propeller-turbine engines eventually will replace the present conventional reciprocating engines, for they will bring greater efficiency in take-off and low-speed performance, two divisions in which the pure jet-propulsion engine is at present deficient.

England did not have the industrial capacity to build all the air transports she required in the war; so it was not altogether a case, as English papers gibe incessantly, of her concentrating on combat types while we were at liberty to go ahead with transports. We built more combat types than she did, *plus* transports; including 25,706 military airplanes of all types for her under Lend-Lease, more than a quarter of them transports. The point is that England's far-thinkers realized we would have an inevitable lead as of war's end—based on our prewar commercial supremacy—in transports. So, on her drawing boards during the war she laid down plans for luxurious and huge airliners of 5 years postwar—*designed for propeller-turbine engines*.

Meanwhile, she flooded us with demands for both planes and engines of conventional types. Manufacture of a large share of the Rolls-Royce engine for her bombers and fighters was fastened upon America. Thus, while our industry was kept absorbed in building the types that carried the war, the home organization of Rolls-Royce and other firms was left free to rush development of "jets."

Now England has the propeller-turbine engine and its related transports nearest ready of any nation's. Meanwhile, our manufacturers, kept by their extra war efforts for England, Russia and other Allies from research and development in this field, have to start from scratch.

That is the technical secret back of the headaches our State Department and international airlines are having with Great Britain today. It explains the seeming illogic of England, as a stout believer in Freedom of the Seas, being against Freedom of the Air.

The Bermuda conference's Five Freedoms opened the Air Ocean to free competition among airfaring nations. Britain reluctantly signed, because her

United States loan was at voting point in Congress. Once assured the loan, she conveniently forgot Bermuda and began in all the subtle ways possible, through carry-over influence with old sea-command associations, to hamper our negotiations for world routes; notably in Africa, the middle Orient and South America. When England is ready to invade the Air Ocean with her big fleets of propeller-turbine engine liners—which she contrived to make sure we could not match in time—there will be no more persuasive or aggressive champion of the Freedom of the Air.

The methods and purposes of the Soviet Union are not as transparent and old-fashioned as England's. Russia has attended no international air conferences; subscribed to no Freedoms of the Air. Counting her satellites and her zones of influence she mysteriously squats on almost one quarter of the Air Ocean's bottom and lets the rest of the world fly by—but not *over* or *through*.

But of Russia's determination not to be left out of the Air Ocean, as she was from the seas, there is abundant evidence. Her leaders see destiny in the circumstances that find Russia for the first time a great world force simultaneously with the com-

from Korea to Austria with small expense to the Kremlin.

Other budget items hold the true clues to Russian plans. The appropriations for industry and for transportation—greatest home factors in preparation of war might—are steeply raised; industry, which includes aviation, by 50 per cent. Most revealing is the jump by 250 per cent of the allotments for scientific research and development; the total now available for that being nearly \$1,500,000,000.

Finally, as to the Soviet Union's aviation industrial capacity, Marshal of Aviation Vershinin has revealed that during the last three years of the war Russia manufactured 40,000 planes a year. For an industry that, before the war, counted its output in hundreds, this is miraculous progress—and the United States is responsible for it.

Russia had air-mindedness prior to 1939, cultivating it among the people with parachute tower jumps, free airplane rides as rewards to workers, and similar means. She was first to demonstrate mass paratroop maneuvers. She has resources and natural riches in greater proportion than any other land; enormous fuel power, unlimited man power. She had a few good fliers and one or two outstand-

The dreaded combination which all Europe prayed against from 1939 to 1941 has finally come to pass—German efficiency added to Russian man power and the unbridled Slav imagination.

Hitler's prewar tendency to move his industry eastward, difficult of reach for English bombers, proved a gift to the Russians. Whereas, the United States and England took a few scientists from the grab bag opened by Germany's surrender, the Russians netted almost the complete setup; including not only factories, but thousands of engineers, production experts, factory managers, skilled workmen. For the enrichment of Russian industry, these technicians were especially invaluable.

But there were hundreds of key scientists, too—as well as the main German research center at Peenemunde. Also factories, like Siebel with its well-advanced development of the DFS-346, a supersonic plane powered by two Walther rocket motors and calculated for 1,700 miles per hour at 100,000-foot altitude; Junkers with its six-jet-engined 550-mile-an-hour bomber; Farben at Bitterfeld making rocket fuels; the Blaupunkt, E.H.T. & T., and Bleichrode rocket factories—the whole, virtually, of the futuristic projects in which Germany was so far ahead of us.

These and many other plants flattened by the R.A.F. and 8th U.S. Air Force at a cost of thousands of British and American lives have been rehabilitated and are back full blast at their same old work—but for new masters. In sign of Russian expectations in supersonics, Rudolph Rentel, the famous veteran chief pilot of Junkers at Dessau and the most experienced rocket-plane flier in the world, has been hired and put in full charge of their flight-test programs.

Weapons of the Polar Front

This lucky zonal haul precisely fitted Russia's main problem, which—after her conventional aviation industry had been modernized by American instruction, then fortified by jointure with the German industry—was to close gaps between Russian and American scientific progress in atomic and guided air weapons. For those are the weapons of the polar front; and Russia's huge land mass not only lies closest to the Arctic Circle, but extends around nearly half of it. Moreover, Russia is the only overseas power whose frontier actually meets ours; Siberia, in eyeshot across the slim Bering Strait from Alaska.

Russia is at home on the polar front. She knows more than any other nation about how men can live there. Siberia, vastest and loneliest inhabited region on earth, peopled by primitive tribes, exiles, and Soviet concentration-camp prisoners, provides a testing ground from which no information can leak. Scandinavian countries have reported mysterious rockets and lights knifing their skies. They are not rockets, of course, which could not be seen. They are Russian stepchildren of the V-1, which devastated London. But instead of a range of 160 miles, these have a range that carries them across the Pole—from Europe to a target area in Siberia.

Russia treats as distinguished guests her thousands of German scientists, from laboratory technicians to directors, but-tering them with high salaries, liberal food, the best living quarters, summer homes, unlimited consumer-goods allowances for themselves and their families; for men whose old homes and opportunities were swept away, she provides new homes, fresh professional encouragement, another start in life.

Like the English, the Russians are



German scientists who helped develop the V-2 rocket for the Nazis are aiding in the U.S. rocket research program. The United States has only a few of these experts, but many of them are engaged in Russian research

ing of the new pattern and power; unfettered by old concepts because the airplane is still young enough to carry "its own tradition in its cockpit!"

Russia has the policy, unity, plan and, thanks to us and the Germans, the industrial capacity to make a race of it.

The policy was set forth August 18, 1946, in The Agitators' Handbook, the official guide for party "teachers" within the Soviet Union: "... in the interest of peace and the security of our people and other peace-loving countries, Soviet airplanes must fly higher, farther and faster than those of other countries... we must have the most powerful air force in the world!"

Her administrative unity was clinched last March by the consolidation of her three fighting services under a single head, the Ministry of Armed Forces.

Her plans can be measured from the 1946 budget—although this was presented by Finance Minister Zverev as evidence of Russia's pacific intentions because of its apparent reduction of army and navy expenditures. He did not mention the real explanation of this: that naturally military outlay decreases after war extravagances; and that half of Russia's army is outside her borders, living off conquered and occupied lands

ing designers. But Russia was in the Middle Ages of aviation manufacturing.

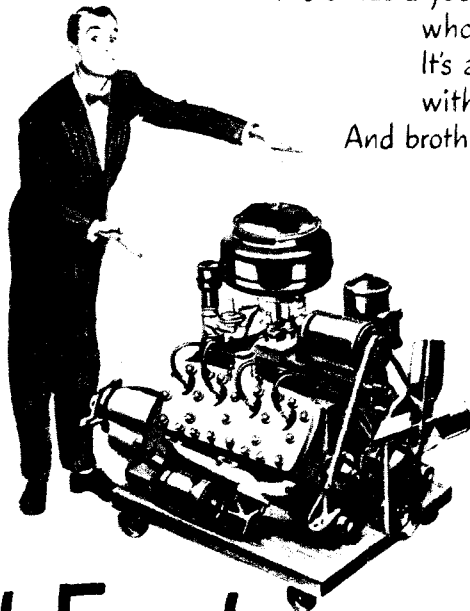
The war came, and Russian missions hurried to the United States—a swarm of her technicians, engineers, designers and pilots studied, watched and learned in all our aviation factories; penetrated our most restricted areas. When it became plain that the Russians were on a "take all they could get but tell nothing in return" basis, uneasy Americans tried to keep them out of certain places. Direct orders came swiftly from the White House: "Show them everything!"

Soviets Learned U.S. Methods

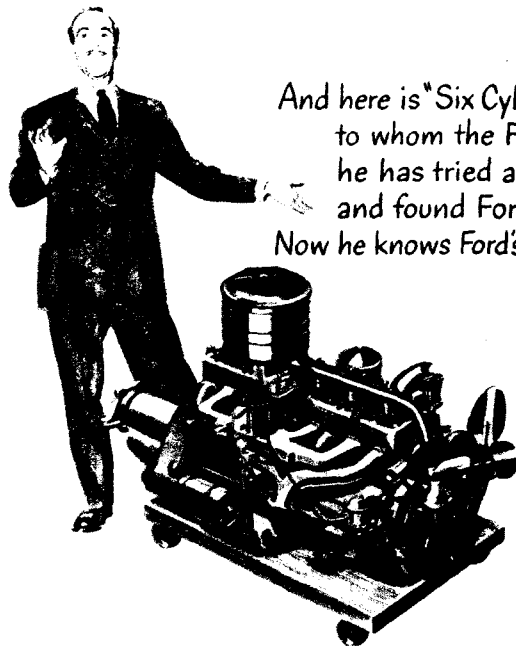
So, while the Red air force leaned upon American production for the bulk of its equipment, the Red aviation industry went to school in American factories and learned to produce by our standards—got, free, the priceless industrial "know-how" we had acquired over the years at vast governmental and private capital risks and costs.

Thus well founded by us, Russia jumped further ahead by sudden acquisition of most of the brain, scientific, flight, manufacturing and technical strength of the German aeronautical industry—the most advanced in research in the world.

There was a young fellow named Tate
who said "I prefer a V-8
It's a wower for power
with a hundred horsepower
And brother, for hustlin'...that's great!"



And here is "Six Cylinder" McShield,
to whom the Ford Six has appealed..
he has tried all the rest,
and found Ford the best..
Now he knows Ford's ahead in the field.



**Ford's out Front
with a famous V-8
And a brilliant, new 6
Folks say is great!**

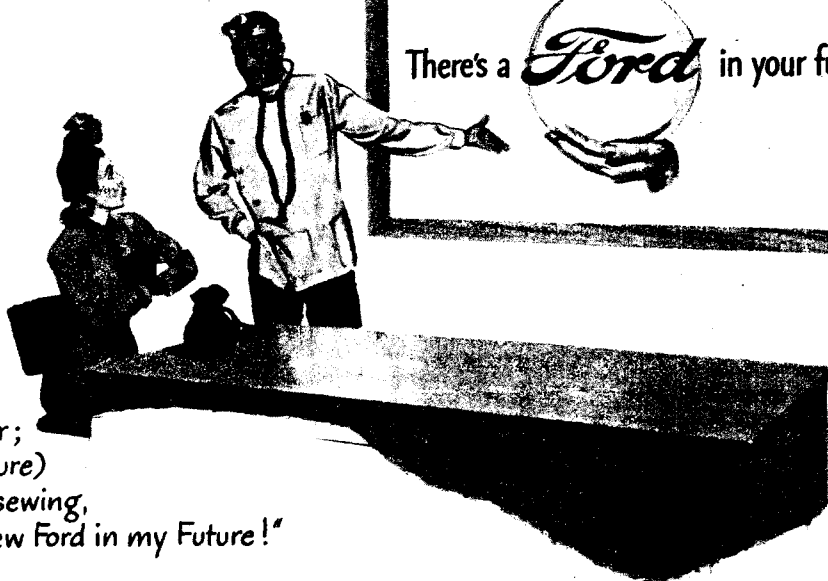
There was a technician named Boyce
who said in his technician's voice
"Choose the Six or the Eight
They're both of 'em great
It's simply a matter of choice!"



Said a penny-wise man from East Liston,
"The 4-ring aluminum piston
saves oil and saves gas,
gives you power to pass,
So a Ford Eight or a Six
I'll insist on!"



There's a **Ford** in your future



Said a young doctor named Bloocheer;
(a whizz with a needle and suture)
"I'm done with my sewing,
Away I am going to buy the new Ford in my Future!"

sparring for time in the Air Race but for a different reason. England's is commercial; Russia's, the atom bomb. In no other respect does Russia fear us now. Here in Europe it is rumored that she has already made atom-bomb tests in the news vacuum of Siberia. One thing is known positively: that renowned Russian nuclear physicists are not only as up to date as American in atomic research, but in Russia are now conducting fission experiments with elements infinitely more powerful than uranium.

For years the German air scientists now in Russia have thought, planned, devoted themselves to Air Power only for its destructive force; a means to be put in the hands of their dictator for subjugation of other peoples. Now they work for another dictatorship. Frustrated perfectionists, they deeply believe that only time, and such a little time, robbed them of the triumph of their research. Co-operation with the Russians has given them an extension of time.

This emphasizes the single most disturbing and momentous truth facing the rest of the world today: German and Russian scientists have achieved what German and Russian politicians failed to achieve—alliance.

It could be history's most ominous coalition against Freedom.

Such are the opponents we helped fit out to compete against us. What did each give us, in return?

The English co-operated in the exchange of technical data and information, especially radar and other electronics in which they were superior to us. They sold the "jet" patents to our Air Force for cash, refusing to handle them under Reverse Lend-Lease.

Our Unco-operative Ally

The Russians ignored every request for material samples or information; even for data that would help us in gauging their needs. We gave Russia thousands of engines and spare parts; countless items of radio equipment; and 13,963 combat airplanes of all types, including long-range bombers. More than half of these planes were delivered by air, but Russia would not permit American pilots to fly them into the Soviet Union. The ships were picked up by Russian pilots on American soil; principally Alaska. From Russia all we got was—a year after the war—two dozen copies of a pamphlet dated 1939, containing information out of date in the United States in 1930.

Here is the standing, as of now, in the Race for the Air Ocean.

Russia is in the lead, on all points of foresight, research, and future war potentials.

We lead both Russia and England in the excellence of domestic airlines, of present-type airliners, the development of internal air traffic, airport engineering and construction, private flying, the handiness of our youth with tools, the number of trained pilots and crew members on tap among war veterans and the Civil Air Patrol. Our federal airways, with their lighting, controls, radio aids and communications, weather-reporting services, are unequaled. We lead in operational methods, regulations—and safety. Most valuable, we lead in production experience and capacity and industrial know-how.

In the atom bomb, our lead clings by a shred: the engineering measurements for building the bomb. We are not—and this is of utmost consequence—ahead of Russia in the development of means to deliver atom bombs over long distances. For this, a rocket is far more useful than the best airplane. Guided, pilotless air weapons are independent of weather. Airplanes still are not—despite radar. Moreover, planes are more vulnerable to air defenses.

It is not generally known, but weather

considerations had much to do with the bombing dates of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Visual bombing was desirable, to insure effectiveness; but weather for that is uncertain anywhere in Japan after the end of August. If the drops had not been in that month, the war would have ended without the introduction of the atom bomb.

England leads us in the foreign commercial drive. We are behind her in organized national research, also in electronics, including "blind landing" experiments, particularly in her application of radar using a cockpit screen to give pilots a constant picture of their surroundings, not only of the ground but of other planes in the air. We are behind her in the new engine developments: She holds the official world record for "jet" speeds. An English four-engine airliner, two of them jets and two piston engines, the latter used only for take-off, is already touring Europe, giving demonstration flights to local experts and prospective customers.

Russia leads us in mobilization of scientific research; in long-range guided air weapons. We are behind her in rocket motor fuels. We are behind her in practically every one of the advanced ideas in which German research led. We are far behind Russia in experience and knowledge of the crucial polar front; not only as to living needs of personnel, but as to problems of operations and care of equipment, and of logistics—that is, supply and maintenance—in frigid regions.

We are seriously behind Russia and England in use and understanding of the worth of German aviation scientists. It is not a matter of sympathy or admiration; it is a matter of cash. An engineer for one of the biggest American plane manufacturers recently came to the Army with a wing-design problem. It was estimated that to lick it would require a year of experimentation and cost \$100,000. A German scientist at the station, who had studied the identical matter years before, obligingly solved it with one sentence.

The Germans, certainly, are not superior to American scientists. But the value of an industrial scientist lies in his field of endeavor, the direction of his thinking and experiments, the opportunities he has had for specialized research. Under Hitler, German aviation science had unexampled opportunities, stimulation and funds. It is not what they actually *did*—their country lost the war—but what they *learned* and *damn* near did!

It Pays to Pamper These Germans

Of the three nations, the United States employs fewest of the Germans; and treats them shabbiest. The Russians are not philanthropists. Her pampered German air scientists are worth literally billions of dollars to the Soviet Union.

Lastly, England and Russia have gained a big lead—one that is going to be difficult to overtake—in the cardinal, yet in many ways simplest, requirement for success in this Race. Each is running as a cohesive national team. Each has unity.

For want of teamwork, the commanding American prewar lead in the air was thrown away.

Our lead began that mild December day in 1903, when, on a North Carolina beach, Orville Wright became the first human ever to fly in a powered heavier-than-air machine and thus inaugurated a new era—although it wasn't recognized as such, immediately; eras seldom are. For more than a third of a century we held the lead—without a national aviation policy; without the blessing of the old folks in the War and Navy Departments; without freedom from cheap political interference like that which nearly wrecked the air-mail service.

We held it with the gorgeous bravado and ingenuity of the now almost forgotten barnstormers. We held it with the vision of men like Mitchell and his colleagues; with the courage and energy of private citizens who risked their money—and necks—in building airplanes, developing engines, founding airlines.

The United States had the first national air mail; the first scheduled night flying; the first lighted airways and radio beams; the first scheduled overseas lines; the first blind landings; all the early speed, altitude and distance records; the first completed transatlantic flight, Navy; the first round-the-world flight, Army; the first solo Atlantic flight, Lindbergh. Our Douglasses, Boeings and Lockheeds staffed the world's airways, under a score of flags; mention any technical, scientific, commercial or military "first"—we were there!

All this was yesterday. Our leadership was handed down during our sentimental journey into World War II by the curtsying of the State Department, the head-knocking between the Army and Navy, the absence of a thought for tomorrow by Americans in general and Washington in particular. Adding insult to injury, that loss of air supremacy cost you, the taxpayer, billions of wasted dollars—and it is responsible for the clouds of uncertainty that are drifting across our Air Ocean prospects.

American leadership's momentum was enough to arm ourselves and all our Allies, and win the air war. Its subsequent faltering was only partly due to the wings we provided for Russia and England or the secret research advantage of German air science. It was mainly due to utter lack of a clear and united governmental policy or even faintly sensible co-operation among our services and departments.

Records of shoddy methods that robbed us of our lead, and betrayed America's air pioneering, would fill a wing of the national archives. Many cost us opportunities; most cost us money—and some, unfortunately, may be reckoned in blood.

The Air Transport Command of the Army Air Forces was one of America's most brilliant achievements. From non-existence, it blossomed within a few months into the largest single airline ever known. There was not a continent and scarcely a country it didn't link to the United States; it kept our farthest foxholes within a few hours of home. It was one of the only American projects that looked beyond war's end—for it wove its net with American standards of operations and equipment that could remain to serve our commercial air-faring in peace.

The original directive for ATC ordered it accomplished in a manner "befitting the prestige of the United States." That prestige is in ashes the world over. The hundreds of millions spent on building it have smoked away in bargain sales of surplus property. For the State Department failed to close in and make the military deals permanent—an easy chore in most places while ATC was still in full possession of the bases it had set up and the good will it had earned. Among the embers lies the Army Airways Communications Service, or radio safeguards which are a basic requirement before the Civil Aeronautics Board will approve operation by an American line at home or abroad.

The AACS in effect extended our model domestic federal airways into world airways of immense value to all countries as well as to our own. The United States, therefore, tried to keep it manned with expert ATC soldier technicians until they could train local successors.

But when the war ended, the mothers of America understandably wanted their boys home quickly; and mothers

holding the place they do in American hearts—the boys went home quickly. Yet if the United States is to have world influence, its citizens must learn to share it. Wherever Russia and England have seen fit to retain outposts—their first-rate soldiers remain, by order.

But we have not lost the Race for the Air Ocean—yet. We still hold tangible advantages: the inspiring memory of former leadership; the world's finest aviation industry, with greatest production capacity and experience; the world's foremost commercial flying; hundreds of thousands of the world's best pilots, air crewmen—and ground crewmen, the men who "keep 'em flying."

However, in this changed world pattern, private enterprise and skilled personnel cannot alone contend with foreign totalitarian or nationalized enterprise. They must be fortified by national policy and unity. The essential first step, the only one around which such whole unity can be built, is the forming of the present individual star armed services into a co-operative team; all for one and one for all, instead of each for itself.

No Place for Romantic Ideas

It doesn't matter how that is achieved—so long as it is achieved. The important feature, however it is arranged or named, is a single administrative head to co-ordinate the direction of the work, needs and purposes of the armed services at the top executive level, on a business basis instead of a romantic one.

Nothing in such a plan must be permitted to rob any of the services of its rugged American characteristics of vigor and initiative. It is only because the Air Force is the service whose functions are wholly cast into the new element, the Air Ocean, that it has our special attention here.

The United States doesn't need a "huge" Air Force. We need an Air Force of smart approach to the new world problems and pattern. An Air Force which is within itself a unification of all means of flight possessed by the Department of National Security.

England and Russia have made enormous provisions for research. We cannot do less, and stay in the Race. We can do more, in the American way, and join it. Our past efforts in air research have been scattered and ineffectual, as we learned after finding out what unified German research had accomplished.

We should found a great Air Force Research Center of the Air Ocean—concentrating, in one pool of the best American brains, all basic science and fundamental aviation research. However colossal the investment we might make in such a center, it would be cheap if it won us a lead that could not be challenged. To the world, it would be the most wholesome sign of our determination.

But unification of the armed services remains only a first step; a shield, under the protection of which we can marshal all our natural, industrial and scientific resources; all our intellectual, technical and spiritual gifts. Subsequent measures rest with Congress—to mark our firm and stable course in the world, and upward from the New Shore.

On historic precedents it is obvious that one of three nations—England, Russia or the United States—will win command of the Air Ocean. To stake our claim, the American people must unite their moral as well as their physical strength; lift up their hearts, souls and imaginations—as well as their eyes.

In doing so, they can be guided by another Americanism, as old as Paul Revere's lanterns in the night of danger: "We must all hang together, or assuredly we shall all hang separately!"

THE END

Highball on a "hot shot"



1869 "Hot shot" is railroad talk for a fast, through train, the kind of train railroaders began to dream about in 1869 when the first trans-continental rail line was completed at Promontory, Utah, and when Corby's reached its 11th year as a respected Canadian name.



1900 This club car on the first all-electric-lighted train in the northwest was a step ahead. Plush-trimmed wicker chairs, stained glass ventilators and velvet table covers were marks of railroad luxury, as the name Corby's became a 42 year-old tradition in the Dominion of Canada.

PHOTO COURTESY NORTHERN PACIFIC



1936 Something new was added as diesel-electric streamliners began to flash along the rails. Shining inside and out, these trains captured public fancy with air-conditioned comfort and fast, smooth travel, as the name Corby's reached the 78 year-mark in Canada.

PHOTO COURTESY SOUTHERN PACIFIC



1947 Now there's both speed and luxury on the rails . . . luxuries like Corby's Reserve served by these lines; Alton Railroad; Atlantic Coast Line; Baltimore & Ohio; Boston & Maine; Chicago North Shore & Milwaukee; Chicago & North Western; Delaware, Lackawanna & Western; Erie; Illinois Central; Lehigh Valley; New York Central; New York, New Haven & Hartford; Northern Pacific; Rock Island; Seaboard Air Line; Soo Line; Southern Pacific; Union Pacific; Western Pacific; and others. When you travel by rail, ask for Corby's.

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ESCAPE FROM HOLLYWOOD

Continued from page 56

her mother's arms received her gladly. They had stopped walking, and now they climbed some broken brick steps and rang a bell. The loud clang it made seemed altogether out of proportion to Mrs. Luke's timid push.

The door was opened by a thin woman with blue-black hair showing two inches of white in the part. "There's no vacancies," she said with weary exasperation. "The sign says plain enough . . ."

"Madame Epworth," Mrs. Luke pronounced grimly. "We have an appointment with Madame Epworth. An appointment," she repeated, raising her chin in a panic of determination. She wished that Mrs. Haggerty, who had made the appointment for her, had come along. But with or without Mrs. Haggerty, she would not be turned away now. Not when she had gotten this far, and with the money right in her purse.

The thin woman's mouth widened in a slight, inscrutable smile. "Oh, Madame Epworth," she said, in a changed tone. She eyed Mrs. Luke and Sally wolfishly. "Madame Epworth is out having a little visit with Mr. George Abbott. And after that Mr. Ziegfeld is waiting for her to look at a manuscript. The producers are always after Madame Epworth—don't give her a minute's rest. But if you don't mind waiting . . ."

SHE opened the door wide, and Sally followed her mother into a dark, smelly hallway. The thin woman closed the door behind them and then led the way forward into the dimness. Sally stumbled over a loose piece of linoleum and clutched wildly for her mother's arm. Then they were in front of a narrow door. The woman opened it with a key. "You just go right in," she said. "Make yourselves comfortable. I'm sure she'll be back as soon as ever she can get away from that Mr. Ziegfeld." Then she closed the door quietly but firmly, leaving them only the memory of her crafty smile.

"There!" said Mrs. Luke defiantly, as though a great obstacle had been surmounted. She smoothed the front of her shabby brown suit with quick, nervous fingers. "She needn't think she could keep me away from Madame Epworth!" Then she turned for a quick survey of the room, her eyes probing anxiously for some clue to the actress' personality, for some indication of how to get in the good graces of such a person.

But the room told her little. The room, in fact, seemed queerly shabby for a distinguished woman of the theater, even in Mrs. Luke's very inexperienced judgment. There was a double brass bedstead, and an assortment of painted wooden chests and armchairs. The carpet was thin and spotted, and the curtains hung limply. Never mind that, Mrs. Luke reasoned. Theater people worked hard and were never fussy housekeepers, anyway. And then there was the shortage of rooms, and everything. Still, the sight of a half-full bottle of milk standing outside on the window sill had a definitely depressing effect on Mrs. Luke. It didn't seem suitable, somehow.

Then her eyes lit on something very reassuring. She took the pink satin mules from under the bed and showed them to Sally. "Look, sweetheart," she said. "This is what you are going to have if you're a good girl and get in the movies—all kinds of stuff like this."

"Oh!" Sally gasped. She took the slippers gingerly, one in each hand, and looked at them, entranced. On the front of each was a ball of pink, feathery stuff. Long, curling tendrils, delicate as a butterfly's feelers, fluffed and waved about, responsive to the slightest breath. Sally touched them fearfully. "Oh!" she

squealed. "You can't hardly feel them!" Outside a latch clicked.

"Shhh!" Mrs. Luke's hiss was like an explosion. She snatched the slippers from Sally and replaced them under the bed. She jerked down her suit jacket and Sally's dress, and smoothed Sally's hair in a series of quick, convulsive movements. Then she turned to face the door as it opened.

Madame Epworth came in on a gust of exotic perfume and throaty laughter. "Oh, darlings," she whispered huskily, "you simply must forgive me. I've simply been rushing like mad."

She threw off her short fur coat, kicked her shoes into a corner of the room and wriggled her toes, laughing happily.

Mrs. Luke muttered something incoherent, and Sally stood struck dumb with admiration. Madame Epworth was tall and broad, a Brünnhilde of a woman, with bright red hair and very black eyes and very pink cheeks, and her face was

child long and searchingly, her head cocked to one side. Sally's lips grew white with fear. Madame Epworth bent suddenly and kissed her lightly on the forehead. "Don't be frightened, honey," she whispered. Then, turning to Mrs. Luke, she continued aloud, in a more professional tone, "Your daughter has a very photogenic face, Mrs.—uh—"

"Luke," the mother said quickly. "Sally Luke is her name. You remember—Mrs. Haggerty . . ."

"Yes. Yes." Madame Epworth seemed to want to brush Mrs. Haggerty away. "Of course, face isn't everything. The child must know a little something about how to move in front of a camera—that is, if she's ever going to get past the screen-test stage."

Mrs. Luke made an eager sound in her throat. "Then you can get her a screen test?"

Madame Epworth's eyebrows went up and her eyes widened. "Can I?" she said. "Can I? But why else did you come?"



"On the other hand, it will seem like no time at all till ragweed's here again"

COLLIER'S

GARDNER REA

framed by a large black hat that dipped mysteriously down over one eye.

Sally thought she looked like a lady spy. Mrs. Luke, overcome with all the perfume and motion and laughter, felt that surely she was in the presence of a great lady of the theater, just as Mrs. Haggerty had told her.

"It's really not your fault," she offered eagerly. "We were really ahead of time."

"You're a darling to say so," Madame Epworth laughed again and slipped her feet into the maribou mules. Then she sighed and pulled off her hat, revealing a surprising network of wrinkles under a heavy coat of make-up.

"Oh, these managers!" she groaned, throwing her hat on the bed. "Last year they wanted me redheaded, and now they want me blond again. Now isn't that unreasonable? I ask you!" Her candor and gaiety were so contagious that Sally giggled, and even Mrs. Luke smiled a little, licking her lips.

"Oh, the darling! What a sweet giggle! Thank goodness for sound films." She came across the room and took Sally's face in her two hands, and looked at the

Mrs. Luke blushed and dropped her eyes in embarrassment. "Oh, I knew—of course—Mrs. Haggerty—" she stammered. "But I only thought—I mean—I wondered—"

"Well, let's spend less time wondering," Madame Epworth interrupted briskly, "and more time working. Now, my dears, I want to see how the little girl moves. Now—Mrs. Luke, you stand over here facing the bed, and you, honey, you start at the far corner over there and come tiptoeing across as though you want to surprise your mama—you know, tippy-toe, quiet as a mouse—and then you just clap your hands over her eyes and say, 'Guess who!' And keep your face to the camera—that'll be me."

Sally backed into the farthest corner and stood frozen. Suddenly she was all hands and feet and quivering stomach. What was it Madame Epworth had told her to do? Her mind was a terrifying blank.

An eternity of seconds passed. Mrs. Luke cleared her throat. Then Sally managed to blurt, "Which foot?"

"What do you mean, which foot?" Mrs. Luke cried furiously.

"Now, now, Mrs. Luke—you're not helping the child. You just face the other way and leave this to me." Madame Epworth smiled softly at Sally. "As a matter of fact, your daughter asked a very intelligent question. It's quite important to start on the foot away from the camera. That's it, the left one. Now come along, dear—that's just fine."

Her voiced coaxed and soothed. Sally managed the steps across to her mother and slipped icy fingers over Mrs. Luke's eyes, smiling grimly into space as she whispered, "Guess who!"

"Bravo!" cried Madame Epworth, clapping her hands. "Oh, lovely! That was really charming! You do move so well, darling. I mean, Mrs. Luke, a touch of childish awkwardness is just exactly what they want, you know. Oh really, I am excited about her. Now, let's see . . ."

She rummaged in her handbag and came out with a leather notebook and a tiny pearl-handled pencil. "Now let me get the name and address and age and height and so on."

Madame Epworth made careful and exact notes of all the factual data that Mrs. Luke supplied. Then she closed the book with a sigh of satisfaction. "Frankly," she said, "I don't know when I've been more optimistic. Of course, you mustn't expect miracles. These things do take time. But if you'll be patient, I'm sure I can do something for this adorable child."

"You really think . . ." Mrs. Luke pleaded, fumbling with shaky fingers at the handle of her purse.

"Oh, my dear, my dear!" Madame Epworth laughed. "Why would I deceive you? Of course I think! Now you two must run along home and let me get to work on this. I'll have to make a few phone calls—and also send some telegrams—"

Mrs. Luke opened her purse. "You must let me pay," she said.

"Oh, nonsense!" replied Madame Epworth heartily. "It won't amount to anything." She stopped, puckered her brow. "On the other hand," she continued thoughtfully, "it might help if I phoned Hollywood direct. Sometimes when you talk personally, you know . . . Do you happen to have ten to spare?" she asked.

"Oh, yes—yes, indeed!" Mrs. Luke thrust the ten-dollar bill eagerly toward Madame Epworth. The actress' hand closed over it quickly and held it crushed tight and warm in her palm as she ushered her two guests out through the peeling front door.

JACK EPWORTH was approaching the house just as the mother and child left. The sight of them caused him to hasten his step. Madame Epworth, lost in thought, failed to hear him in the hall. When he threw open the door with a bravura gesture she started, and slipped the hand that held the ten-dollar bill quickly under her thigh where she sat on the edge of the bed.

"What luck, Fatso?" she greeted him casually, swinging her legs.

She had not been quick enough. The heavy, muscular little man, bending to kiss her cheek, with a deft movement forced his hand under her. When she pushed him furiously away, he locked her wrist in a steely grip and pulled the clenched fist out into view.

"Now, now, Tilly," he said in his best Shakespearean baritone. "No secrets from Daddy!"

"Get away from me, you fat snake!" she screamed.

"Ah, my sweet sweet," he whispered. "So tempestuous."

While she squealed and struggled, he

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pried her fist open and appropriated the ten-dollar bill, smoothing it out and slipping it tenderly into his empty wallet.

Tilly wiped her eyes and nose disconsolately with the back of her fist. "I wish I was dead," she said.

"Ah, come on, honey," he coaxed. Now that he had the money he was quite relaxed and even genuinely tender. "Make the rounds?"

"Yeah. Nothing. And then this kid and her mother—such a nice little kid."

"Did you give them the old photographic one-two?" Jack took off his suit jacket and hung it with great care over the back of a chair. He looked at his wife, who sat picking morosely at her cuticles. "Look, honey," he offered, "Ezra's doing a musical next month. He promised to keep me in mind."

She sniffled. "Next month. Next year. Next century."

The sound of the telephone ringing in the hall had them both tense in an instant, nostrils quivering like hunting dogs.

"It's for me!" Jack shouted. "It's Ezra! He's decided to go ahead now!" "It's for me," Tilly prayed, hurtling her big body toward the door.

"It's Ezra, I tell you!" Jack pushed her forcefully aside, and was pushed harder in return.

"No, you fool! It's for me! For me!" Miraculously, it was for her. Conde, the agent, had a part for her. And more than a walk-on. Three sides. Drawing room? Not exactly. A Chicago street-walker, middle-aged. Be at the theater ten o'clock Thursday.

She hung up the phone, in a rosy glow of excitement. Arm in arm, stepping proudly, the Thespians returned to their room.

"By all that is holy," Tilly swore devoutly, "I'll play that old tramp to the hilt. I'll make every manager along the stem sit up and take notice!"

Jack beamed at her fondly. "You'll go on through the seasons," he said, "for years and years, playing tramp after tramp."

"And then to Hollywood," she breathed, "to show Mae West how."

"The Who's Who of future years," Jack declaimed, "will carry a paragraph beginning, 'Mathilda Epworth, the outstanding tramp of the 1940s...'"

A momentary shadow crossed Tilly's face. "Jack," she said wistfully, "I'd love to send back that ten bucks. She was such a nice little kid."

Jack lowered his head and looked somberly at her from under his eyebrows. "For shame, Tilly," he said, his voice vibrant with righteous indignation. "For shame. To give your miserable conscience a few minutes of peace, would you deprive that poor woman of all hope?"

She looked at him steadily, thinking what a droll and delicious rascal he was, after all. Then, together, they burst into a roar of delighted laughter. They flung themselves into an embrace, hugging and thumping each other, rocking back and forth in the loving abandon of two simple children of nature with a ten-dollar-bill between them.

MRS. LUKE stepped along briskly on the way from Madame Epworth's to the subway. And Sally, heart beating high, half-ran and half-skipped along at her side.

The child could sense the hopefulness that surged in her mother, and it made her own world seem suddenly shot through with golden promise. She thought with keen, almost intoxicated delight of Madame Epworth's laughter, of the big, warm hands holding her face up to the light, of the husky voice saying, "Now, tippy-toe, quiet as a mouse—that's lovely, darling!" In her memory the hands caressed her, the voice caressed her; the whole episode had been bathed in gaiety and affection, and it was a heady

mixture! It made her feel that she could act, she could be graceful, she could win people! She tripped along, feet never quite touching the ground.

But Mrs. Luke was unconscious of the child's jogging. She was hastily preparing a variety of speeches in which she would tell Ben Luke that she was leaving him to take Sally out to California to act in the movies. One speech was coldly contemptuous. Another was ripe with fury, accompanied by plates of hot soup flung across the table.

Her pleasure in contemplating these farewells was far greater than any pleasure she could get out of contemplating an affluent future. For Mrs. Luke's capacity for resentment was by far her greatest capacity, and her husband was both its instigator and its recipient. To Mrs. Luke, her husband smelled bad, and not figuratively. His odor was aggressively male and distasteful. The blend of cigars and shaving cream and hair and skin that was aphrodisiac to many women was abhorrent to Mrs. Luke. In her dream world there were no men with the gross biological quality of Ben Luke. They were, instead, decorative and graceful in a pleasantly lifeless kind of way, while women were strong and dashing, free and adventuresome.

The mother of a famous child actress would be free of all men.

CLIMAX

**No words the speaker spoke
were quite**

**So welcome to the dozing,
So full of wisdom, truth, and
light,
As "Now, my friends, in
closing..."**

—Richard Armour

But somewhere between herself and this highly satisfactory image there appeared a troubling face. Who was it? Oh, yes—that landlady. The skinny one with the dyed hair. Something that woman had said—what was it, now...?

Mrs. Luke frowned and stepped along even more quickly. Something was eluding her. That woman had said something profoundly disturbing—something that had to be understood—and yet Mrs. Luke could not get her finger on it—Ziegfeld! That was it! She had said that Madame Epworth had an appointment with Mr. Ziegfeld!

Mrs. Luke's heart dropped like a plummet into the pit of her stomach. Was it possible the woman did not know that Ziegfeld was dead? Not likely. Not the keeper of a theatrical rooming house. Clearly, then, when she said it she felt sure that Mrs. Luke would not know. She took Mrs. Luke to be a simpleton, a sucker.

In her mind's eye, Mrs. Luke saw again the shabby room with its torn carpet, its dirty curtains, and the half-empty bottle of milk outside on the window sill, and she knew with a dreadful certainty that she had been cheated.

She put her two nickels in the turnstile and pushed Sally through. Heavily she remembered the landlady's sudden change from hostility to a cloying cordiality at the mention of Madame Epworth's name. She remembered the hungry look, the wolfish smile. When a landlady is cordial, Mrs. Luke knew from experience, it is because she expects to collect her rent. Of course, rooms being scarce, the landlady did not need to keep Madame Epworth at all, if there was any question of her ability to pay. Yet, in Mrs. Luke there was something which made her understand how a woman like that landlady might want to keep a professional cheat, for the com-

plicated, vicarious pleasure she got out of observing the cheated.

Sally looked up at her mother, saw her lick dry lips with dry tongue, saw the sagging neck and the lifeless stare, and Sally, too, knew somehow that the afternoon had been a failure.

Crowds filled the subway platform and buffeted the returning pilgrims. In the wilderness of strangers, Sally pressed close to her mother, clinging to the rigid arm, yearning up into the embittered face. She wanted very little, really—only her mother's love. Everything else—being an actress, being rich—was entirely unreal, far more unreal than the dream pastries on the dream tray. All that was real was her need and her hunger. "If you're a good girl and get into the movies," her mother had said.

IN HER confusion Sally groped for what she had done that was bad, and found no answer. Only emptiness. She said the first thing she could think of, wanting to hear her mother's voice. "What's for supper, Ma?"

"We'll eat what's left from last night. What'm I supposed to do, cook a big dinner every night? And me with such a sore back I can't hardly stand up straight, after washing and scrubbing for you and your father day in and day out!" It was a wail, an accusation, an attack.

Something got tight and hot inside of Sally. She wanted to strike back at her mother, to punch, to hurt. But also she wanted to be hugged and held. The conflict left her numb.

When her mother pushed her, saying, "Come on, now—this is our train," she stood stock-still, unable to move, unable to think, the prisoner of her conflict.

"Come on, stupid—you stupid," her mother grumbled, pulling at her wearily.

Sally stood swaying in the middle of the subway car, holding on to the white post. Her mother was right; she was stupid. She hated her mother. Fearfully she studied the hostile faces all around her. Did they know that she hated her mother? Her insides felt terribly heavy, weighted with guilt. She felt afraid, and she felt stupid. There seemed to be no place she could turn—nobody—nobody. Through the crowd pressing around her she searched with frantic eyes, because it just couldn't be possible that there was absolutely nobody.

They scuffed silently up the three flights of stairs and let themselves in with the key. Mrs. Luke went directly to the kitchen, flung open a cupboard, banged a pan onto the stove. Sally crept along the apartment's dark hallway.

In the living room her father stood at the window, looking down at the street. The newspaper, unopened, unread, was under his arm. It was Saturday, and soon, she knew, he would go out to the corner for a glass of beer. He would not say, "I'm going out," or "Goodby," or anything else. He would just go.

Suddenly she wanted him to say something. Anything. Just not to be silent. She looked at the back of her father's strong neck and wide, comfortable shoulders, and something turned over inside of Sally. A weariness began to steal over her—a warm and delicious weariness. When he turned she saw again on his face the look that she always hated because it reflected her own bewilderment and aloneness.

She couldn't bear the look, but this time she didn't run away from it. Instead, she stepped forward and, where there was a small lump in the carpet, she tripped. The lump had always been there, and she had never stumbled over it before, but this time she stumbled. She smiled, searching for something to say. All that came out was, "Pa."

It was enough. It was what he needed. It was what they both needed. His arms opened out to her as naturally as a flower to the sun.

THE END

Collier's for February 1, 1947

PILOT'S PILOT

IN THE 16 months since the Japs surrendered, Captain George Myers has taken 500 pilots of fighters, bombers, hospital planes, flying boats and carrier aircraft—pilots ranking from lieutenants to lieutenant colonels and commanders, with war incomes as high as \$8,000—and trained them to be line copilots with starting pay at \$2,640 a year. For 17 years, Myers, with 10,500 hours and 28 years in the cockpit, has been training youngsters to "fly the line" and he has turned out more airline pilots than any other person. He has done all this continuously for United Air Lines and a predecessor company, Boeing Air Transport, and he is now manager of United's Pilot Training Center at Denver, Colorado.

Most young airmen returned from the war with combat flying their only asset on which to build a future. Those who cast their lot with George Myers and UAL (as well as additional hundreds who chose other airlines) are now on their way to careers as captains of aircraft bigger than the biggest bombers or transports they flew in the war and with rewards in pay and prestige that will surpass the highest they could make had they remained in the service. Although the former four-engined bomber pilot is drawing only \$220 per month for flying on the right-hand side of the cockpit of a DC-3 (with an automatic raise of \$20 every six months until his copilot ceiling pay of \$380 is reached), at the end of three years or so he will be earning between \$6,000 and \$8,000. And he will have a mammoth four-engined airliner of his own to look forward to, with a big jump in pay, being its master, and the privilege of participating in and contributing to the progress that is in store for airline flying throughout the world.

One of these long-range planners and career pilots is ex-Lieutenant Colonel Raymond E. Nelson, who went into the AAF as a flying cadet in November, 1939, after having enrolled at Superior State Teachers College, Wisconsin. His first duty was Hawaii and he was caught in the Jap attack on Pearl Harbor and Hickam Field. Jumping into one of the few remaining undamaged aircraft, Nelson took off after the Japs, but it was too late. Eventually he got his revenge for he was part of General George C. Kenney's triumphant organization that fought the long air war up through New Guinea and the Philippines to Japan.

When Colonel Nelson showed up at Captain Myers' desk with an application to become a UAL copilot (first officer is the more refined term), his log book showed more than 1,000 hours of piloting experience in multiengine airplanes. Captain Myers persuaded him to toss all

that aside, plunge into the intensive eight-week course, and learn to "fly the line" in accordance with federal regulations and UAL company procedure. Nelson did, even though it meant unlearning nearly everything the Army had taught him about flying. He won his wings and now flies the Salt Lake City-Cheyenne-Denver section.

Ray Nelson, with a wife and four-year-old daughter, regards his current position as but a step up the ladder of a profession—"It's not a job"—and in addition to what he learns flying daily with older airline captains, he spends many hours studying at home. For if, at the end of three or four years' service as a first officer, he has failed to develop into "captain" material, he will be looking elsewhere for employment. The airlines in general feel that if at the end of his apprentice period the first officer is not qualified to slide over to the left seat in the cockpit and take command, he never will make a good captain. The airlines will not permit him to settle down in the copilot's seat as a career.

George Myers still could easily be mistaken for an algebra teacher when out of the gray uniform of a UAL captain, which he is entitled to wear along with silver wings and four sleeve stripes. At fifty-five he is tall, gray and bald, tranquil and serious. He was an Army pilot in the last war and when he was released he secured a position as schoolteacher in North Platte, Nebraska, at \$155 per month. He devoted the next three years to this, and while his heart was still in the sky, he unconsciously developed the hidden qualities of a good teacher. But his ambition to fly won out, and in 1923 he joined that little group of pioneering airmen who dedicated their lives to the development of a hazy idea that airplanes could carry mail, passengers and merchandise across the continent, night and day, on schedule and make it pay.

They had begun with the mail, and George became one of the original Post Office Department Air Mail Pilots flying modified British-designed De Havilland single-engined observation planes left over from the war; planes which the late General Billy Mitchell branded as "flaming coffins," because they invariably burned and consumed the pilot in crash landings.

George Myers flew over the eastern and western sections of the transcontinental for three years; and when he and his fellow pilots, by their brilliant performance, had convinced the government and the public that the time had come to turn the route over for commercial development, he was immediately grabbed by the new operator—Boeing Air Transport—to continue the role of commercial airline pilot.

When in 1929, Boeing Air Transport opened a school of aeronautics at Oakland, California, with emphasis on enrolling young men who would elect airline flying as a career, George was taken off the line and made head of the flight-training division. The Boeing School of Aeronautics in a short time became one of the world's best aviation training institutions, and Boeing took the top men of each class onto its airline as copilots. Boeing Air Transport was gathered into the United Air Lines system in 1931, along with the school and George Myers.

World War II requisitioned the school for the government, but United Air Lines continued with its pilot training, first at Tracy, California, then at Cheyenne, Wyoming, and finally—in 1942—down at Denver.

The school is now comfortably and efficiently established at Denver's Stapleton Airfield—with Captain George Myers in command. ★★★

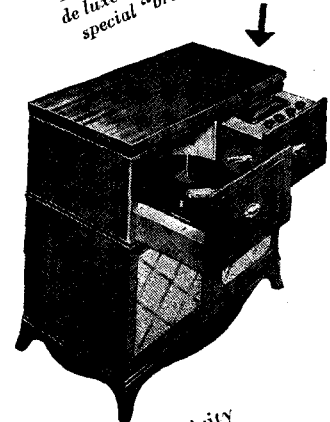
WING TALK

EDITED BY
FREDERICK R. NEELY



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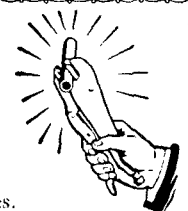
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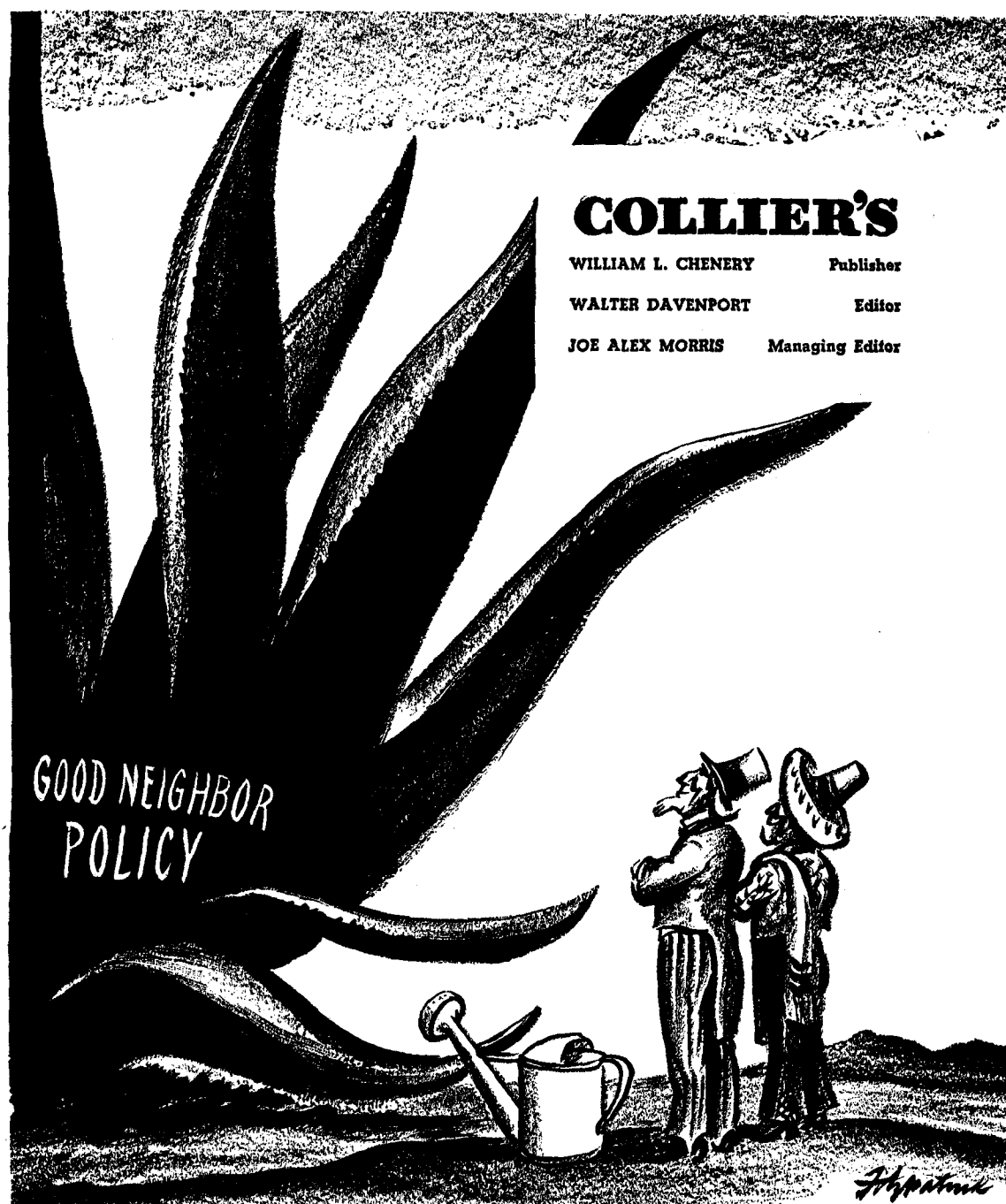
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OUR MEXICAN FRIENDS

MEXICO has at least one opposite number of Dr. George Gallup, tireless feeler of the pulse of U.S. public opinion. This gentleman is Dr. Laszlo Radvanyi, head of a Mexico City organization called the Scientific Institute of Mexican Public Opinion.

We received from Dr. Radvanyi the other day an interesting report on how Mexicans in the Mexico City area (corresponding to the Washington area in this country) feel about the U.S. Good Neighbor policy.

On two occasions—October-November, 1944, and July-August, 1946—Dr. Radvanyi's institute asked a cross section of Mexicans this question: "Do you think that the United States will continue its Good Neighbor policy with regard to Latin America?"

Here are the answers as tabulated both times:

	1944	1946
The U.S. will continue its Good Neighbor policy	30.4%	60.0%
Will not continue it	41.6	25.7
No opinion	12.9	7.5
Don't want to answer	11.0	3.8
Other opinion	4.1	3.0

In a little less than two years, according to the Radvanyi poll, the percentage of Mexico City Mexicans who have confidence in our Good Neighbor sincerity has practically doubled. And the Mexico City area is the best informed and most politically conscious section in the Mexican Republic.

This is a pretty encouraging development, we think, especially at a time when Western Hemisphere solidarity and co-operation are more necessary than they ever have been before, for reasons which are only too plain to all of us.

Let's just maintain the Good Neighbor policy persistently and shrewdly. We don't mean let's shovel millions of dollars helter-skelter into Latin America. That doesn't buy friendship, and it does disrupt some Latin-American economies if kept up long enough.

We do mean let's practice common-sense hemisphere co-operation in business and trade and development of resources, by exchanging students, by abolishing unnecessarily strict passport regulations, and so on.

That's the kind of Good Neighborliness that pays off, and it is hard to see how we could overdo it.

BUSINESS LEARNS A LESSON

AT ITS latest national convention, a sea change came over the National Association of Manufacturers. Before that occasion, the NAM had stood officially for the brand of economic thinking which took a near deathblow in the depression that began in October, 1929.

This time, however, after a hot fight behind the scenes, the NAM announced an economic credo in tune with the facts of present-day business and industrial life in the United States; *to wit*:

The NAM, servant of the men and women who buy their products, believes in (1) high wages to workers, (2) low prices to consumers, (3) fair returns to investors.

That pronouncement represented a clean break with NAM's generally conservative and sometimes reactionary past, and a facing toward the future in the spirit of the new, production-minded, unselfish though hardheaded type of businessman now emerging in the United States.

The conclusion we draw from this episode is that American businessmen have now proved able to learn from experience—the bitter experiences of the New Deal, which put business through the wringer along with various other elements of the American community.

What is more important, a lot of American businessmen have shown themselves able to apply what they have learned; to put it into action; to adjust their policies and points of view to changing times.

All of which makes the future of American business and businessmen look a good deal brighter than it looked a short time ago.

And now, how about organized labor? More specifically, how about a minority of labor leaders who in the recent past have been arrogant, bumptious, overambitious? Will they prove able to adjust themselves to the oncoming changes in their lives and circumstances, or won't they? We hope they will, for the sake of U.S. organized labor in general.

WINTER VACATIONS -WHY NOT?

THE National Association of Travel Officials is starting a publicity campaign which looks good to us. It is aimed at inspiring more and more people to take vacations in some other season than summer—or preferably to split their vacations between summer and winter.

There's a commercial motive in the campaign, of course. Many a resort hotel or popular summer vacation district would like to spread its season out, rather than make its entire nut for the year in three or four months.

But there also is plenty to be said for the winter vacation from the consumer's point of view, whether he spends it down South or in some Maine, Minnesota, Idaho or Canadian winter resort.

If there is a more horrible month than February in most parts of the United States, we don't know what it is, unless it might be March above the Mason-Dixon line. Your vitality is low in February, unless you're a pretty rugged individual—which is to say that February looks like an ideal time for many a person to knock off work for a week or two.

According to one estimate, there are 48,000,000 American adults without small children. These can take their vacations whenever the boss is willing. Plenty of those with small children might find it pleasant and invigorating just to loaf around home for a winter week or more and get better acquainted with the family.

Altogether, it looks to us as if Americans would do themselves a considerable favor by loosening up their vacation habits—not to mention doing railroads, airlines, bus lines, ship lines and resorts a favor by piecing the vacation business out through a bigger portion of the year than at present.

Collier's for February 1, 1947



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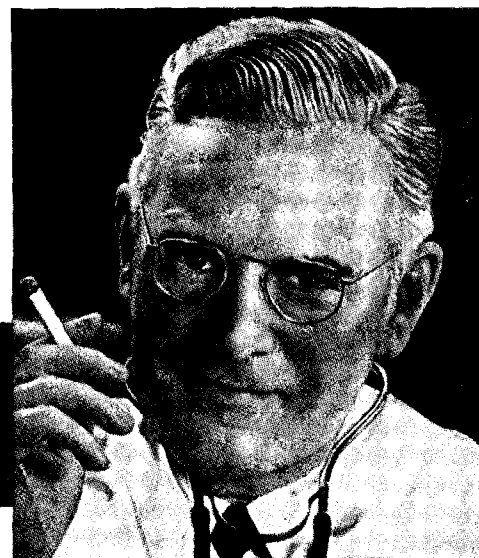
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